The Omegaverse

by TimmyJaybird

Summary

Simply a collection of all my ficlets from tumblr for my Omegaverse!

Notes

I decided it was finally tie to get off my butt and compile all my ficlets from Tumblr for my Omegaverse on here! If you want to learn more about the verse and the characters, I highly recommend checking out the tag!

So, an Anon asked: "AYTIM WITH ALPHA JAY AND OMEGA TIM" (and this is where we started!)
Chapter 1

Haven’t done omegaverse in a while, let’s goooooo-

Jason watched as Tim stretched out in the bed, waking up from his nap, almost cat like. His bare legs were tangled in the sheets, which was tugged all about the bed, the blanket built up, not actually around Tim, but to one side, where he was curling into it. The pillows were in almost the same state.

Jason crossed the bedroom, crawling onto the bed and leaning down, nosing at Tim’s hair, nuzzling his neck. Tim hummed, turning his head, eyes still shut, and Jason kissed the corner of his mouth.

“Hey baby,” he whispered, and Tim rolled onto his back, his tshirt- Jason’s tshirt- riding up his hips and belly. Jason grinned down at him, as Tim’s eye fluttered open. The omega reached up, hooked a hand behind Jason’s neck. “Am I interrupting?”

Tim shook his head, and Jason saw the glint in his eyes, felt the tug in his chest. He leaned down, kissed Tim properly, as the omega nearly purred into his mouth- smelled so sweet, warm and relaxed.

Jason gently nipped at his lip, kissed his way off his mouth, to his jaw, onto his neck. He lapped at the scar there, from his own teeth, from their bond. Even if it was over a year healed, it was still sensitive- forever would be- and Tim gasped, twisted his fingers in Jason’s hair as his tongue lapped against it.

Jason chuckled, kissed back up to Tim’s cheek. “You smell so sweet,” he whispered, daring to reach down with one hand, rub Tim’s thigh. “I think your heat’s coming soon, baby.” Tim stretched out, arching.

“Would explain why I’m so tired,” Tim admitted, and Jason glanced up at the state of their bed.

“And the fact that you made a nest?” He leaned back, onto his knees and Tim sat up, glancing around the bed.

“Oh god,” he whispered, blushing, “I did, didn’t I?” Jason laughed, and Tim raked a hand back through his hair. “Don’t think I’ve ever done that before.”

“You haven’t,” Jason agreed, as he guided Tim back down onto the bed. The hand on his thigh moved up, pressing flat against his abs, thumb moving in slow circles. Tim smiled softly, and Jason leaned down, kissed his navel, then a slow line down to his underwear. “Maybe we should get a jump on things,” he offered, his hand sliding down to cup Tim through his underwear. His mate groaned, tipping his head back, and Jason could smell his excitement in the air- feel it, in his own veins, that suddenly fluttering racing feeling in his chest, that sweet buzz he got every time Tim was excited.

“Yeah,” the omega breathed, as Jason peeled his underwear down his thighs. “Definitely should.”

It was only a matter of seconds before Tim had one leg hooked over Jason’s back, his heel digging into his scarred skin.
An Anon asked: "Any chance that sometime you'll write a fic with a pregnant omega damian?"

Damian pressed his cheek into his pillow, curled on his side. His sheets had been thrown off, his phone sitting within reach. On the screen was Dick’s face, his name, a simple click away.

He told himself he was going to do it. He was going to call him, he was going to tell him to come over, he was going to tell him-

What, that the fucking fantastic sex they’d had during his heat had been completely unprotected, and now they had a very serious problem to deal with?

Damian groaned, rolled onto his back, pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes. He’d wanted Dick for years, had always been pushed off because he’d been too young, even though he’d seen the desire in Dick’s eyes- could smell the slightest change in his pheromones when Damian used to look up at him with his jade eyes and tell him it didn’t matter, he didn’t care- fuck the years between them, he simply wanted him.

Damian had figured that was what had been the driving factor in Dick finally taking him to bed. Not that he had to have smelled so sweet he could have driven half the city wild- but that Damian was of age now, that there were blatant years behind them where he had, in none-too subtle ways, expressed his interest in Dick.

Damian pulled his hands from his face, reached down with one hand, pressed it against his belly. He flexed against his own tshirt, before sliding his hand beneath it, resting against his abs which still boasted the definition of each muscle. The test he’d taken a week ago had only given him an error- and the one from three days ago, that had been the one to give him his answer.

Which meant he was barely along at all. Which would be right, considering his heat had been barely two weeks prior. And he was sure his system still had traces of his suppressants- even if he hadn’t gone back to using them, once his heat had ended.

He pressed his palm flat to his warm skin, closed his eyes. Wondered what it would feel like to have Grayson’s hand there, his fingers flexing against Damian’s skin, his breath in his hair, his ear, as he nuzzled against him, told Damian he was pretty, he was perfect-

Damian opened his eyes, staring up at his ceiling. He didn’t dare move his hand- as if the tiny clutch of cells within him could actually recognize his touch, as if he could feel it, somehow.

Could feel what he had made, what Dick had made. What was his-

Was Grayson’s-

Was the biggest complication he could have set up for his life.

He reached for his phone again, unlocking it and looking at Grayson’s name. His thumb hovered
over the call button, before he finally chucked the phone away, curling up on his side, into himself, pressing his face into a pillow that still smelled faintly of Dick’s shampoo. He shook once, a silent sob building up in him-

He’d fucked up. He’d fucked up and he didn’t know how to fix it- or even that he wanted it fixed.
The knock at Damian’s door had him groaning, rolling onto his belly and pressing his face into his pillows. It came again, before the door opened, the gentle squeak echoing in his room.

“Hey, Damian?” Damian pushed himself up at the voice, looking over his shoulder. Dick was leaning in his door, watching him with those pretty blue eyes that made his belly go straight to butterflies. “Alfred said you weren’t coming own for breakfast.”

“Didn’t know you were here,” Damian mumbled, lowering himself back down, rolling onto his side. Dick stepped in, closing the door behind him. Damian wanted to roll onto his back, stretch out, beckon Dick closer to his bed- but move so suddenly had washed a fresh wave of nausea over him, which was his reason for not leaving his bed for breakfast in the first place.

“Knowing would’ve had you down at the table?”

“Maybe.” Dick smiled at that, walked over and sat down on the edge of the bed. He dared to reach out, stroked Damian’s short hair, and Damian nearly purred, let his eyelids flutter shut.

“Alfred said you didn’t feel good.” Damian didn’t respond, too distracted by the feeling of his finger tips. “Were you not feeling well last night? Patrol really isn’t smart if you’re sick, babybat.”

Damian said nothing still, turning his head as Dick moved to pull his hand back, kissed his wrist. Dick froze for a moment, and Damian could feel it- that heavy settling feeling over him, like a soft weight, like Dick wanting to claim him, as his pheromones spiked for a moment over the tenderness.

“Dami…we have to talk,” Dick finally offered, “About…what happened between us.”

“It was long past due,” Damian offered, sitting up- slowly. His stomach rolled once, but settled, and he swallowed.

Dick sighed. “I just…you’re young, Damian. I know you don’t want to hear that, and I know you can throw back my argument because you’re eighteen now… but you’re still young. I’m not what you need.”

“You have no idea what I need, Grayson!” Damian furrowed his brow, squaring his shoulders. “If you did, we wouldn’t be having this conversation.”
Dick frowned. “Damian- I care about you. I always have. That’s why I don’t feel like I’m good for you. Not in this respect.”

Damian tossed his blanket away, getting up on his knees and pressing his finger against Dick’s chest. He swallowed down the queasiness the sudden motion caused. “You’ve always been good for me,” Damian argued, “Dammit, Grayson. I-” he took a deep breath, “I wouldn’t be here, if not for you. You know that. You of all people know that, what you’ve done for me.”

Damian closed his eyes for a moment, forced down the flood of memories, so many years spent with Dick, with him as his support, bringing him into the folds of the family, helping him to learn, to grow.

He wouldn’t have become who he was, if Dick hadn’t been there.

“Damian,” Dick whispered, reaching up. He cupped his cheek, and Damian’s eyelids fluttered open. Pretty jade that stared down at Dick like he was the center of the world. The fact that Damian could even say any of that was testament to it’s truth. Dick sighed, slowly.

“Don’t deny me, Grayson,” he whispered, and Dick stroked down to his neck, thumb rubbing along his pulse.

“We have a lot to figure out,” Dick offered, and Damian didn’t argue- reached for his sheets instead, pulling them up, wringing them in his hands. He wanted to open his mouth, to speak- to confess to Dick that they most definitely did, that things were not as simple as he thought they were.

But the words didn’t come. Instead, his stomach rolled again, and Damian shoved himself off the bed without a word, running across his room, into the bathroom. Dick sat, stunned for a moment, until he heard Damian retching, coughing at the end.

He got off the bed, turning towards the bathroom. “Damian? Shit, you really are sick.” He walked towards the bathroom, just in time to hear the toilet flushing, to see Damian running the sink and cupping his hands beneath it, rinsing his mouth and spitting back in the sink. He gripped it momentarily, as if steadying himself.

“I’m not sick,” he finally whispered, turning the water off and drying his hands. He walked out of the bathroom, stared up at Dick and knew- knew if he was going to do it, say it, it had to be then-

Or at this rate, he’d die with this secret.

“I’m pregnant,” he added, folding his arms and glancing away, only watching Dick from the corner of his eyes. Watching as his eyes widened, as he stammered out,

“You’re- what?”

“Don’t make me say it again,” Damian said, turning back to face him. “Trust me, once was hard enough.”

Dick clamped his mouth shut for a moment, simply studied Damian, and then Damian felt it, that wave of pheromones washing over him, saw the glint in Dick’s eyes- as if he was jealous, possessive.

“Who?” he whispered, and Damian rolled his eyes.

“There’s only ever been you, Grayson,” he admitted, cheeks flushing slightly. “Only ever could be
“Wait… you mean-”

“Yeah, my last heat? Guess nature got what she wanted.” Damian sighed, shifting slightly. “I was off my suppressants. I… didn’t even think…” he unfolded his arms, held his palms out. “I’m sorry Grayson. I didn’t think.” He braced himself for Dick’s rejection, for his growled words of how Damian was stupid, how he had fucked up-

Instead, Dick just dropped down in front of him, onto his knees. Reached out and placed his hands on Damian’s hips, squeezing gently.

“Grayson?” he whispered, as Dick leaned in, pressed his cheek to Damian’s abdomen.

“We,” he started, paused, swallowed. “You… you’re pregnant.”

“Yeah. Grayson, I said that-”

Damian cut off as Dick closed his eyes, and Damian felt suddenly calm, knew the Alpha was trying to soothe him. He let his eyes go half lidded as Dick’s arms wrapped around him, and he was hugging him, softly. Saying nothing. Damian’s heart moved to his throat, as he reached down, tentatively stroked some of Dick’s hair.

Damian didn’t know what he was thinking- was he containing his anger, his disappointment, was he-

“I don’t know what to do, Grayson,” Damian admitted, and Dick looked up at him. Kept his arms around him. “I didn’t plan on this…”

“We’ll figure it out,” he offered, finally untangling himself, standing up slowly. He reached out, cupped Damian’s face. “It’s not only your fault, babybat. I… I had to help.” Dick smiled over that, and Damian laughed- couldn’t help it, felt so much safer, so much less a stranger in his own skin with Dick right there, so close to him. Dick leaned down, kissed the bridge of Damian’s nose.

“You’re not mad?”

“I’m not sure what I am,” Dick admitted, “but mad? No. I…” he cut himself off, shook his head. “Nevermind. You don’t need me to be mad right now.” Another kiss, this time to the tip of Damian’s nose. “Worried, I think is more accurate.”

“What?”

“You. You’re still a baby, Dami.” He shook his head. “And for myself. Because your father is going to have my head mounted in the center of the city.”

Damian went pale. He hadn’t thought much about his father, in this whole mess. He’d been so focused on Dick.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Dick whispered, pulling back, gently guiding Damian back towards his bed. “How about you lay back down. Do you want some tea? It might help.”

Damian climbed back into his bed, settling back in the pillows and nodding. Tea sounded perfect, right about then.

In fact, for a moment, everything sounded just about perfect.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "imagine jason being extremely tender with pregnant tim as his belly grows like when they're just relaxing jason holds him so carefully and likes keeping a hand on tim's belly 24/7"

Tim’s about 3 months/16 weeks along.

Jason let himself into his apartment, was greeted by the sounds of speaking by cut off as the television channel was changed. He smiled to himself, kicked his boots off, and made his way through- found Tim as he expected, on the couch, his laptop left on the coffee table- television on, tablet resting in his lap.

“How can one person use so much tech at once?” Jason asked, smiling to himself. Tim glanced over at him, then rolled his eyes. Still, he shifted on the couch, gave Jason room to slid in next to the arm, as he reached for his laptop, clicking a button and frowning.

“I’m working,” Tim pointed out, “Laptop’s working on decrypting some files Dick got from one of Penguin’s servers. Tablet has a list of the latest business-related break ins Dick wanted me to go over. Find a pattern.”

“And the television?”

“Background noise,” Tim offered, leaning back. He arched his back, stretching, and Jason glanced down at the small swell of his belly, far more noticeable in that moment.

“Come here,” Jason offered, lifting his arm. “Take a break. Have you been working since I left this morning?” Tim shifted back, leaning his back against the side of Jason’s chest, nodding.

“Yeah. There’s been a lot. I’ve got a lot of work left still. Could be a long night.” He stretched again, and Jason reached down, let his hand rest carefully on Tim’s belly. Tim leaned his head back, resting against Jason as the Alpha rubbed very gently.

“Your sleep comes first,” Jason pointed out, and Tim rolled his eyes. “I mean it, babybird.”

“I know.” Tim set his tablet aside, reaching down and covering Jason’s hand with his own. “But you can’t expect me to just sit back and do nothing until I have this baby. I’ll go crazy. Bad enough I’m not on the streets anymore.”

Jason snorted. “Timmy, I’m just trying to imagine you executing a perfect flip with your belly.”

Tim puffed his cheeks out, frowning. “Hey, I’m not big yet.” He pressed Jason’s hand against his belly a little tighter. “See?”

“Trust me,” Jason whispered, leaning down to kiss the top of Tim’s hair. “I know. I’m teasing you, babygirl. It’s for your safety- the both of you.”

Tim huffed. “I know,” he muttered, “ Doesn’t mean I have to like it.” He shifted a little,
frowning. “I think I need to lay down. My back hurts a bit.” Before Tim could even continue, Jason was gently easing him forward, standing up and then scooping his mate into his arms with a practiced ease. Tim reached his arms out, hooked them around Jason’s neck and leaned in, nuzzling against him. Inhaled the calming, warm scent of his alpha, as Jason carried him towards their bedroom. “Tablet?” Tim whispered, before they were even in the hallway.

“In a minute,” Jason offered, holding Tim like he was made of glass. He set him down gentle, before crawling onto the bed himself, hovering over Tim and nudging his head to the side, kissing the scar on his neck from their bond. Tim shivered, let his eyes fall shut, as one of Jason’s hands found his belly again, rested on it gently. “Just relax for a minute, for me.”

Tim decided, as Jason kissed his scar again, that he could do that.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Pregnant Tim waddling around when he's 7 months pregnant with Jason's pup/baby, and Damian not knowing how to react, but every time he gets close to Tim Jason growls at him."

“Stephanie, you’re entering that code wrong.” Stephanie glanced up from the computer at Tim, who was settled in a chair behind her, leaning awkward towards his laptop, on the table in front of him.

“How do you know if you’re not watching?” she asked, grinning to herself. Tim glanced up, bangs free of his small pony tail and dusting his forehead, around his eyes.

“Saw it out of the corner of my eye.” He pushed his chair back, standing up- slowly, if Stephanie was honest. He looked so small compared to his belly, and Stephanie knew it was still only going to grow much, which had her fighting down her giggles.

Tim’s little waddle the few feet to her though had her giving in and openly laughing.

“Shut up,” he said with a roll of his eyes, leaning over and taking her mouse. He high lighted part of the code. “Fix that or the whole program won’t run properly.”

“I’m just copying it like you said to,” she pointed out.

“You skipped a whole line.” She glanced at the screen, then frowned.

“Fucking hell. Why aren’t you doing this again?”

“Because I’m trying to get the meeting times right for six different contraband purchases for tomorrow night. If I’m off, Dick and Jason will just be walking into early graves.” Stephanie shrugged a shoulder, not arguing, as the sounds of an engine echoed through the cave.

“Speaking of your man and our missing leader,” Steph started, “that must be them.” Tim didn’t say anything, chose instead to move her keyboard, correcting the code for her. He was still typing as they entered the room, Jason pulling his mask off and Dick working on his gloves, both grinning.

“The cave still in one piece?” Dick called, and Stephanie pushed her chair back, folding up in it and tossing her arms out.

“Tim’s not letting me do my job,” she complained, as Jason tossed his helmet down, followed by his gloves. He walked over behind Tim, leaned against him, fitting perfectly, finding the scar on his neck and pressing his mouth to it. Tim shuddered, eyelids fluttering, and Jason chuckled.

“Hi babybird,” he whispered, “Didn’t we agree you’d sit back and take it easy?”

“She had the code all wrong,” Tim pointed out, as Jason eased off him, let him straighten up. “I was just fixing it.”
“All fixed,” Stephanie pointed out, and Tim rolled his eyes, turning and making his way back to his laptop. He’d barely taken two steps when Dick was covering his mouth, stifling his chuckles. Tim huffed, didn’t look back, simply held his hand up, flipping the eldest off as he settled into his chair.

“Oh my god he’s too cute,” Dick offered, elbowing Jason. “You’re gonna have to carry him everywhere before he’s done.”

“I know.” He grinned, folding his arms and leaning against Dick. “It’s precious, I agree.”

“He should keep up the whole leggings and tshirt thing after the baby. It suits him.”

“I can hear you both,” Tim reminded them as he clicked away at his laptop. Jason and Dick both laughed, and the Omega only rolled his eyes, as the cave echoed with yet another engine. Damian appeared a few moments later, as Jason was crossing the room, settling behind Tim and reaching down, rubbing at his shoulders as he tried to type. Tim gave up after a moment, leaning his head forward as Jason smiled fondly.

“Is that code done yet Brown?” he asked, and Stephanie shook her head.

“Not yet. Gimmie another hour.” Damian huffed, turning and heading towards Tim.

“Drake, can you possibly speed her work up, I need it-” he paused, a few steps away, as Jason turned, openly glaring at him. Damian squared his shoulders, despite the fact that Jason’s pheromones made the omega want to jump back a solid few feet.

“Simmer down Jaybird,” Dick offered, walking over and resting a hand on Damian’s shoulder. “He’s not gonna hurt him.” He squeezed, glancing down at Damian. “Dami, she’ll have it done soon. Hit the showers and get some sleep. You don’t need it tonight.”

Damian glanced up at Dick, then back at Jason and Tim- the Alpha, he swore, growling from his chest. He shrugged, turning on his heel and heading off for the showers, and Dick smiled.

“Now that that’s taken care of,” he started, “let me see your belly again Timmy.”

“Oh my god no,” Tim whined, dropping his head back as Jason pulled away from his shoulders. “Dick you had your ear pressed against it for five solid minutes before you left for patrol.”

“Hey, what can I say? That’s my nephew in there. Now c’mon, humor me babybird!” Tim rolled his eyes, pushing his chair back so Dick could walk over, reach down and press his hand against Tim’s belly, grinning as he felt gentle movement. Tim kept his head tipped back, staring up at Jason, who smiled down at him, affectionately. Tim reached up, traced his fingertips along his jaw, feeling rather calm despite the late hour, as Dick was talking to his belly.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "DICK BEING OVER PROTECTIVE OF PREGNANT DAMI. He's like the best baby daddy. No one gets what's happening because Damian hasn't come out with it yet. Jesus. what have you started. I need this like air."

Damian glanced around the cave for a moment, before he pulled his hood up, walking away from his pile of civvies and back towards the central room. He didn’t care that his body didn’t seem to be showing a single change as of yet- he was paranoid, didn’t want someone to see.

Even though he knew it was only a matter of time until the whole family knew. He couldn’t very well keep this to himself.

He moved towards the main computer, found Tim was sitting there, typing away. The other Omega seemed to perk up as Damian moved towards him, glancing back at him as Damian leaned against his chair.

“Surveillance footage,” Tim offered, “From the docks. A deal’s being set up. Bruce is already on site.”

“I can be there in thirty minutes,” Damian offered, “twenty five, if I’m fast.” He turned on his heel, ready to head for his bike, when he heard the elevator to the cave opening- and he didn’t need to turn, he would know Dick’s scent a mile away. He swallowed thickly, made a point to not turn around, even as Dick crossed the room in quick strides, as a hand encircled his wrist.

“What are you doing?” he asked, heedless of the fact that Tim was right there.

“Going on patrol.” Damian turned, glancing up at the alpha. “Father is expecting me.”

“You can’t,” he offered, squeezing his wrist. “It’s not safe, Dami.” Damian glanced past Dick, at Tim, who had turned, was watching them, confused. Damian glanced back at Dick, tugging his wrist free.

“It’s never safe,” he reminded him, “nothing’s different about that.” He turned, hurrying towards his bike before Dick could chase after him. In that moment, he needed it, needed to have the wind in his short hair, needed to hit something.

Dick may not have been mad at him, for all that had happened- but that didn’t mean that Damian wasn’t mad at himself.

“What’s up with you two?” Tim asked, as Dick raked a hand back through his hair. The Alpha looked at him.

“Nothing.” Tim rolled his eyes.

“You’re lying. Are you fucking him yet?” Dick leaned back, eyes wide, and Tim just shrugged a shoulder. “What? He’s been blatant about his intentions with you. Just wondered if it finally happened, and that’s what’s going on.”
“It’s…complicated,” Dick offered, walking over to Tim and leaning against his chair. He glanced at the surveillance footage on the screen. “You think he’ll be okay?”

“Isn’t he always?” Dick said nothing, leaned down, kissed the top of Tim’s hair. Tim smiled, reaching up and tangling his fingers in Dick’s hair. “Jason’s going to smell you on me and get jealous.”

Dick laughed over that. “Tell him not to worry, I’m not there to take his mate.” Another kiss to Tim’s hair, and he was pulling back. Tim watched him go, before he turned back to the screens, reaching up to tap at his lips in thought.

Something was going on between them, that much he was sure. There was something about Damian that felt familiar to him, something to his scent that seemed to tug at a thought, a recognition, buried in Tim’s mind.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

eyou-dont-have-to-forgive-me asked: "Tim having a complication and there being a chance of him losing the baby, and once everything turns out fine or the complication has resolved itself Jason rests his head in Tim's lap every time he has the opportunity. He likes to be able to tilt his head and feel both the baby kicking and Tim's heartbeat (maybe there was a risk for Tim too?) and Jay nuzzles into and presses kisses to Tim's stomach and whispers "miracle baby" or "miracle duo" and Tim is just like /you are such a major d o r k/

Tim is 8 months along.

Tim’s eyelids fluttered open, felt the arm draped over his ribs tighten ever so slightly.

“Hey gorgeous,” Jason whispered, leaning in and kissing his temple. “Feeling alright?”

Tim stretched, very carefully. “Tired,” he mumbled, as Jason nosed at his cheek, kissed his jaw.

“Doctors said you would be for a while. The sedative was pretty strong. Am I keeping you awake?” Tim shook his head, pushed himself up carefully. Jason moved faster, grabbing at the pillows and fluffing them up behind Tim so he could lean against them. “Do you want anything? Are you hungry?”

“Thanks, but no.” Tim reached down, rubbed at his belly. “Remind me to tell this brat he gave us quite a scare.” Jason snorted, reaching over and covering Tim’s hand with his own.

“You both did,” he offered, “like father like son. What am I going to do with a mini you running around here?” Tim smiled, sweet and tired, and Jason simply stared at him for a moment, at his pretty eyes, the perfect curve of his lips, the mess his hair was.

Tim felt it, that tightening in his chest, the tug from their bond. Could feel Jason falling in love with him, all over again.

“Come here,” he whispered, voice nearly breaking. Jason listened, cupped Tim’s cheeks and kissed him softly, so sweetly that Tim felt the corners of his eyes growing wet. He clutched at his shirt, felt Jason’s hands trembling against his cheeks. When Jason pulled back he leaned down, kissed the top of Tim’s belly.

“My little miracle,” he whispered, hand rubbing gently along the curve of it. Another kiss, and he leaned his head against Tim’s chest, listened to his heart beat as the baby kicked at his hand- as if he knew exactly where Jason was, that he needed to feel him. Jason closed his eyes, exhaled softly, as Tim reached up, threaded his fingers through his hair. “The both of you.”

Tim laughed, softly. “You are such a dork,” he whispered, his other hand moving up, resting over Jason’s on his belly.

Even if, were Tim to be honest, he felt like a miracle, in that moment.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "imagine jay's turmoil when he finds out tim and the baby might not make it, imagine his heartbreak when tim's in the emergency room and he can't exactly feel his mate (angst is my passion lmao)"

Tim is 8 months along.

Jason felt outside his body, like he wasn’t there- whatever this was, this hunk of flesh, it wasn’t him. He hadn’t felt it since the moment Tim had collapsed, since he’d seen the blood on his thighs, since he had been screaming in the cave for Steph to call an ambulance- even though he’d been more than tempted to put Tim in one of the Batmobiles and get him to the hospital himself. Faster, he knew.

Secrets be damned, he’d expose the whole damn family to keep Tim and their baby safe.

He’d had to carry him up from the cave, had held him and murmured into his hair until the ambulance arrived. They’d pried Tim from him, and Jason nearly screamed at the loss of contact, had to have Stephanie grab at his arms, keep him in check. He’d wanted to be in the ambulance with Tim, wanted to be right there with him, but they’d needed to go as soon as possible.

Stephanie had driven him to the hospital, stayed back now as he paced. She was curled up in a chair, watching, as Jason moved from one end of the waiting room to the other. As he paused, closed his eyes, reached out for Tim. Tried to feel him, feel those tight strings in his chest that reacted so perfectly to his mate-

They were limp. There was nothing.

“What if he doesn’t make it,” Jason breathed, hands clenching into fists. Behind him, he heard Stephanie moving, pulling herself from the chair. “What if…”

“Jason,” she whispered, reaching up, rubbing his arm. “Listen to me. Tim’s going to be okay. He’s a fighter. He always has been. You know that just as well as any of us.” She rubbed her cheek along his arm, clutched at it- and he could smell her pheromones, knew she was trying to calm him. But it was as if he couldn’t feel it, couldn’t truly feel her at all. “Tim and that baby are going to pull through, and you’re going to be a blubbering mess over them.”

He tried to smile- really, he did- but nothing happened. He was numb, he was empty without feeling his connection to Tim. A husk, nothing more, nothing less.

He wouldn’t survive, without Tim. He knew that, now, standing in that room that felt so cold, so lifeless. Knew that without Tim, he’d simply cease to exist.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Omegaverse JayTim- Tim always clips his hair back with those colorful barrette things, but once he's pregnant and does it, Jason has to like, sit down or something. Because Tim looks so damn /parental/. And pregnant, barrette wearing, lingerie clad Tim? Jason is G O N E"

Tim is 5 months pregnant.

Jason heard Tim, in the kitchen, from where he was sitting on the couch. He had Tim’s laptop on his lap, was browsing through his archive of Arkham Patient files.

“Babe?” he called, “You need help?” He didn’t get a response, and Jason shoved the laptop off his lap, heading for the kitchen. “If you’re hungry, I can-”

Jason paused, forgetting his words, as he blatantly stared at Tim. His mate was stretching on his toes, trying to reach something, which had the tshirt he was wearing- one of Jason’s- rising up above the swell of his ass. An ass that was covered in deep purple lace.

“Jay?” Tim turned, and Jason caught a glimpse of the barrettes in his hair, helping to hold it back in its small ponytail. “Babe, I can’t reach the good mixing bowl. Can you get it for me?”

Jason simply stared at him for a moment, and Tim turned, gripped the counter and leaned back against it. Jason could see the gentle swell of his belly, beneath the tshirt- was distracted by the expanse of pale, scarred thighs.

“Jason?” Jason snapped his head up, and Tim was smirking at him. “You alright over there?” Tim rolled his hips forward a bit, and Jason crossed the room without a though, boxing him in against the counter and leaning down, nuzzling his neck.

“You could kill me,” he muttered, “With how good you look right now.” Tim giggled, reaching up to hook his arms around Jason’s neck.

“Well, I wouldn’t want that,” he whispered, fingers stroking the back of Jason’s neck. “Tell me, how can I make sure you stay alive?”

Jason hummed, moved to nip at Tim’s earlobe. “Are you coming onto me, babygirl?” Tim shivered, and Jason took a step back, so he could properly scoop Tim up into his arms. His mate laughed, leaned up to nuzzle Jason’s neck, as Jason walked with ease out of the kitchen.

“Where are you taking me?” Tim whispered, kissing at Jason’s jaw.

“Right back to bed, where you belong.” Tim grinned, squirmed- could feel Jason’s arousal through their bond, hear it in the way his voice had gone deep, husky. He tried not to focus on how wet he was, from just the feeling Jason’s hands holding him so easily.

“Right answer,” Tim whispered, leaning up to Jason’s ear to add, “You probably shouldn’t let me leave that bed for the rest of the night, Jaybird.”
Jason groaned. “That’s something I can definitely do, Timmy.” Tim grinned, and Jason returned it with his own smile, as he stepped into their bedroom and kicked the door shut behind him.
Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "what's bruce's reaction to damian's pregnancy? how do they tell him? does he find out on his own? does tim (who you mentioned figures it out) accidentally let it slip out?"

Damian slouched in his chair, in his room. Abandoned on his desk was his sketchbook. He felt tired - had been up early in the morning sick again, and couldn’t seem to bring himself to do much of anything.

Didn’t help that he was still sitting in the middle ground with Dick - that they hadn’t talked much about what this meant, for them. Was there a them? Beyond Damian’s first confession, he’d had little time alone with Dick - and seemed unable to bring himself to reach out for him.

Afraid that the answer would be no - there was no them. There was a baby, but there wouldn’t be what Damian wanted. A family.

He sighed, let his head tip back, as there as a knock on his door. He didn’t open his eyes, didn’t say anything, and a moment later his door opened. He inhaled, eyes opening as he turned in his chair, looked at Tim, who was standing against his door, looking at him with sweet, soft eyes.

“Drake?”

“You busy?” Damian shook his head and Tim crossed the room slowly, slid himself between Damian and his desk, hoisting himself up to sit on it.

“How long?”

“Your scent. It changes. I smelled the same way when I had Riley inside me.” Tim stood up, but didn’t try to close the gap between them. Damian bit his lip for a moment, exhaled, then,
“I’ve known about two weeks.” He sighed, shoulders slumping.

“Does anyone else know?”

“…Grayson does.” Tim nodded, asked quietly,

“…Is it his?” Damian squeezed his eyes shut.

“Yes.” There was silence for a moment, before Damian felt Tim’s arms wrapping around his shoulders. He didn’t open his eyes, but lower his head, found the crook of Tim’s neck and pressed his face to it, wrapped his arms around him and clung to the other omega.

“I’ve got you,” Tim whispered, stroking Damian’s hair. The younger omega shuddered, a silent sob, and Tim held him tighter. “Oh Damian, it’s going to be alright.”

“How can you say that?” Damian leaned back, stared at Tim. The corners of his eyes were wet. “How? How is it going to be okay? I didn’t plan for this- Grayson- he just…I don’t know what he is, where we stand. I don’t know what to do, Drake.”

Tim squeezed Damian’s shoulders, stared directly into his jade eyes. “Damian,” he said, cool, controlled-stern. “Listen to me. This isn’t about Dick. This isn’t about what he wants, or what anyone else wants. This is about you. This is your decision.” He squeezed his shoulders. “Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.”

Damian was silent for a moment, before, quietly, “I don’t know what I want.”

“Then think on it. But Damian- don’t go through this alone. We’re a family. Whether you decide to keep the baby, or not- or terminate. We’re here for you. It’s your decision, and no one else’s.”

Another squeeze to his shoulders. “But please- don’t do this alone.”

Damian sucked on his lip, before he was moving in, wrapping his arms around Tim again. Holding tightly, as Tim stroked his spine, held him back.

That was all Damian wanted, he realized as he clutched at Tim. For someone to hold him.

* 

Tim clicked on Jason’s name as he pulled his car onto the highway, heading for Bludhaven. After a few rings his mate picked up, and Tim could hear the grin in his voice. “Hey babe, what’s up?”

“I’m going to be a bit late,” Tim offered, “I’ve gotta make a trip to Bludhaven.”

“Everything alright?” Tim sighed.

“Not exactly. Between us?”

“Of course.”

“Damian’s pregnant.”

“You’re fucking kidding me.”

“Nope. And I’m about to go have a talk with the baby daddy.” Jason was quiet for a moment.

“You’re not serious. It’s not-”
“It absolutely is Dick. I don’t know how long this will take. Kiss Riley at nap time for me?”

“Of course babybird. If you need someone to knock some sense into wonder boy, I can get a babysitter real fast.”


“Love you too pretty bird.”

*

Damian took a deep breath, hovering outside Bruce’s office door. As much as he didn’t want to do this, Tim had made a point. He didn’t need to go through this alone. He had a family.

He needed his family, right then. More than ever.

He knocked, hesitated a moment before he heard Bruce telling him to come in. Damian opened the door, slipped inside. Bruce was at his desk, working at his laptop, his tablet propped up as well, papers stacked on the other side of the computer.

He didn’t actually glance up, simply said, “Damian.”

“Father. We need to talk.” Bruce glanced up, then back at his computer. “It’s important.”

Bruce nodded, closing his laptop. Damian moved closer, but didn’t sit. Hovered next to the chair opposite Bruce’s desk.

He took a deep breath. Now or never. “I’m pregnant, father.”

Bruce simply stared at him. Blinked, once, twice. Continued to stare. Those hard, blue eyes, that made Damian want to take a step back, to square his shoulders defensively.

Slowly, Bruce pushed his chair back, stood up. He was taller than Damian, and the omega knew he’d never actually reach his father’s height. He’d ended up with his mother’s build, and would forever be looking up at Bruce.

Bruce walked around the desk, and Damian braced himself.

“Before you say anything,” Damian offered, “I know I messed up. And I don’t know what I’m going to do yet. But…it’s my decision, whatever I decide. I just thought you should be aware of the situation.” Tim’s words echoed in his head, and he wanted so badly for the other omega to be there, standing as a wall against his father.

Another moment passed, before Bruce was reaching out- pulling Damian into his embrace. Damian allowed it to happen, stood there, limp for a moment. Confused.

“Father?”

Bruce was still quiet, and Damian finally reached up, clutching onto him. He pressed his face into his chest, and for a moment, allowed himself to feel safe.

Maybe Tim was right. He had family- they could be the support he needed.

*
Tim pounded his fist on Dick’s apartment door, calling loudly, “Dick!” He heard him shuffling around, the latch on the door, before it opened. Dick was staring at him with tussled hair, shirtless—fresh from sleep.

“Tim?” He yawned. “What the hell, is something wrong?”

Tim pushed past him, into the apartment, as Dick locked the door behind him. He’d barely turned before Tim’s blue eyes were trained on him, staring into him like freezing acid.

“You knocked Damian up.”

Well fuck.

“He told you?” Tim rolled his eyes.

“I could smell it on him, Dick. He confessed after I pointed it out. Fucking hell Dick, he’s a baby.” Dick reached up, scrubbed his hands over his face.

“I know, okay? I didn’t plan for this to happen. He didn’t either.” Tim folded his arms.

“Well it doesn’t matter what you did or didn’t plan for. Right now he’s terrified and alone, and he needs support. He needs you.” Tim squared his shoulders. “He needs the whole family. But he needs you more than any of us.”

“I don’t know what he needs from me,” Dick admitted, slumping against the door. Tim frowned, uncrossing his arms and crossing the room, pressing a finger against Dick’s chest.

“He needs you to be there, Dick. He needs you to hold him and tell him it’s going to be okay. That no matter what, you’re going to be there for him. For the love of god, the kid would’ve curled up in my arms if I let him. He’s alone and he shouldn’t be.” Dick swallowed as Tim gazed up at him, intimidating despite his smaller stature. “This is his fault and your fault, and the two of you have to get through it together.”

Dick glanced away. “You’re right,” he offered, as Tim eased back. “You’re right, I…I haven’t been there for him. I just… I don’t know how to handle this, Tim. How I feel.”

Tim’s eyes softened, and he chose to rest his hand on Dick’s chest now. “Are you excited?”

“About a baby?” Dick’s lips broke into a smile. “Honestly? Yes. There was a moment when Damian told me that I didn’t feel anything…but then I just wanted to hold him. To gather him up. Hell Tim, we created that.”

Tim laughed. “I think I know that feeling.” Dick reached up, brushed some of Tim’s long hair back.

“But I don’t know where I stand- where I should stand, with Damian.” Dick closed his eyes, exhaled. “He’s young, Tim. He’s too young for me.”

“That’s not an argument to use with me,” Tim offered, “because I think it’s pure bullshit. He’s a consenting adult that has loved you for a long time, Dick.” Tim reached out with his other hand, took one of Dick’s in it and squeezed. “Look, I can’t tell you what you feel for Damian. But you need to figure it out- and regardless, you need to be there for him. He’s got choices to make that we need to support him in.”

Dick nodded, smiling softly. “You’re more intimidating than Jason,” he teased, and Tim grinned.
“Just because he’s the alpha doesn’t mean he’s the *scary* one.”

*

Dick let himself into the manor, headed straight for Damian’s room. He knocked, once, twice—heard nothing. He was about to open the door when he froze, senses assaulted by the overly strong scent of another alpha.

One he knew all too well.

Dick turned, found Bruce standing down the hallway, watching him. Dick inhaled, slowly—saw it in his eyes.*He knew.*

“Dick.”

“Bruce, I—” Dick cut off as Bruce moved, walking down the hallway. He braced himself, squared his shoulders as if this was a confrontation—

But Bruce only paused next to him, reached out and squeezed his shoulder. “You and I need to talk,” he said, voice stern. “But right now, he needs you more.” Dick glanced back at Damian’s doorway, and Bruce squeezed his shoulder again.

“Listen, Bruce—”

Bruce was shaking his head. “Not now, Dick.” He pulled his hand away, moved past him, and Dick simply stood there for a moment, before he inhaled deeply and opened Damian’s door, let himself in.

The teen was in his bed, curled on his side. Dick walked over to him, settled on the edge and dared to rest a hand on his hip. Damian stirred, yawning, pressing his face into his pillow without a word.

“Bbaybat,” Dick whispered, stroking down towards his thigh. Damian turned his head, eyelids fluttering open.

“Grayson?”

“Hey little prince.” He leaned over him, kissed Damian’s warm temple. “How are you feeling?”

“Fine.” Then, after a pause, “I didn’t sleep very well.”

“Sick?” Damian nodded. “I’m sure Alfred will have something to help with that. If I remember correctly, he helped Tim with it.” Damian said nothing, sat up slowly. “I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

Dick frowned. “For not being here when you needed me.” He reached out, threaded his fingers back through Damian’s short hair. “You don’t need to be alone right now. And you’re not. I…I’m going to be here, no matter what happens, Damian.”

The omega looked at him, hopeful for a moment, before that light died in his eyes. “But as what, Grayson?”

“As someone who has loved you from the moment I met you.”

Damian frowned. “Grayson—”
“I don’t know, Damian,” he admitted, “I need to think that through. But I do love you. You’re my robin, you’re my responsibility.” He let his fingers move from Damian’s hair to his cheek, “You’re my babybat, and like hell will I leave you when you need me the most.” Dick leaned in, kissed Damian’s forehead. The omega reached up, gripped his wrist, squeezed, and Dick stayed close.

“Grayson,” he whispered, and Dick felt Damian’s fingers shaking, “…will you kiss me?”

Dick didn’t hesitate- and perhaps, if he let himself think about it, it should have been telling. But he leaned down, covered Damian’s mouth with his own, kissed him slowly, deeply, until he was pushing Damian back into his pillows, crawling over him and bracketing his body against the bed. Damian shivered, as Dick moved, kissed his jaw, his neck. He gripped at Dick’s shirt, felt one of his hands sliding under Damian’s, resting against his still-flat belly.

Damian whined as Dick sucked at his neck, pushed his hips up against him. No one had touched him since his heat, since Dick had- and he felt starved, so suddenly aware of it was Dick nipped down towards his collar bone.

“Grayson,” Damian breathed, hooking one of his legs behind Dick’s thighs. “Please.”

Dick paused, lifted up to look at Damian’s eyes- before he leaned in, kissed him again. Harder this time, so that Damian was muffling moans against his mouth, clawing at his back as if he was terrified Dick might leave.

Not again. Dick wouldn’t leave him, as long as Damian needed him. And, even if he was sure perhaps he should- he couldn’t bring himself to regret it, to regret his nights with Damian. Couldn’t bring himself to stop in that moment, as he offered up Damian the only comfort he knew the omega could take from him, that he could give in that moment. The comfort he was sure of.
“Gray-son,” Damian managed, trying to spread his thighs more, glancing down along his body. His shoulders and head were pressed into the pillows, and it nearly hurt to try to look- but he could see Dick’s thigh, next to his own- could see his own cock, the gentle swell of his belly. Behind him, Dick’s hands were gripping his ass, his tongue lapping at his hole, causing him to shiver.

Dick’s hands kneaded his ass, his tongue pushing inside him. Damian gave a sharp cry, clutching at the bed.

“I’ll come if you keep that up,” Damian managed, even though he knew it was pointless to point out. That was the point- Dick had a habit of getting him off before he was ever inside him. Damian knew his habits, know how he liked to fuck him, how he liked the way Damian’s body felt post-orgasm-

If there was anything he understood between he and Dick, it was sex.

Dick pulled his flesh apart more, managed to fuck his tongue in deeper, and Damian was gone, crying out and spilling onto the sheets beneath him. He was panting when Dick finally pulled away- paused to rub his thumb over one of the dimples in Damian’s lower back, soothingly, before he gently flipped him onto his back, settled on his knees between his thighs.

“You okay?” he whispered, and Damian nodded, spread his shaking thighs more and hooked his calves back behind Dick.

“Better once you’re inside me,” he offered, and Dick grinned, leaning over him- and with one well timed thrust, pushing inside him. Damian groaned, tipping his head back, and Dick pressed a kiss to one of the fading bruises he had left the other day- another, to one he had left that morning.

Damian was making a point to corner Dick more and more, and Dick couldn’t complain about it. He was sure, at least, that he loved having Damian in bed- and it was mutual, he knew, from the way Damian clung to him, rocked up into his thrusts.

“You’re so wet,” Dick breathed, sliding in and out of Damian’s body with ease. “Fuck, did I make you come that good?”

“You always do,” Damian breathed, arms around Dick’s neck, clutching at his back. He moaned. “Harder, Grayson. I won’t break.”

Dick hesitated, could feel the small swell of Damian’s belly pressing against him as the omega arched- but the way Damian clawed at him, the way Damian kissed him, all sharp teeth and his tongue pushing into Dick’s mouth, and Dick was losing his mind, thrusting harder. Harder, until
Damian was breaking the kiss to nearly scream, lips curved into a blissed-out smile as his blunt nails dug into Dick’s shoulders.

Damian didn’t warn him before he came. He simply *did*, clutching around Dick’s cock, and Dick was groaning, following suit, thrusting deep inside him and letting his knot swell. Damian shuddered, before he went limp against the bed. Dick held himself up over him, panting softly, watching as Damian’s heavy lidded eyes blinked a few times.

“Better?” he whispered, and Damian nodded, keeping his legs hooked behind Dick’s thighs.

“Mmm, for now. But,” Damian paused, licked his lips, “We should do it again, before dinner.”

Dick groaned, felt the way Damian clenched around him *on purpose*, and knew there was no way to deny a request like that.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "im sorry if you've already answered, but what happened when jason found out tim was preggers? if u answered, can i please have a link? (your jt omergaverse gives me life!!)"

Tim tapped his fingers on his desk, glancing at his phone. It was still early- there was a meeting in two hours that would take him well into the evening. By the time he got home, Jason might be gone again.

He leaned back in his chair, glancing down, bring a hand to rest up on his belly, fingers flexing against his sweater vest. He shouldn’t have taken the test after Jason left. Should have waited until that night. Now, the wait was killing him.

But he’d wanted to know.

Tim smiled to himself. He felt giddy- a bit of nervousness, but mostly excitement.

He hadn’t expected this to work so quickly- his heat had been about two weeks ago, and he’d only gone off his suppressants a week prior to that. He figured his body might not have taken to the idea of carrying a child yet- could only assume his heat had sped the process up a bit.

He reached up, bit at his nail. Lit his phone up again- then, grinning to himself- because he couldn’t wait- lifted it up and opened a text to Jason.

*Meet me home for a late lunch?*

He waited for a moment, worried that maybe Jason was too busy, knew he’d gone to the cave to meet up with Dick over a case they were waiting- but a moment later he got,

*I thought your schedule was packed?*

Tim smiled. *I can make some time. Soon?*

*Leaving now, babygirl.*

Tim felt his heart flutter and he was out of his chair, leaving his office. He managed to stop long enough to tell his secretary he was leaving for a bit, and by the time he was ground level, had sent Bruce a text that he was running home.

Tim tried to rehearse the lines in his head, mouthed the words to himself. But when he saw the penthouse in sight, everything seemed to fail him. He parked his car, heading up the elevator to their floor. His fingers were shaking as he unlocked the door, closed it behind him as he walked into the smell of Jason cooking.

“Babe?” he called from the kitchen, and Tim shoved his keys away, taking a deep breath. He walked across the first floor of the penthouse, leaned against the doorway and watched Jason at the stove.
“Hey handsome,” Tim offered, smiling at his mate as Jason turned, grinning at him. He crossed the room, leaned down and kissed Tim lightly.

“I thought you were really busy today?”

“I am.” Tim shrugged a shoulder. “But I…I wanted to see you.” Jason smiled at that, ruffled his hair and moved back to the stove, turned the burner off and moved the pan to cool. Tim hesitated, still in the doorway, before he moved across the kitchen, caught Jason’s hand in his own and pulled him away, so that Tim was leaning against the table. “Can we talk?”

“Uh, yeah.” Jason turned to face him completely, the sweet curve of his smile falling to a flat line. “Everything okay?”

Tim took a deep breath. He exhaled, slowly- realized Jason was watching him, waiting, and tried not to shake. “Jay, I—” he paused, squeezed Jason’s hand.

“Baby—”

“I’m pregnant, Jason.”

Jason stared at him for a moment, grey eyes widening, and Tim blushed, cracking a smile. A little softer, he whispered,

“We’re gonna have a baby.”

Jason moved before Tim could register it. He pulled Tim in against his chest, squeezing him affectionately, arms locked tightly around him. Tim laughed, breathy, pressed his face into Jason’s chest and soaked in his mate’s warmth, his hands finding his sides.

“You’re sure?” Jason asked, looking down at Tim, who glanced up, nodding. “You haven’t even been sick.”

“Do not jinx it.” Jason laughed, leaning down and kissing Tim’s hair, before Tim leaned up, and Jason caught him in a real kiss. Tim melted into it, sighing softly against Jason’s mouth as Jason hugged him again, before one hand drifted to his waist.

“Can I?”

Tim laughed. “Baby you won’t feel a thing yet.”

“I don’t even care.” Tim only smiled as Jason’s hand slid over his body, rested on his belly, flexed against the curves of his abs. Jason’s smile softened, his eyes such a pretty grey that Tim felt his heart beat spiking-

And he could feel, through their bond, that rush of affection from Jason. That feeling of him falling in love, all over again.

Before Tim could speak, Jason was scooping him up into his arms. Tim laughed, leaning back. “What are you doing?”

“I’m about to take you to bed and recreate everything that led to this point,” he said with a grin.

“I have a meeting!”

“Well, call B and tell him you’re a bit busy celebrating him being a granddad. Because you’re not leaving this house for a while, babybird.”
Tim pulled himself up, hooking an arm around Jason’s neck and leaning in, nuzzling his neck. “Mmm, I love you, Jason.”

Jason squeezed him tighter. “I know Timmy. I love you too.” Tim felt another tug- could feel just how happy Jason was, in that moment. And even if he couldn’t, it was obvious, in his smile, in the sparkle in his eyes.

It made Tim giddy.
Chapter 13

neuroatypicalreinerbraun asked: "Imagine in teen pregnancy au Damian starting to spend more time with his baby nephew and asking Tim questions like "why does he cry so much?" "Does birth hurt" and Tim just knows"

Damian is about 3 months along. Tim is about a month along and just recently found out (everyone probably knows at this point) Also, Riley is about 17 months old.

Damian watched as the toddler in front of him stumbled around the room. Riley was chasing a ball around, catching it only to toss it again, let it bounce against the furniture.

Damian was tucked up into the arm of the couch, simply watching him. He had an intense look of concentration on his face, and would grin every time he caught the ball.

“Is he still chasing that thing?” Damian looked up as Tim walked in, making his way to the couch and settling on the opposite side of Damian.

“He hasn’t stopped since you left.” Tim only smiled, shaking his head, before leaning over the couch.

“Riley, c’mere sweetie.” The little boy perked up, stumbling his way across the room and letting Tim lift him up, settling him on his lap. The toddler fidgeted, glancing around with his big grey eyes- exactly like Jason’s, Damian knew- before he settled on looking at the stuffed animal thrown across the arm of the couch, behind Damian. “Dami, can you pass me that?”

Damian reached behind him, handing the toy across- a stuffed tiger, courtesy of Dick- which Tim handed to his son. Riley happily took it, clutching it against his chest and saying very loudly, “mine!” which only had Tim laughing.

“You know Dick is going to get your kid every circus themed toy around, right?” Damian groaned, leaning against the back of he couch.

“I’m well aware. Did I tell you he wants to plan the nursery already?”

“You did not, and I’m a bit offended that you didn’t!” Tim grinned, smoothing some of Riley’s dark waves back- another thing he’d gotten from Jason- adding, “Tell me it’s circus themed. Please.”

“He hasn’t shared yet.” Damian rolled his eyes, folding his arms- resting them over the gentle swell of his belly. “But one can assume.”

Tim nodded just as Riley excitedly waved his stuffed tiger, accidentally flinging it off the couch. The moment it was out of reach his smile cracked into a frown, and he let out a wail that had Damian wincing, for a moment. Tim sighed, behind him, awkwardly leaning off the couch and managing to grab the toy by the tail.

“Someone needs a nap,” he pointed out, handing it back to the toddler, who sniffled and pressed
his face into it. “And it might actually be me.”

Damian chuckled at that. “Has he always cried so easily? Have I blocked it out?”

“Oh trust me babybat, you’ve blocked it out.” Tim ruffled his son’s hair. “You’re forgetting the phase where if he couldn’t see me he wailed like a banshee.” Damian winced. “Plus when they’re babies, they just cry.” Tim shrugged a shoulder, watched Damian’s arms unfold, one hand reaching down to press against his stomach.

“Didn’t you get annoyed?”

“Of course I did. Let me tell you one night I threatened to cut Jason’s balls off so we wouldn’t go through it again.” He was giggling now, kissing the back of Riley’s head. “It’s normal. You’re gonna get frustrated. And then you’re gonna realize it doesn’t matter how frustrated you are- you love the little munchkin.” Tim squeezed Riley, who was leaning back against him now, yawning. “It’s part of being human.”

Damian nodded, watched as Tim shifted Riley around so he was holding him and climbed off the couch. The toddler pressed his cheek to his father’s shoulder, eyes half closed.

“Wanna tuck him in with me?”

Damian shrugged a shoulder, standing up and following Tim upstairs. Once in his old bedroom, Tim was tucking Riley into the large bed- smack in the center, where it didn’t seem to matter how much he rolled, there was no finding the edge. Next to him, he tucked in the stuffed tiger, before he leaned over, kissed his forehead.

“Sweet dreams munchkin.” Riley yawned again, and Tim turned to the bedside table, clicking on the baby monitor and grabbing the hand held to take with him as he and Damian quietly left the room. Once back in the sitting room, Tim set to the task of cleaning up the toys Riley had strewn everywhere.

“So how are you feeling?” he asked, not looking at Damian as he tucked the toys into a bag.

The other omega shrugged. “Alright. I mean…” he paused, bit at his lip. “Is it uh…normal to…crave Grayson like I do?”

Tim paused, glancing over at him- before he broke out laughing. Damian blushed, and Tim straightened up, sweeping a hand back through his hair.

“Oh god Damian. Yeah, trust me. Normal.” He walked over, sat back down on the couch- next to Damian, this time. “You have no idea how much sex Jason and I had during the first few months. It was ridiculous.” Tim grinned. “So don’t worry about it.”

Damian nodded. Then, a moment later, “Does it hurt?” Tim furrowed his brow, and Damian sighed. “When…when you…” he huffed, waving his hand, and Tim mouthed oh.

“Well…yeah. Yeah, it does. I was one a decent amount of drugs when I had Riley, considering they had me in bed the last few weeks. But…yeah, it hurts.” He reached out, took Damian’s hand and squeezed it. “Just curse Dick out as much as you can. Damn him to every ring of hell. Trust me, he deserves it a little.” Tim winked, and that had Damian offering up a half smile. “You know, you can talk to me about this. Anytime. I’m…here, if you need me.” He squeezed Damian’s hand, and the other omega squeezed back.

“Thank you.” Tim only nodded, leaning into the back cushion of the couch, before Damian
added, “I cannot believe you’re doing this again.”

Tim snorted. “Yeah well, couldn’t let you go through it alone.” He reached over, ruffled Damian’s hair. “I mean it Damian. Anything.”

Damian nodded, watched as Tim lifted his hand, kissed Damian’s knuckles. The smile he offered was real- relaxed.

At least he had someone to go to, with his fears, his unknowns. Even if it was the last person he would have expected.
Dick rapped his knuckles against Damian’s door. It was late, and he assumed the omega was sleeping—should be, he was sure—but he still felt like he couldn’t simply walk in. Didn’t matter that Damian was carrying his baby, that he shared Damian’s bed more often than not—it just felt strange.

There felt like so many invisible lines they were still finding, each day.

“What if someone had come to hurt Damian? To take him? To take the baby? Damian’s pregnancy was open news now, and the fact that the baby was Dick’s, it wouldn’t be so far-fetched to think someone would want to kidnap the youngest Wayne heir. The ransom would be hefty.

Didn’t matter that Dick knew the Manor had security that no simply criminal could get through—the fear was there, taking root in his gut. He moved faster, down a corridor left mostly alone in recent years—noticed there was a door slightly ajar. Dick moved towards it, peeked inside—and exhaled, when he saw Damian, curled up in the window seat.

He was leaning his head back against the wall, one hand gently rubbing his belly, as he stared out the window. The room was silent, except for Damian’s hushed voice. It took Dick a moment to realize it, but Damian was singing.

It was hushed, nearly silent. Words Dick didn’t recognize—until it occurred to him they were in Arabic. He pushed the door open more, leaning against the doorway, simply listening to Damian’s hushed voice, the way the words rolled so easily off his tongue.
He must have exhaled, must have sighed—because Damian turned, after a short time, stopping to
stare at him. Dick glanced away, felt suddenly like he was invading a private moment.

“You weren’t in your room,” he offered, and Damian only nodded.

“I could not sleep.” He glanced back out the window, and added, albeit quietly, “I sleep better with
you next to me.”

Dick felt his chest ache a little, and slowly he crossed the room. He stood next to Damian,
following his eyes out the window.

“This was father’s room,” Damian whispered, “as a child.” Dick glanced around, hadn’t even
realized it when he’d seen the door ajar. “I like the view.”

“It’s nice,” Dick agreed, daring to reach out, to stroke Damian’s short hair. Damian turned, pressed
his warm cheek to Dick’s palm, and Dick’s chest tightened further. “I’m sorry for interrupting. I
can leave.”

“No.” Damian reached up, took Dick’s hand, pressed his lips to his fingertips. “Please, do not.”

Dick could only nod. Couldn’t deny Damian, not when his own heart was beating rapidly, when he
felt sick with affection of this boy. This boy he was so sure he was harming with his love, with his
lack of love—

Dick simply didn’t know how to give Damian what was best for him. Didn’t know if what the
omega wanted was what would be the best for him in the long run.

“You were singing,” Dick pointed out, and Damian nodded, eyes back out on the grounds behind
the Manor.

“Yes. Mother used to sing to me, when I was young.”

That had Dick smiling. “I can’t picture Talia singing.”

“-tt- She was quite good at it.” Damian sighed. “The baby was restless, I thought perhaps it would
help.” His hand gently slid along his belly again, and Dick reached out, hand hovering over
Damian’s belly before the omega nodded. Carefully, Dick pressed against it, felt the baby kicking,
before the motions began to calm. Damian sighed, eyes sliding half shut. “Perhaps he just missed
his father.”

Dick glanced at Damian, offered him an honest smile and leaned over, gently kissing the corner of
his mouth. “Maybe I missed you both,” Dick admitted. “Do you want to try sleeping again?”

“Will you stay?” Dick nodded. Damian sighed, carefully pushing himself up. Dick wrapped an arm
around him, pulled the omega against his side, and Damian allowed him to.

Uncertainties aside, if Dick was there, Damian knew he would sleep.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "I imagine Tim being super supportive during Damian's pregnancy? Like I can see Bruce and especially Dick being kind of overprotective, to the point where Damian sometimes feels like he can't breathe. Maybe he'll even feel like they're forgetting that Damian is a person, and not just an incubator tyvm. But Tim will just be that quiet support, and when Dami's like "not going to tell me to eat properly, Drake?" Tim will snort and bring out a tub of much needed ice cream or something."

Damian is three months along, Tim is a month.

Damian slouched against the arm of the couch, arms folded as in the distance, he could hear his father and Dick's voices. Elevated- not fighting, no- but both complaining, openly. About his lack of an appetite at dinner- that frankly, their constant overbearing tendencies had left him exhausted and not interested in dinner at all. Especially when all they did was talk about what he should be eating, what he shouldn’t- what he should be doing.

As if this wasn’t his body, and he didn’t know what it needed.

He regretted it now, slightly. He was hungry, and he hadn’t touched dinner- but it also hadn’t been appetizing. Not that he knew, in that moment, what was. He shook his head, huffing a sigh, as he heard footsteps entering the room.

“I’m really not interested,” Damian started, turning- expecting to find his father, or Dick- and honestly, no matter what either had to say, he wasn’t interested. Unless it was Dick, offering to take him to bed. That was something he’d been very interested in, lately.

He cut off, however, when he saw Tim standing there. Smiling at him, sweetly.

“-Drake, I thought you were-”

“Bruce, or Dick?” Damian nodded. “They’re still in the kitchen.” Damian rolled his eyes, and Tim walked towards the couch, plopping down.

“Please do not tell me you’re here to lecture me,” Damian said, “Because I am truly not in the mood.”

“Far from it.” Tim was holding something Damian hadn’t paid attention to- and when he set it between them, Damian was quirking up an eyebrow.

“Is that ice cream?”

“Strawberry ice cream,” Tim corrected- and suddenly Damian was exactly sure about what sounded appetizing. Tim grinned, popping the top off the tub and setting ti aside, before shoving a spoon at Damian. The teen took it.

“You’re really not going to lecture me on eating properly?”
“Like hell,” Tim snorted, rolling his eyes. “You and me. We’re eating this whole thing. It’s all I’ve wanted all day- notice how I didn’t really touch dinner, either?”

“And Todd did not have a meltdown over that.” Tim kept his grin.

“Because Jason isn’t slightly psychotic right now. Your dad and Dick- well, you’re the baby so of course Bruce is being a bit…much. Besides, I wasn’t around as much when I was pregnant for Riley. And Dick has first baby syndrome.” He dug his spoon into the ice cream. “Now c’mon, don’t want you wasting away on me. Plus it’ll be nice to not gain weight from the ice cream alone.”

Damian laughed at that- openly, like he hadn’t all day. Tim smile around his spoon, watched as Damian popped his own into his mouth and his eyes lit up.

“Would you care?” Damian asked, watching Tim take another giant spoonful.

“What? About the weight?” He snorted again. “Fuck no. I worried at first, with Riley- and trust me, Jason made me forget completely.” He grinned. “And if Dick doesn’t make you forget, I will beat him senseless. Got it?”

Damian couldn’t help but grin. “Understood.”
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "yes,yes,yes we want to hear more!!!11 Timmy and Dami omegaverse snuggles yes pleasssee!! (if you're still feeling it, of course :D)"

Damian is four months pregnant, Tim is two. And Riley is about 18 months old!

Damian sighed, rolling from his side to his back, trying to get comfortable. There was a dull ache, at the small of his back, and no matter how he lay, it was painfully obvious that his bed as empty, aside of him.

He missed Dick every night he was gone- and hated that he slept so much better when he was there. It made him feel weak, defenseless- and he didn’t care for it. Especially with how strained things were- how all Damian knew between he and Dick was how to be touched by him, how make him want to touch.

And while there was a sort of glory to that- it still left him feeling hollow- wanting.

Damian was about to get up, when there was a knock at his door. He sat up slowly as it cracked open, and Tim’s frame cut a stark shadow in the light from the hallway.

“Dami? Are you awake?”

“Drake?” Tim offered a smile, stepping into the room and letting the door click shut behind him. Damian’s curtains were open, and they let enough light in from the night sky that he watched as Tim crossed the room, a baby monitor clutched in his hand.

“Couldn’t sleep,” Tim admitted, “I wondered if you were in the same boat.” He glanced at the space next to Damian in the bed, and Damian nodded. Tim set the monitor on his nightstand, before climbed in, tucking his legs under the blanket.

“Should you be out of bed?”

“I’m fine,” Tim said, keeping his soft, pretty smile. “Really. The doctor even said the danger has passed. I’m just here to ease Jason’s mind.” He reached down, rubbed his hand over the small swell of his belly. “I’ll have to remind this one how badly they scared Jay and I.”

Damian smiled. Tim had been at the Manor for the past few days- his whole family had. Riley was set up in Tim’s old bedroom, while Jason and Tim took up Jason’s childhood bedroom. With Tim and Damian removed completely from patrol, the family was stretched thin- and despite Jason not wanting to leave Tim’s side after his near-miscarriage, it had to be done.

Tim not being alone at least eased his mind while he was out.

“Why can’t you sleep?” Tim asked, changing the subject. Damian shrugged a shoulder.

“I simply…sleep better when Grayson is here,” he admitted, and Tim reached over, gave his thigh a gentle pat.
“I don’t blame you. I sleep better with Jason around. It’s comforting, right?” Damian nodded.

“It is. I am rather…sore…as well.” Another shrug, and Tim cracked a bigger smile.

“Your back?” Damian nodded. “Oh honey, wait until you’ve hit month seven and on. You’ll think your spine is rioting.” Damian actually laughed, and Tim could admit he loved the sound. “I can help a little. Lay down for me.”

Damian quirked up an eyebrow, before he stretched out, slowly, on his side- facing away from Tim. Tim reached down, eased his shirt up and pressed his fingers into the base of his spine, kneading the skin slowly. Damian exhaled, a tiny sound at the end, and Tim closed his eyes-focused on being calm, on wanting to ease Damian-

He could feel the teen relaxing under his finger tips, Damian reacting to his pheromones- not as strong as if Dick or Jason had tried to soothe him, but he was reacting openly to Tim, with hesitation. It made Tim smile. He opened his eyes slowly, working the tension from the base of his spine, out towards his hips.

“You have the cutest back dimples,” Tim added, giggling, and Damian rolled his eyes.

“Drake.”

“What? I’m being serious. You’re adorable.” Damian rolled back onto his back as Tim pulled his hands back, staring up at Tim with his jade eyes, those thick lashes- a face that was the perfect mix of pretty and handsome.

Tim wasn’t lying- he was adorable, the sweetest mix of attractive and cute.

“You’re teasing me.”

“Cross my heart.” Tim made the motion with his finger. Damian shook his head, slowly- before he stillled, under Tim’s gaze. Pretty blue and softening, his smile going to the kind that was filled with adoration.

“Does Dick tell you you’re beautiful?”

“What?” Tim reached out, brushed Damian’s bangs back.

“Does he?”

Damian sighed. “-tt- Sometimes. Not…often. Not unless we’re being intimate.” Tim frowned, hand moving to cup Damian’s cheek- which was warm, slightly flushed.

“I’ll kick his ass for not saying it more.” Tim shifting closer, leaning over Damian. “You’re gorgeous. And you need to know that.”

“Drake.”

“I know how easy it is to think you aren’t- especially now. And I know things aren’t…what they should be, with Dick.” Damian frowned, and Tim stroked his cheek again. “But Damian, you’re gorgeous. I want you to know. With or without him- it doesn’t matter.”

The teens simply stared at Tim for a moment, before he was pushing himself up, wrapping his arms around Tim. He pressed his face into the crook of Tim’s neck, and Tim wrapped his arms around him, cradled him. Nuzzled Damian’s hair and hushed him, as he felt him tremble, once.
Tremble because he was terrified—and because he had needed so badly to hear exactly what Tim had said.

Tim turned, kissed his hair. “I’ve got you babybat,” he whispered, “Remember, we’re family. I’ve always got you.” Damian nodded, slowly raising his head to look up at Tim. His eyes flicked over Tim’s face, to his lips—before he pushed up, closed the gap between them.

The kiss wasn’t a thing of passion—it was soft, chaste—affectionate and had Tim smiling. He kissed Damian back, slowly, easily, for the brief moment, before the other omega pulled away, whispering very quietly, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Tim offered, “You didn’t do anything wrong, okay?” Damian nodded, and Tim reached over, fluffed his pillow. “Now lay back down, you need to get some sleep.”

“Will you stay?” Tim’s smile grew, and carefully, he stretched out next to Damian.

“Of course.” Damian smiled, Tim tugging the blanket up over them, shifting slightly closer, reaching out to find Damian’s hip, stroking it softly—soothingly. Damian’s eyelids fluttered, and he swore, he could have fallen into a shockingly easy sleep within minutes, when the baby monitor on his nightstand suddenly began emitting noise. First just little huffs, and then a clear daddy that had Tim retracting his hand, sitting up slowly. “Never any rest for the wicked,” he offered, and Damian, without thought, said, “Just bring him in here.”

“You sure?” Damian nodded, and Tim smiled. “Okay. I’ll be right back.” Damian watched him go, staring at the sliver of light left by the crack in the door. He reached down, splayed his hand on his belly—couldn’t help but almost be startled over the fact that he hadn’t felt this calm in so long, despite the fact that his doubts always came for him at night, always ate at him silently—especially when he saw alone.

Tim appeared again a minute later, holding Riley against his side. The toddler was rubbing his eyes, yawning, as Tim shut the door with his hip and crossed the room, settling back on the bed. Riley squirmed from his arms, situating himself between the two as Tim lay back down. The toddler blinked back his sleep for a moment, looking over at Damian with his big grey eyes—eyes that were the perfect twin to Jason’s, and it was always startling for Damian to realize just how much like Jason Riley really looked.

“Dami,” he said, face breaking into a sleepy smile, and Damian smiled back, reaching up to ruffle his growing waves. His hair grew just as fast as Tim’s—he’d heard Jason joke that soon they’d be braiding it if they weren’t careful.

He’d also heard Tim argue that he would not be cutting it anytime soon.

“Hello little one,” he offered, and Riley smiled, leaning back against Tim’s chest, squirming a bit.

“Careful,” Tim whispered, “Dami has a baby inside him like daddy, remember? We don’t want to hurt your cousin.” Damian couldn’t help but smile—there was something about seeing Tim with his son that just made him feel warm. Riley glanced down at Damian’s belly, staring, his little hands shifting about. Tim laughed softly. “Riley, we ask before we touch, remember?”

“Dami?” he looked up, and Damian smiled, taking one of his tiny hands as he shifted closer, resting it against his belly. Riley stared down, before he grinned, giggling. Tim and Damian knew he wasn’t feeling anything, but it didn’t dull either of their smiles as Riley kept grinning, before he
squirmed down, wrapping his little arms around Damian and pressing his face to his belly. “Love you,” he whispered, and Tim reached out, stroked back his hair.

“Are you excited about Dami’s baby?” Riley was nodding, not moving, and Damian couldn’t help it- he reached down, pressed his hand against the toddler’s back, watched as Riley yawned. Tim smiled, closing more of the gap between he and Damian, easing Riley back up so he was pressing his back against Tim’s chest, curling up between he and Damian.

It only took a minute for Riley to still, his breathing to even out- and he was asleep, happily, between the two omegas. Tim was smiling, softly, brushing back his hair one more time, before reaching out, hand hovering over Damian’s belly.

“Can I?”

Damian nodded, and Tim pressed his hand against it, very gently. He rubbed along it’s curve, and Damian’s eyelids fluttered, before he dared to watch Tim’s face, the way he looked so utterly calm and at ease.

“I hope I’m like you.” Tim glanced up at him, looking as if he had misheard Damian.

“Damian?”

“I hope I can love the baby like you love Riley.” He reached down, covered Tim’s hand with his own. “What if I can’t?”

“Oh Damian.” Tim leaned in closer. “You’re going to love your baby. You already do- I can see it in your eyes.”

“But what if I can’t? What if the baby can’t love me?” Tim slipped his hand out from under Damian’s, took his hand in his own and laced their fingers together.

“You’re going to love your baby, and your baby is going to think you are the world. And if you ever have a moment where you’re worried you don’t- there is a whole family here to love you and your baby. Through all of this.” Tim leaned in, hovered close to Damian’s mouth, “We love you, Damian. I do, Riley does, Jason does- your father, Cassandra. Dick. Everyone.” Damian nodded, slowly, and Tim offered him another gentle kiss- the kind that had him relaxing, had his mind easing. “I’ll tell you, anytime you need to hear it.”

Damian nodded, wanted to tell Tim how thankful he was- and how sorry he was, for everything. For the past, the years behind him-

If someone had told him, in his younger years, that he’d be clinging to Tim when he needed someone most- well, he would’ve hurt them. In more ways than he could count.

But he didn’t say it- didn’t say a word, as Tim settled back, closing his eyes. Didn’t say it because it didn’t feel like he needed to- felt like Tim knew, somehow. As Tim squeezed his hand, as Riley shifted between them happily, Damian left it to silence, let it to another night.

Because this was too perfect, right then. Too perfect for words, for dragging up the past. Too perfect for Damian to focus on anything except how warm he felt, with Tim so close, with Riley pressed between them- how at ease he suddenly felt, with Tim’s hand clutching his.

How he wished it would never have an end.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "how would jay react when he finds out about tim's risks and that he can't have another kid? (angsty angst pls)"

Tim is about 11 weeks pregnant- this is the first ultrasound!

“How have you been feeling?” the doctor asked, as she eased Tim’s shirt up over his belly. Tim smiled, pulling it up himself, so it rested below his ribs.

“Alright,” he said, “All things considered.”

“No other complications?”

“No, thankfully.” She nodded.

“This is going to be cold, I’m sorry.”

“Oh, I remember.” Tim winced anyway when she poured the jelly like substances onto his belly, as the ultrasound machine next to them clicked to life. Tim felt Jason’s hand, on his shoulder, squeezing gently. “I’ve been tired as all hell this time,” he offered, as she made sure the machine was working, before gently placing the sensor on Tim’s belly, “And honestly, I feel like I could eat an army.”

“You pretty much did last night.”

Tim reached up, slapped Jason’s hand. “Ass.” Jason grinned, and the doctor chuckled, shaking her head. She had been Tim’s doctor through out his pregnancy with Riley- was used to their interactions.

“Here we go,” she said, after a silent moment, pointing to the monitor, “you see that heartbeat?” Tim and Jason both stared at the monitor, watched the fluctuation on the screen- and Tim felt Jason’s grip on his shoulder tighten.

“Yeah,” Jason whispered, sounded awe-stricken, “I see it.”

He’d sounded the same way with Riley.

Tim smiled, felt his chest tightening- and through the bond, Jason felt it as well.

“It looks strong,” the doctor offered, and then, with a playful smile, “humor me for just a moment, though.” She moved the sensor, sliding towards the other side of Tim’s belly- and her smile turned into a grin, when as the first heartbeat disappeared, a second appeared.

“Is that-” Jason started, and she was nodding.

“It is. A second heartbeat. Congratulations you two, you’re having twins.” Tim stared at the monitor, before tipped his head back, looking at Jason-
The moment he did, his mate leaned down, happily kissed him. It was light, sweet, had Tim in breathy giggles when he pulled away. He lifted his head, blushing a bit, but the smile his doctor gave him told him she understood.

She moved over both the heartbeats again, to give Jason and Tim a final look, before she clicked the machine off, gently began wiping Tim’s belly clean. He took over, allowing her to push the machine away, and Jason tossed the paper towels out as Tim adjusted his shirt.

“I guess that would explain some things,” Tim admitted, and she nodded, folding her hands in her lap.

“It does. But it does raise…a concern.” She reached over towards the counter, pulled her clipboard to her, with Tim’s chart. “We need to have a serious talk, you two.” Tim sat up, slowly, tossing his legs over the side of the chair and nodding. Jason still stood at his side, and idly, Tim reached up, found his hand and took it. “Your last pregnancy was…concerning. I know you also lost the baby, towards the end. How is Riley?”

“Fine,” Tim said with a nod, feeling his heartbeat rising, beginning to echo in his head.

“Good, good. Well…I’m going to be frank with the both of you. Multiples are always a risk. You’re going to deliver early- it’s rare that anyone sees a pregnancy with more than one baby to full term. And with your near miscarriage, and your past history- I do not think this is going to be easy on you, Tim. And, quite frankly- it’s my professional opinion that after this, you shouldn’t conceive again.”

Tim jostled forward a bit. “But-”

“I know, I know. We have yet to see how this goes. I just want you to be prepared, the both of you. You may not have the option after this.” She set the clipboard down in her lap. “This isn’t something we need to discuss further at this visit, and I have no desire to dampen the mood at all. You two go home, kiss your boy, and be happy- you’ve got two additions to your family coming.”

* 

“You sure you don’t want help?” Jason asked, as Tim clipped his hair back. They were standing in the bath tub, the tub filled, already occupied by a few floating toys.

“I’ve got it,” he said with a smile. “You had bath duty nearly all week. Go have a cigarette and take a break.” Jason hesitated, before nodding, leaning in and kissing Tim’s temple. The two headed out of the bathroom, Tim calling out loudly, “Riley! Bath time!”

The toddler, who had been sitting down the hall, sulking- as he never cared for bath time- suddenly stumbled up, turning and trying to move away from Tim. Tim huffed, taking off quickly after him, playful, “you get your little baby butt back here!” called as he left Jason behind.

Jason shook his head, taking his chance to slip out of the penthouse. Once he had his jacket out and his feet hit the pavement, he was fishing out a cigarette, lighting it and taking a deep drag, exhaling it up into the night air.

They hadn’t talked about it- he and Tim At all. They’d danced around the whole appointment- had picked Riley up from Stephanie, had come home- Jason had curled up with his son on the couch while Tim tried to get some work done, before they switched, so Jason could make dinner-

And here he was, alone with his cigarette, and still not a word about it between them.
Jason took another drag, closed his eyes- tried to focus on the memory of the two hearts. Twins. Two babies, two little mysteries that might have Tim’s eyes, Tim’s pretty smile. His chest was tight over it, his stomach knotting up-

But it was hard to cling to that. He’d nearly lost them once already, had nearly lost Tim when he’d been carrying Riley- and couldn’t, for a moment, dare to think about possibly losing him again. Tim was his everything- he’d rather die than go without him.

He took another drag, opened his eyes as he exhaled and stared at the burning end of his cigarette. There was something else, gnawing at him too- something that felt ridiculous, but hurt, none the less.

They wouldn’t be having any more.

He knew it was early on, as the doctor had admitted, for her to make that call- but they trusted her. There was a reason Tim stayed with her, she had always done so well with him, had rushed to the hospital when he was having Riley when she should have been enjoying a week’s vacation. And if she was telling them this, Jason knew they had to honestly consider it.

He shouldn’t be upset- he tried to tell himself, as he took another drag and tossed the end of his cigarette away. But a moment later he was pulling out another, lighting it, inhaling deeply.

They hadn’t talked about having more kids, after this. They tried- and succeeded far faster than they expected, for Riley- and decided to try again, now. They hadn’t thought about the possibility of twins- though Jason would be the last complain, and he was sure Tim wouldn’t either-

But after this, never again?

“Idiot,” he muttered to himself, around the cigarette. He should be happy, thankfully. He had a great family- he had a far better one than he ever expected to have. And it was only going to get better-

But, well, if he was honest, if he was selfish, he didn’t want the option taken away from them.

Because, if Jason was truly honest, he wasn’t sure he’d ever loved being anything as much as he loved being a dad.

He shook his head, another drag. Stupid, to feel this sick feeling in his belly. Stupid, because he had so much going for him, and god, he should be happy-

He snorted, tossed the cigarette away. He felt like there was a crack, right down his center.

He made his way back up to the penthouse, let himself inside. He pulled his jacket off, hanging it up, to the echoing sounds of Riley’s squealing laughter. He made his way towards the bathroom, folded his arms and leaning in the doorway, watching Tim lean over the tub, struggling to get Riley to sit still long enough to work the suds in his growing hair.

“Sure you don’t want a hand?” Tim glanced over at him, and when Riley saw him he squealed louder, flailing his arms and effectively splashing water into Tim’s hair, on his cheek. His tshirt was already soaked.

“Dada!” Riley said, loudly, and Jason grinned.

“Hey kiddo, you giving daddy a hard time?” The toddler shook his head, and Tim frowned.
“Oh, don’t listen to him,” he said, filling a little cup with water and managing to rinse some of Riley’s hair. “He’s his father’s son.”

Jason knew exactly which father.

He left Tim to finish, in the hopes that Riley might calm down, and headed towards their bedroom. Once inside, he sat on their bed, pulled his phone and looked at it, felt like he needed someone, needed someone to talk to.

Roy maybe. Roy was good for this shit- of course, if he brought that up, Tim was insist it be a whole ordeal- have Roy come over for dinner, bring Lian- when really Jason just needed a night to vent it out.

Dick, possibly. But that was murky water- the whole situation with Damian left Dick on edge, and Jason didn’t trust himself to hold his tongue long enough- especially if the night ended with a bottle.

And then there was the fact that he didn’t dare breathe a word of any of this to anyone, until he and Tim had agreed to tell the family.

He tossed his phone away, tugging his shirt off and chucking it across the room. He raked a hand back through his hair-

What he really needed, he knew, was to talk to Tim. What he needed was his mate to curl up with him, and for them to finally face this- all of this.

As if he knew- and Jason’s wasn’t convinced he didn’t- the bedroom door pushed open and Tim walked in. He clicked it shut behind him, setting the baby monitor on their night stand, and sat on the bed- facing the opposite wall Jason was.

“He didn’t drown you?”

“Tried.” Tim admitted, looking down at his wet shirt. He sighed, peeling it off over his head and standing up to find another. “He’s in his room. I put on that cartoon Stephanie found for him- the one with the birds. He’s enthralled. Hell, he might be out before it’s story time.” Tim dropped his tshirt in the hamper, opened his dresser and tugged a fresh one on. Jason nodded, listened to the sounds of him walking back to the bed, crawling onto it-

Felt his arms around his bare shoulders, hands draping onto his chest, and Tim kissed his temple. “Baby?”

“Sorry, I’m just…thinking.” Jason reached up, covered Tim’s hands with one of his own, turning and catching a quick kiss.

Tim nodded, slowly, as Jason turned back. Their curtains were half drawn, and from here, they could see the lights of the city. Their city.

“It’s going to be okay,” Tim finally said, “This, all of it. It’ll work out.”

“Shouldn’t I be the one comforting you?”

“You do that so much,” Tim offered, easing his chin down onto Jason’s shoulder, “Let me take a turn. But,” he sighed, shifting closer- “talk to me, Jay. Let me inside your head.”

“What if you lose them,” he whispered, “You almost did once, already. And with Riley- god Tim,
“what if I lose you…”

Tim squeezed gently, exhaling- a sweet wave of pheromones in the air, settling over Jason- the perfect scent that was all Tim, that had their bond humming between them. “I’m not going anywhere,” Tim whispered, “I promise you, Jason. I’m here to stay. I can’t leave you alone with Riley, he’ll grow up to be a gun addict with a smoking problem just like you.”

Jason smiled, despite himself. “And I’m the ass?” Tim laughed, giving another squeeze. “I wouldn’t make it without you, Tim.”

Tim’s smile dropped away- Jason could hear it, in his voice. “You’d have to, Jay. For Riley.”

Jason was silent. “What else?”

“It’s…ridiculous.”

“What isn’t anymore?”

Jason almost smiled. “I guess I just…hate losing the option of having more, as crazy as that is. God, we’ll have three.”

“Three munchkins that could have your eyes-”

“And your smile.” Jason turned, squeezing Tim’s hand, and the omega smiled at him, leaning in, kissing the tip of his nose.

“It’ll be the perfect family,” Tim added, “And honestly…we have options. If we really feel brave enough that we want more. If you ask me, three is plenty.”

Jason laughed, reached up to cup Tim’s cheek as he turned his torso, managed to give him a proper kiss.

“Besides, more than that and I might have to say you’re taking after Bruce.”

“Three’s a great number,” Jason said, so fast Tim burst out into laughter.

“Knew that’d change your mind.” Jason grinned, leaning in and brushing his nose along Tim’s.

“You’re perfect, you know,” he whispered, “I think you can fix anything, babybird.”

“I’ll remind you of that the next time you try to have me cook dinner.” Jason snorted, and Tim untangled himself from him, crawling off the bed and stretching. Jason watched as his back arched, the tiny swell of his belly visible beneath his tshirt. “Now c’mon, I know story time is your favorite, but if we don’t catch Riley now, he’ll be out like a light.”

Jason stood up, taking Tim’s hand and following him out the door, down towards their son’s room. Tim was right- story time was Jason’s favorite, when he had Tim sitting next to him, curling up around his arm, and Riley looking at him with his big, sleepy eyes and that smile that could restitch his heart together, even if it was in a thousand pieces.

He could believe Tim was right. That it would be okay- it would work out. Because to consider a future where Jason didn’t have this, his perfect little family, was a future he couldn’t exist in.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

No prompt for this, just something I needed in the verse!

Tim’s 12 weeks along (it’s about a week after the last ficlet), Riley is 19 months old, Lian is almost 6.

Tim and Jason finally tell someone they’re having twins, and unload some concerns. Implied past JayRoy, and some sort of past JayRoyTim.

“You know you don’t have to knock,” Tim said, smiling as he pulled the door completely open. Roy grinned down at him.

“Now what sort of example would I be setting if I wasn’t polite?” Tim laughed, glancing down at Lian- who within a moment, was shouting Timmy! and throwing her arms around him. Tim hugged her back, bending over and squeezing tightly.

“You’re so big!” he exclaimed, “You’re gonna be taller than me soon.” Lian giggled, letting go of him and slipping into the penthouse. Tim straightened back up, turned to Roy and allowed the alpha to pull him into a hug. He reached up, slid his arms around his neck, as Roy bent down, kissed his cheek.

“It’s good to see you,” the redhead offered, when Tim pulled back, stepped aside so he could come in. Tim closed the door, slipping past Roy and heading into the penthouse.

“It is. It’s been too long.”

“Hey, I get it. You guys were busy, obviously.” Tim snorted at that, turning and sticking his tongue out at Roy. Childish.

It felt good.

“You’ve been in my home not even two minutes and you’re joking about sex already,” Tim said, rolling his eyes, and Roy slung his arm around his shoulders.

“You make it so easy, Tim.” They stepped into the kitchen, saw that Lian had already found Jason. He’d hoisted her up, had her on his hip as she clung with her arms around his neck. With his free hand, he was working on dinner.

“Meant to have a kid on your hip,” Roy taunted, and Jason glanced back at him, grinning.

“Jealous because I can multitask, Harper?” Roy returned the grin, and Jason set Lian down, who ran out of the room again- to make her rounds around the penthouse, Tim was sure. He stayed back as Roy crossed the room, pulled Jason into a tight hug- and for a moment, Jason bowed his head, fit it into the crook of Roy’s neck, like puzzle pieces. “It’s good to see you.”

“Same.” Another squeeze, and Roy was pulling back. Tim knew, without seeing, the sort of smile Roy was giving Jason- could feel Jason’s reaction, through their bond. The tightening in his chest,
the shared sort of fluttering in his belly.

He would’ve known it, even without the bond.

When Roy turned to him, he had that same smile. “Okay, let me see.” Tim rolled his eyes, but kept smiling, pulled his tshirt up over the slight swell of his belly and let Roy place his warm hand against it- even if he wouldn’t feel anything.

It was calming. To the point that Tim wanted to lean forward, against Roy’s shoulder. He didn’t. Instead, he glanced over at Jason, shared a look, a secret smile-

Couldn’t wait to see their friend’s reaction, when they told him the news later.

“All three jerked their eyes towards one of the kitchen doorways. Lian was standing there, awkwardly holding the toddler with her arms locked under his, around his chest. Riley was flopped back against her, grinning and cooing happily, repetitive Li-ans as he squirmed his little socked feet around.

Tim burst out laughing as Roy rushed over, carefully taking the toddler from Lian into his arms. “Careful with the baby,” he said, holding Riley against his chest. The toddler reached up, tugged on his hair, before falling into a fit of giggles.

“Now might be the perfect time for dinner to be ready,” Jason cut in, walking over to take his son from Roy, before Riley could attempt to pull at his hair again.

* 

They set the kids up with a movie after dinner- Disney was always a safe bet with Lian, and she seemed more than happy to explain everything Tangled related to Riley, even if the toddler was more interested in trying to tear up the DVD box- which Jason had made a point to put well out of reach.

Tim kept the baby monitor on the coffee table, and settled onto the couch next to Roy while Jason slipped outside for a cigarette. Roy’s arm was propped up along the back cushion, and Tim didn’t hesitate to slide right into the spot it created against his side, leaning his head on his chest.

“I can’t believe you guys are having another kid,” Roy mused, “Hell, I still remember helping with Riley’s crib.” He glanced down at Tim. “I’m glad you’re okay now. Glad the baby’s okay.”

Tim nodded. He didn’t need to be told that Roy had been one of Jason’s first calls, when Tim had nearly miscarried. When he was no doubt frantic and needed someone to talk him down, anchor him back to reality. That was what their Roy was for- when one broke, there he was, helping to pick up the pieces.

“Roy,” Tim started, his hand sliding over his belly, thinking of the memory of the twin heartbeats. “It’s babies, actually.” He felt Roy stiffen, and had to bite back his laughter. “We’re having twins.”

“No shit.” Tim looked up at him, found Roy staring. “Really?” He nodded, and Roy cracked a grin. “Is Jason trying to catch up to Bruce, kids wise?”

This time, Tim did laugh. “Don’t say that to his face.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”Tim rubbed his belly, his smile slowly falling away.
“It’s probably my last,” he added, “the doctor said I shouldn’t have anymore.” Without Roy needing to ask, Tim was falling into recounting for him, trying to keep his own fingers from trembling—because he didn’t want to think about the current risk, to he or the babies. Or how it was only going to get worse, as the months went on. “Jason’s…upset,” he added, at the end, “I think more than I am. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him love anything like he loves being a dad.”

“I’ve seen him love you.”

That had Tim smiling. He glanced up. “I’ve seen him love you, too.” Roy was quiet, had Tim’s name on his tongue, but Tim wasn’t going to give him the chance. “This is going to sound ridiculous…”

“Oh, try me.”

“If…if anything happens to me Roy, he’s going to need you. He’s going to need someone to keep him sane. Just-”

“Nothing’s going to happen, Tim.” He squeezed him, and Tim rested his head back on Roy’s chest. “I know,” he whispered, not entirely convinced. “But just… keep an eye on my family?”

Roy leaned down, kissed Tim’s hair. “Always.” Tim exhaled, felt slightly better. Because he had been silently worried, worried because Jason was scared of losing him, because they were trying to digest the news themselves before they told anyone, and it was hard. Hard when they wanted someone to lean on, and couldn’t decide who.

Tim didn’t doubt that, if he was gone, Roy and Lian would ground Jason, would keep Riley safe—would keep the babies safe, should they make it even if Tim didn’t. That at least no one would be alone-

Tim inhaled, his muscles going lax. Roy was calming him, his pheromones keeping Tim’s heartbeat even. Tim let his eyelids flutter, let a smile cross his face. “Forgot how good you were at that.”

“I know how you work, Tim.” That had Tim shivering—and it was a good distraction, from his fear, his doubt.

“Yeah, you do.” Tim inhaled again, before he shifted, pulling up on his knees so he could face Roy, lean in and press his face into the crock of his neck. Roy wrapped his arms around him, and Tim let him hold him, let his hands run along his spine. Hands that were warm and reminded him of Jason, and it had been too long-

He heard Roy exhale, a little shaky, and Tim was pulling back, blushing a little.

He knew how he smelled, when he relaxed like that. Sweet, a different sort than when he was in heat—but Jason had meant a point of telling him, last time, that he was irresistible. And Tim knew, from the flicker in Roy’s eyes, that he agreed.

But his hands stayed gently on Tim’s back.

He did nothing more than soothe him.

And, for not the first time, Tim mentally congratulated Roy on his self control.

“Does he smoke an entire pack when he goes out now?” Roy asked, realizing Jason had been gone
for longer than usual. Tim shrugged a shoulder.

“He chains a few,” Tim admitted, “his nerves are getting to him. He needs to vent, needs to get his 
fear out, and he’s not. You’re the first we’ve told.”

“Really?”

Tim nodded. “We’ve only known a week. But he’s scared of losing me.” It probably spoke 
volumes, that Tim knew it so easily now. That Jason would simply say it. Another night, and he 
could muse about how much they had grown, in their years together. “All we can do is wait it out. 
I wish he wouldn’t treat me like I’m suddenly made of paper, though.” Roy quirked up a brow, and 
suddenly, Tim was blurtting, “we haven’t ficked since before the scare.”

Roy laughed at that, sudden and sharp and Tim was blushing but smiling and feeling ridiculous-
and the fear was gone, buried for a moment. “Oh god Tim.”

“We haven’t, and it’s driving me insane. I literally just want to jump on him nearly every time I see 
him.” Roy groaned, dropping his head back.

“God Timmy don’t tell me that.”

Tim laughed now. “The doctor said it was absolutely fine, that it’s healthy, like it was when I was carrying Riley. Hell, Jason couldn’t keep his hands off me then.” He huffed, folding his arms, nearly pouting as Roy lifted his head.

“Oh, I remember. I heard all about it.”

Tim snorted. “Of course you did.” Roy grinned at him, as the penthouse door opened. It took a 
moment, but when Jason appeared, he gave them a grin.

“Getting cozy without me?”

Roy returned the grin, made a point of tugging Tim so he fell awkwardly into his lap. Tim laughed, as Jason circled the couch, sitting down and reaching out. Tim took his hands, let Jason pull him 
over to his lap, wrap his arms around him and nuzzle his neck. His mouth ghosted over the scar on 
Tim’s neck, and Tim fought the urge to arch, to whine, to beg for more-

He couldn’t believe Jason didn’t feel the pang of pure want, through their bond.

“So Tim tells me you’re getting two for one,” Roy said, and Tim curled up against Jason’s chest, 
as his mate laughed.

“What can I say, I’m just that potent.”

“You did not,” Tim started, shaking his head. “God I forgot how you two were together.” Both 
alphas laughed, glancing at each other. Tim caught the end of it, that silent understanding they 
had- communication without words.

“He also tells me you probably should fuck him,” Roy added, and Tim whined, untangling from 
Jason’s arms and standing up.

“I’m going to check on the kids,” he offered, his annoyance the worst sort of lie ever. His smile 
gave it away. He walked out, leaving the two alone- and for a moment the smiles remained.

Until Roy’s melted away. “He’s also worried about you.” Jason shifted, facing Roy more.
“Yeah?” Roy nodded.

“He explained it all to me, Jaybird. Look, if you need to vent it out, I’m here. Always here.” Jason nodded, reached out, found Roy’s hand. Their fingers tangled together, intimate in a way that had Jason wanting to lean in, wanting to kiss the corner of Roy’s mouth. Just a reminder, a ghost of something. “He’s gonna be okay.”

“You can’t know that—”

“Please. Jason, he’s Tim Drake. You know he’s anything but fragile.” Jason sighed, and Roy squeezed his hand. “Want some advice?”

“You’re going to give it to me even if I don’t.”

“Damn right I am!” Roy grinned. “When Lian and I leave tonight, when you’ve put Riley to bed—take him like you used to, when you didn’t think he’d break.”

That had Jason staring, his hand in Roy’s going limp. “Roy—”

“Dude, I don’t need to go into details about you two and your sex life last time around. If the doctor cleared him, then go for it. He wants it. Trust me, I don’t even think he realized what he was doing while you were out there.” Roy didn’t need to clarify how sweet Tim smelled, how his pheromones had reacted so easily when Roy tried to soothe him, had made him want to claw at him, pin him down like he’d done a few times, in the past—

Only ever with Jason.

“You’re crazy, Harper,” Jason whispered, and Roy reached up, shoved his shoulder.

“That’s why you love me, man.”

“Yeah, sure.” Not because Roy was the friend he could run to, when he felt like he was breaking. Not because Roy was the one person he trusted, with his family, if anything ever happened— and not because Roy trusted him with Lian, should anything ever happen to him. Not because Roy was the next best thing to love, and not because Tim understood it, seemed to embrace the both of them and loved Jason’s friend like he was a part of the family—

No, no. It was obviously because Roy was crazy.

And also, in no way, because he had Jason smiling, despite the fact that he’d been nothing but raw nerves for a week straight.
redmage123 asked: ""I LOVE your fics! I had this crazy thought about the omegaverse au where Dick is sleeping with Damian wakes up in the middle of the night and thinks about how much he loves him until it dawns on him "holy shit I want to spend the rest of my life with him" he runs out at like 4:30 in the morning buys a ring and the moment Damian wakes up he asks "will you marry me?"

Damian is 8 months along.

Damian shifted, sighing in his sleep, as Dick blinked slowly, eyes focusing in the dark of the teen’s bedroom. Damian was clutching at a pillow, had taken to doing that in his sleep, pressing one to his chest as if he needed to have his arms around something. He was pressed back against Dick, who was resting his hand on Damian’s hip.

Damian shifted again- another sigh, and for a moment Dick thought he might wake up. He braced himself, ready for whatever Damian might need. He knew sleeping was getting harder, and there were nights where Damian simply needed to walk around, to pace the Manor- or to spend time in Bruce’s childhood room, sitting in the window seat with his hand rubbing over the swell of his belly.

Some nights, he wanted Dick there. But there were moments, Dick knew, that he simply wanted to be alone.

But Damian settled again, curling up around the pillow he was clutching. Dick sat up slowly, glancing down at him, could still see him in the dark of the room.

Dick had opened the curtains, one night. Damian had never closed them- and honestly, Dick couldn’t remember how long ago that had been.

He reached out, stroked some of Damian’s short hair. He looked so much younger, when he slept. Like a child.

*He is a child.*

Dick frowned. He knew it wasn’t the case- legally, Damian was an adult. Mentally, Damian had been an adult for far too long, in most respects. But he still seemed so young, so small- and here he was, with Dick’s baby inside him, when Dick felt he should still have been someone’s baby. When Dick felt he should have been taking care of him- not getting ready to raise a child with him.

He glanced away, out towards the window. The sky was clear, little specks of starlight flicked out along the velvet of the sky.

It was his fault this had happened- he shouldered the blame just as Damian did. It had taken both of them, and no one would ever convince him otherwise. It had taken his moment of weakness, when Damian had smelled so sweet, and all the sordid lust Dick had carried inside his chest simply burst forth- clawed out and clutched at Damian with claws that tore into him *mine mine mine*- like Dick
could have him.

Well, in a way he did, now.

Dick glanced back down at Damian. Wanted to scoop him up, in his arms. Hold him as easily as he had, when Damian was a child. When Damian was his Robin, and things were simpler.

When he could say he loved Damian, and understand what it meant- not feel guilty over what it meant.

He reached out again, ran his hand along Damian’s shoulder, down his side. He rested it on the side of his belly- and as if knowing Dick was there, felt the baby shifting, gently. He smiled, softly, leaning over Damian and moving his hand, kissing where it had been.

He loved him. He loved Damian like he had never loved anyone else- wanted him like he never knew he could want. It felt like a sin, like he was setting himself up for damnation- like there was no way something so strong could be right. And try as hard as he could, Dick could never convince himself that he didn’t love Damian.

Oh, he could lie. He could lie to the world- but to himself he knew. He knew.

He lay back down, settled his arm over Damian’s waist. He rubbed his belly very gently, aware that Damian was getting sensitive, uncomfortable at this point. Knew Damian was ready for it to be over with-

To meet their baby. Their son.

Dick pressed his forehead to the nape of Damian’s neck, inhaled his scent. Wished it was laced with his own- wished this spot on Damian’s neck boasted scars from his teeth. Wished the world knew that Damian was his, that this was his family, that he would give anything for it-

Even if that anything was actually having it, as he wanted. Because, try as hard as Dick could, not only could he not convince himself that he didn’t love Damian- he couldn’t convince himself that he was good for the teen, in the end. That this was what Damian deserved, at the end of everything.

So, even if these thoughts were what Damian wanted to hear- and Dick knew it, knew it down in his bones- he kept them to himself- kept them between he and the silence of night. Because Damian deserved whatever would bring him the most happiness- and Dick was sure, one day, that wouldn’t be him.
Chapter 20

ababybat asked: "I have a question! Is Tommy the only kid for dickdami? When does Dick actually get his head out of his ass to confess his love? Does Damian ever paint Tim's toenails because Tim's too big to paint them himself? OK that's more than one question..."

Tim is 5 months along, which means Damian is 7 months along (and getting them into a position where they can do this is probably hilarious. They’re so cranky)

“I could do this with Riley at five months,” Tim complained, shifting further back in the chair he was awkwardly slouched in. Damian glared up, the small bush poised in his hand.

“You move again and I am painting your entire foot.”

“I’m just saying, I feel huge.” Tim ran a hand over the growing swell of his bell, frowning. “Thank you, by the way.”

Damian glanced back up, but said nothing, looking back down as he dragged the brush along one toenail, leaving a pretty rose color behind. He was settled back in a large plush chair, Tim’s feet propped up on a pillow in his lap- an honestly, it was taking about twice as long as Damian had expected, as he was having his own troubles moving.

“I’m going to be huge,” Tim continued, “God damn how the hell am I going to walk. How am I going to sleep.” He leaned his head back, sighing. “I’m almost as big as you already.”

“Well thank you for that, Drake.”

“I didn’t mean- Damian, honey, you’re adorable.” Damian rolled his eyes, switching to the other foot. “I mean it. Don’t make me prove it.”

“-tt- If you try to kiss me, I’m telling Todd.”

“Good. He’ll ask to watch.” Damian huffed, and Tim grinned. “I’m playing. But you’re so adorable, you have the cutest belly ever.” Another huff- but Tim saw the little smile on his lips. “I want a pedicure.”

“I do not understand how you let people touch your feet.”

“You should try it. It’s so relaxing. When this is all done and over with, god, I am getting treated like a damn princess for a day.” Tim leaned his head back again, sighing. “You should come with me.”

“Absolutely not.”

Tim laughed. “You might like it. But fine. You know, Dick would so go with me.”

“By all means, take him. You and Grayson can make a date of it.” Damian screwed the top back on
the nail polish setting it aside, and Tim shifted, carefully pulling his feet from Damian’s lap and settling them back on the floor. It took longer than Tim would have liked.

“Someone’s cranky.”

“If it weren’t for him maybe I’d be getting some decent sleep.” He tossed the pillow away, shifting, grimacing. “My back hurts, I barely slept last night because he was out on patrol until nearly three AM, and didn’t even bother coming up from the Cave until nearly five. Which was all well and good for him, he slept the morning away. By that point I was so miserably awake I didn’t have a say in the matter.”

Tim pushed himself up, carefully, taking a step towards Damian and leaning over his chair, kissing his temple. “I’ll kick his ass for you babybat. Now c’mon, I know what will make it better.”

Damian looked at him, disbelieving. “What?”

“Ice cream. How good does fucking ice cream sound right now? Because I swear I might break Bruce’s rule for some.” Tim grinned. “And after that, you and I are taking a nap.”

Tim turned, heading for the doorway. Damian hesitated, before pushing himself up, slowly, calling out, “I swear if you smudge that paint Drake I will end you!” even as he was smiling.

He had no idea how Tim seemed to know exactly what would sound perfect to him.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Yeeees Omegaverse:3 lovee iiit Ok so how was that first time Dick hold their baby ? I bet he crieeddd and poor baby Damian also was so sentimental over it ! Dick not being in the delivery and all And aalsoooo I seriously need them to be cuteeeee I know things work out but pleaseeeeee"

Remember, when Damian has Tommy, Dick and Bruce were both out on Patrol. Tim is on bed rest, and Jason is too afraid to leave him. The only one at the hospital is Alfred- and he’s not in the room with Damian.

Dick burst through the hospital doors, his heart racing. Racing faster than when he’d had Bruce open the top of the Batmobile and he’d launched himself out of it, while moving, right at Harley on her bike, a few hours earlier.

Faster possibly than it had ever raced in his life.

He crossed the room, towards the desk, tapping his fingers as the nurse looked up from her computer.

“Can I help you?”

“I…uh, yeah. My… partner, he- he’s having a baby and I—” Dick paused, trying to collect himself. Words felt clumsy on his tongue, foreign. “Can you tell me where he is?”

“They’d be the delivery wing. Take the elevator to three, and take a left. There’s a desk there.”

“Thanks.”

Dick hurried towards the elevator, hitting the button- closing his eyes and forcing himself to inhale, once. Wished he could reach out, feel for Damian- just to know he was okay.

But, bondless, there was nothing but silence in his chest.

The doors opened and Dick stepped inside, hitting the three and rolling back and forth on his feet, restless. It felt like ages, before the doors were open again, and he was tearing out of it, taking a sharp left, making his way down a hall, into a waiting room-

“Master Dick!”

Dick stopped, turning- found Alfred sitting in one of the chairs. Alfred stood, slowly, crossing over to him, and without thinking Dick threw his arms around him, hugging him.

“I am so happy to see you,” Dick admitted- because god, god, he didn’t want to do this alone. “Where is he?”

“Rest,” Alfred offered, as Dick pulled back.
And stared.

“*Resting?*”

Alfred sighed, offered up a smile that was torn—happy, and yet sad, at the edge. He squeezed Dick’s hands. “Congratulations, Master Richard. You’re a father.”

Dick stared at him for a moment, felt his heart hammering madly in his chest—so much so it ached.

*He was a father.*

He wanted to grin, wanted to cry out in joy—

But that meant he had missed it. That as alone as he felt, a moment ago—Damian, Damian had felt it worse.

*Damian.*

Damian had needed him, more than ever. And Dick hadn’t been there. He’d let him down—again. Like he seemed to do, at every chance he was given.

“Fucking hell,” Dick muttered, reaching up and raking a hand back, through his hair. “How did I miss this, Alfred? One night. I just had to be there for one night, and I fucked that up—”

“I think it would be better to focus on the other aspects, Master Richard.” A squeeze to his shoulder now. “If you go up to the desk over there, that lovely young nurse will tell you where Damian is. I am sure, as the father, she will take you to see him. I sent my regards— but I know Master Damian is very tired. And I can wait until he is rested, to meet the baby.”

Dick nodded, swallowed thickly. “Thank you, Alfred.”

“There is no need for it. This is family.” Alfred took a step back. “But I believe I will return to the Manor. I’m sure Master Bruce will still be up when I arrive.”

“Said he wouldn’t sleep until we gave him the okay to come to the hospital.” Alfred nodded.

“As expected.”

Dick waited a moment, watched Alfred making his way into the hallway, before heading for the desk. The nurse there gave him a pleasant smile— one he felt he didn’t deserve.

“I’m here to see my partner,” Dick started, “He…he just had a baby.”

The smile stayed. “Well, congratulations than. What’s his name?”

“Damian Wayne.” She turned to her computer for a moment, then,

“He’s in room seven. It’s a big circle, just head on in. If any of the nurses stop you, just let them know who you are.” Dick nodded his thanks, moving past the desk and back, towards the rooms. He followed the curve, reading the numbers above the doors, silently—

Five, six—

Seven.

Dick paused, staring at the closed door. Did he knock? Was he supposed to? What if Damian was
sleeping- he didn’t want to disturb him.

Dick settled for simply turning the knob, opening the door quietly. He stepped inside- found it was rather dark, except for a large lamp, settled across the room, by the bed.

A bed which had Damian sitting up in it, braced back against the pillows.

Damian, holding something so small in his arms Dick couldn’t believe, for a moment, that it was anything at all. Couldn’t breathe.

Damian turned his head- and for a moment they simply stared at each other. Stared in silence- and god, his eyes, that gorgeous jade- they were so tired, so utterly exhausted-

And Dick couldn’t read them, beyond that. Couldn’t tell if there was joy, fear, anger- couldn’t read Damian, for the first time in what felt like a long time.

The ache in his chest, the emptiness, clawed at him so fiercely than he wanted to curl up, fall onto the floor and disappear.

“Damian,” he whispered, and those eyes grew hard, that mouth set in a scowl.

“Do not say a word,” he nearly growled. Dick bit at his tongue. “I was alone, Grayson.”

“I know-”

“You do not know. You do not know at all, because if you did- if you…” Damian paused, inhaled slowly- held the tiny shape in his arms closer to his chest. “If you knew, it would not have happened.”

Dick dared to take a step into the room. Paused. When Damian didn’t stop him, he took another, another- until he was close to the bed. “I’m sorry,” Dick whispered, “I’m so sorry. I’m not even going to give you a reason- none of it matters. I wasn’t here, when you needed me. I’m never there when you need me.”

Damian sighed, and his eyes softened, slightly. “I was terrified,” he admitted, glancing down- and Dick knew, how hard that was for him to say.

“I know.” He wanted to reach out, wanted to stroke Damian’s hair back, brush his knuckles over his cheeks. Kiss his eyelashes, until he was melting into the bed, calm.

“I just… wanted you here.” Damian sucked on his lip, for a moment. “Wanted you to tell me it was alright. That I was safe, that our baby was safe. I just…”

“I won’t leave again,” Dick whispered, and Damian’s eyes hardened again.

“Do not make those promises. I do not want them.” Dick nodded, slowly- even if he felt it, in his chest. Wanted it to be true- so badly.

But how, when he simply let Damian down?

“Are you okay?” Dick finally asked, and Damian nodded. “And…” Dick trailed off, glancing down at the bundle in Damian’s arms-

And for a moment, Damian’s arms tightened around the baby. The baby that was so silent, Dick was almost terrified.
“He’s fine.” Damian held him closer to his chest, and for a moment Dick thought he’d never see him, that the way Damian held their son meant he had fucked up to the point that there was no hope, no salvation-

“Come here,” Damian finally said, glancing at the edge of the bed. Dick obeyed, took the last few steps, sitting down carefully next to him. Damian shifted the baby in his arms- and Dick heard a tiny sigh, as Damian adjusted the swaddling the nurses had wrapped the baby in. “I think your son wants to meet you.”

Dick leaned over, saw the baby’s face- and simply stared. Stared because his heart felt like it suddenly grew, to the point that his ribs were too small, were bend, cracking, breaking- that there was no room for it.

It was love at first sight, so strong his hands began to shake.

“Do you want to hold him?”

Dick had to bite his tongue to keep from screaming yes. Carefully, Damian held him out, and Dick took him into his arms, cradled him close to his chest. For a moment the baby only sighed, before his eyes fluttered open- the most intense blue- a mirror of Dick’s.

“He’s been waiting for you,” Damian offered, leaning forward- and smiling, now. Smiling up to his tired eyes.

Dick fought down the trembles in his body. “I’ve been waiting a long time for him,” he admitted, and then, with a quiver in his voice, “Hi Tommy. I’m your dad.”

The baby made a little noise, squirming slightly, before- Dick swore, oh he swore- smiling- and he couldn’t help it, couldn’t help the choked sound that escaped him. Couldn’t help that the corners of his eyes were wet, that he was falling in love over and over again. He felt Damian reach out, brush some of his hair back- and god, he was supposed to be comforting him, not letting Damian soothe him.

“He’s beautiful,” Dick whispered, as those eyes began to close again.

“He looks like you,” Damian offered, “Of course he is.”

Dick’s heart ached so badly he was sure he was dying.

“Damian-”

“Not tonight. Not anymore tonight.” He shook his head, hand falling down, stroking along the bundled shape of Tommy’s body. “Just… for tonight, let’s pretend it’s okay.”

Dick nodded, slowly- because he wanted it to be okay, more than anything. Realized it, as he passed Tommy back to Damian, watched the light in his eyes as he cradled the baby close to him- as if he hadn’t voiced his fear of holding the baby his entire pregnancy. Fear he’d drop him, that Tommy would only wail-

As if all those fears were erased, and Damian was at peace.

Dick leaned in, carefully pressed a kiss to Damian’s forehead. “I’m proud of you, little prince,” he whispered, “So proud.” He reached up, stroked his fingers through Damian’s hair, before pressing their foreheads together, staring into his pretty jade eyes-
And never wanting to leave.
neuroatypicalreinerbraun asked: "Please imagine Dami babysitting Riley so there can be a JT date night and Riley is like *puts ear to Dami's tummy* Hello baby and Damian MELTS BECAUSE HIS NEPHEW IS SO CUTE"

So this takes place after Tim’s miscarriage scare- and after he and Jason have told the family they’re having twins, and that this is Tim’s last pregnancy. Also, it’s probably shortly after the ficlet I wrote featuring Roy (so they’re probably listening to Roy and finally getting intimate again, thanks Damian for helping to make that happen!) Also after the ficlet where Tim and Damian fell asleep with Riley between them.

So, Tim is probably 13 weeks along, Riley is still 19 months, and Damian is about 4 months along.

“How does Tim do it?” Damian muttered to himself, staring at the child strapped into his high chair- who is currently refusing to eat anything Damian put in front of him. “Riley, c’mon kid. You love mangos. Your daddy says they’re your favorite.”

The toddler still turned his head away from the pouch Damian tried to hold to his mouth, whining and flailing his little arms. Damian huffed, setting it down.

“You’ve got to eat something,” he offered, and was so tempted to dig out his cell phone and call Tim. To ask him what to do because Damian was so utterly clueless. But he resisted, knew Tim and Jason really needed this night to themselves.

“Look,” Damian started, “if you eat this, we can go watch whatever you want. Your dads left you enough movies I am sure we could entertain half of Gotham.” Riley seemed to think about it, before making grabby hands at the pouch Damian was holding. Smiling, Damian held it out, pressed the little nozzle to Riley’s mouth, and the toddler took it and sucked happily, kicking his little feet. “See? I knew you liked it.”

It was gone far faster than Damian expected. He reached out, ruffled Riley’s hair. and the toddler smiled at him. Carefully, Damian stood up and worked open the fastenings on the chair, before he lifted Riley up, holding him against his hip as they left the kitchen, heading for the sitting room that the toddler had over taken. Toys were thrown about everywhere, the bag they had been packed in over turned and forgotten long ago.

“Okay,” Damian said, setting Riley down. “What are we-”

He cut off when Riley, instead of plopping down, as Damian expected, took off running, tossing himself down on one of the large stuffed animals Tim and Jason had left for them. He squirmed, grabbing it and rolling over- wrestling with the toy in a way that had Damian shaking his head.

He didn’t argue though. He was more than happy to let the toddler tire himself out. Instead he sat back on the couch, sighing to himself and deciding that he was definitely going to bed the moment Riley was asleep.
Again- he didn’t know how Tim did it. Had no idea how he’d do it, one day.

It took less than two minutes for Riley to lose interest in his toy. He left it sprawled on the floor, made his way over to the couch and hopped, clutching at the cushions. Damian reached down, helped him up, and Riley crawled right over to him, looking at his belly for a minute before turning, leaning his little face against it. Damian watched as he splayed a tiny hand there as well, before he started giggling.

“Hi baby!” he cooed, and Damian felt his heart damn near melting. He smiled, reached down and stroked back Riley’s dark waves- that were getting long, and god, it was so amusing to watch Tim have an almost melt down anytime someone suggested cutting Riley’s hair.

“Is the baby saying hi back?” Damian asked, and Riley nodded. Damian could feel gentle movement- wondered what Riley was hearing, with his ear pressed to his belly. “Are you excited to meet him?”

“Uh-huh.” Riley yawned, and Damian gently guided him up, so that he was cuddled up against him, head resting on his chest. He grabbed one of the blankets that was left, thrown on the couch- and god, if Alfred saw the state of his room, Damian knew he’d have a heart attack. Carefully, Damian covered them up, and Riley yawned again.

“I bet he’ll love you,” Damian whispered, as Riley nuzzled against him, closing his grey eyes. Damian smiled, leaned his own head back-

And if he slept there, like that, for an hour or two- well, it was he and Riley’s little secret.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Riley through a Tantrum when Tim can't play with him on the ground anymore when he's very pregnant"

Tim is six months pregnant and is utterly exhausted, and Riley is almost 2.

“Daddy!” Riley called, sitting on the floor, surrounded by blocks. “Play!”

Tim glanced up from his tablet. He was settled on the couch, had been watching the activity on a few of Penguin’s bank accounts- didn’t matter that he’d been out of the field for far longer than he wanted to think about. Nor did it matter that Jason would have a fit, would claim this was stressing Tim out- he couldn’t sit back and not do something for the family.

“Riley, honey,” Tim started, setting the tablet aside, “Daddy can’t get down there right now.”

“Play!”

Tim sighed. “Daddy can’t. The babies won’t let me.” Tim reached down, ran his hand over his belly. “Your brother and sister are getting too big for me to get down there.”

Riley frowned, crossing his little arms- and the frown then turned into a pout, as he kicked a little leg out and knocked over the few blocks he’d stacked up. “Mean babies,” he said, and Tim laughed.

“They’re not being mean,” he offered, “They have to grow. We want them to be big when they come meet you. That means they’re healthy. And we want that, don’t we?”

Begrudgingly, Riley nodded. Tim reached down, pat the spot on the couch next to him. “Come over here honey.” Riley pushed himself up, rushing across the room and nearly hoisting himself up onto the couch. Tim helped, and tucked his arm around his son, holding him against his side. “You know, I bet they want to say hi.”

Riley looked down at Tim’s belly, and suddenly the scowl was gone. His grey eyes had gone big- the little look of awe he always got when he got to touch Tim’s belly made Tim’s heart tighten happily. Riley reached his little hands out, pressed both of them to Tim’s belly. He looked completely serious for a moment, before suddenly giggling. Tim felt the movement and smiled too.

“Well, they’re saying hi.” Riley moved his hands, leaning over Tim, towards his other side, giggling louder. Carefully, Tim reached up, brushed some of Riley’s hair back. “You’re going to be such a good big brother.”

Riley nodded, leaning down and carefully wrapping his arms around Tim’s belly. Tim laughed.

“I love you Riley,” he whispered, continuing to stroke his hair back.

“Love you too daddy,” Riley whispered, hugging very carefully- just like Tim had taught him. Then, after a moment, “love you babies!”
Tim couldn’t keep the smile off his face, as he swore he felt both the twins moving.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "tim could be extra emotional when he's carrying the twins so he ends up crying about some random things, and after getting the news that tim wouldn't be healthy enough for another pregnancy, Jason's on super high alert to tim and he freaks & worries so much when tim even snuffles or cries or leaves the bed so he doesn't wake jay up at night and jay wakes up //and his mate isn't there/"

Ugh yes though, Tim is so concerned about stressing Jason out. Also, let’s not forget that Tim does suffer from depression, and his hormones during pregnancy don’t help.

Tim’s about four months pregnant.

Tim sighed, pressing his cheek against his pillow. Behind him, he heard Jason shifting, rolling onto his back- mumbling something in his sleep. Tim inhaled, slowly, squeezed his eyes shut for a moment-

There was an ache, in his chest. His belly. Not the kind that alarmed him, that made him think something was wrong- simply that ache from sadness. When he couldn’t believe there was a reason for it.

Maybe there wasn’t a reason. There wasn’t always.

Carefully he pushed himself up in the bed, swung his legs over the side of it. He paused for a moment, rubbed one hand over his belly for a moment, before sighing, easing his feet down to the floor. He stood, padded across the room, opening the door and letting himself out, into the hallway. He hesitated for a moment, unsure where to go-

He turned, making his way through the penthouse, towards the living room. He settled on the couch, not turning a light on- and sat there, in the dark. With it gnawing up inside him.

He’d felt good, when he’d carried Riley. He’d felt good after he was born- hell, he’d felt good for so long, he’d nearly forgotten, what this was like. The ache, the needlessness of it.

It scared him. It scared Tim that these feelings were coming back- scared him because he was worried they wouldn’t go away. That the feelings would persist, that he’d feel them, whenever he saw his babies.

Tim felt his shoulders shaking, tried to hold it in, tried to steady his breaths- but they came, faster now. Faster, unhinged- sobs, as his eyes grew wet, as he reached up and buried his face in his hands, wanting to disappear.

*

Jason shifted, reaching out in the bed next to him, in his mostly sleeping state wanting to wrap his arms around Tim, wanting to clutch him tightly-

But he met the empty bed, nothing but air. It took a few seconds, before his eyes fluttered open,
and Jason sat up, hair tussled, glancing around the room.

Empty.

“Tim?”

Silence.

Except the suddenly pounding in Jason’s skull, the beat of his heart. He tossed the blankets back, climbing from the bed and heading for the door- steps growing faster as he tossed it open, stepped in the hallway.

For a moment, he was terrified- terrified of the nothing he thought he felt, an emptiness in his chest that Tim had once filled, stuffed with all those tiny strings he could tug, used to tell Jason wordlessly everything that was wrong, right.

Terrified, Jason felt his hands shake- but then it was there, a deep tug, an ache that had him wanting to clutch at his chest. Tim’s pain, he could feel it- the helplessness, the feeling of being utterly lost.

Jason worked his way to the living room- heard Tim before he was even though the doorway. Heard his quiet sobs- and his heart broke further.

“Tim?” he whispered, pausing in the doorway. His mate glanced up, from where he sat on the couch, arms wrapped around himself.

“Jay,” he whispered, voice quivering. “You…you should be sleeping.”

Jason crossed the room, sinking down onto the couch- reaching out to rub his hand along Tim’s spine. Tim shook at the touch, before a broken whine escaped him, and a fresh wave of sobs hit.

“Babygirl,” Jason whispered, wrapping his arms around Tim, pulling him in against his chest. “What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know.” It sounded painful, Tim’s voice. Lost. Jason sighed, rocked him gently, as Tim pressed his cheek to his chest, listened to the beat of his heart.

Jason hurt, seeing Tim like this. Knew he was stressed, had been stressed for months- would continue to be stressed, until they had their babies, healthy and happy and safe with them. Knew that, for as long as Tim had been in such a good place, his depression had always been there-

It hurt, knowing it was back. Knowing Tim felt so broken, beneath the weight of it- knowing that Tim wanted to shoulder it alone.

“I’ve got you,” Jason whispered, clutching Tim tighter. “I’ve got you, Timmy. And I’m not letting go.”

Jason felt the heat, in his chest. Emanating from Tim- and Jason knew it was all he could offer. That he wouldn’t let go.

That he’d be there.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

This stemmed from this post.

Tommy let his head drop back, a ragged breath dragged out as Riley slid his mouth down his cock, tongue pressed tight to the underside. Tommy could feel every movement of the metal thought his tongue against his cock- couldn’t help the way his hips twitched forward, even as Riley’s large hands tried to hold them down to the bed.

Riley pulled back, slowly, ran his tongue along the underside of Tommy’s cock- and god, the metal closure to the bar through his tongue was so wicked, had Tommy gasping loudly. Without thought he hooked one leg around Riley, dug his heel into his tshirt, his back, cursing the fact that somehow he had lost all his clothing and Riley was still completely dressed.

His hands fistied in the sheets, grasping them, releasing them, grasping a new spot. He couldn’t find a place to hold, one that felt strong enough to keep him tethered down to the earth- not with the things Riley knew how to do with his tongue. Not with how he knew exactly which nerves Tommy needed lit on fire to get off-

“Ri-Riley,” he gasped, chest heaving, and felt the alpha chuckle- despite the fact that Tommy’s cock was damn near the back of his throat at his point. “Hnn, Ri, I- can you-”

Riley pulled off, licking his lips. “What do you need, babe?”

Tommy swallowed thickly, his hips twitching, his cock aching- throbbing, needing to be buried back in Riley’s mouth. “Can’t handle,” he managed, before swallowing again, “you teasing me.”

Riley rolled his eyes- but he was smiling. “I wasn’t teasing you, but okay. Okay.” He leaned back down, mouthed at Tommy’s shaft. “I’ll take care of you, Tommy.” Tommy moaned, loud and obscene, when Riley swallowed him back down, bobbed his head a few times before he sucked at the head, moving the metal in his tongue over the sensitive bundle of nerves at the base of Tommy’s cockhead, over and over again until Tommy was reaching down, tangling his fingers in Riley’s hair and tugging as he thrust up, hips stuttering as he came with a shout.

When Riley finally pulled off- only when Tommy was going soft in his mouth- he was grinning. He shifted, until he was sitting next to Tommy’s hips, as his boyfriend lay there, panting, staring up at the ceiling.

Tommy muttered something under his breath, and Riley laughed, realizing it was in Arabic. “Cursing or praising me, dollface?”

“Both,” Tommy admitted, watching as Riley reached back, shifting some of the hair Tommy had pulled free from his bun, before he shrugged and pulled his hair tie out. He shook his head a little, his waves falling in a mess around his face and shoulders, and Tommy felt his heart trying to free itself from his chest. Riley moved to pull it back again, and Tommy shot up, reaching out and grabbed his arm. “Leave it down,” he whispered, and Riley’s grin turned playful- seductive. The kind of grin where Tommy could hear his voice without him speaking a word through it- gravely
and from his chest, husky in a way that had him so wet he nearly wanted to die.

“I’m pretty sure I still get to eat you out,” Riley said, working his hair back into a messy bun at the base of his neck, “and I think it’d be easier without this mop in my way.”

Tommy shivered openly, hooked his arm up around Riley’s shoulders and pulled himself in, kissing him roughly. Riley smiled into the kiss, locked an arm around his waist, steadying him. “I can’t argue with that,” Tommy mumbled, “but fuck me with it down?”

“Yeah, okay,” he whispered, feeling his own cock throbbing in his jeans. “Can’t argue with that.”

Tommy grinned. It wasn’t like Riley could ever argue with much in bed. Tommy had a nasty habit of always getting his way- and he was positive Riley liked it that way.
Chapter 26

An Anon asked: "Ok ok !!! I ( and everyone else ) loves the tommy/ riley otp :3 but pleeeeaaseee pretty please !!! How does Dick and Dami fix things up ? I am dying hereee I need a super sweet cute scene with baby Tommy and their happy dads before we start getting him to grow up ;-)"

So, Tommy is about 9 months old here. Dick and Damian have been sort of playing the good parents, but everything with them has been at a stand still. Like, Dick is affectionate to a point, but still not what Damian wants, and they’re not “in a relationship”. And they’re not having sex anymore, like they were when Damian was pregnant. Aside of once, when Damian had his first heat after Tommy was born, and Dick was okay being the one because he felt like it was more of him comforting Damian than anything (even if they probably fucked a day past his heat and really Dick didn’t need to enjoy it as much as he did). But this whole time, Dick has been dealing with the feelings of loving Damian and this family, but still trying to decide if this is what is really right.

Damian bounced Tommy in his lap, smiling at the baby as he giggled, reaching his little hands out and pressing them to his baba’s cheeks as Damian lifted him, before pulling them back as he was settled back in his lap. Damian cooed at him, his voice soft, the words a complete mystery to Dick, from where he stood in the doorway. But Tommy seemed to understand them just fine, giggling again and happily babbling, “baba, baba,” over and over again.

Dick smiled to himself, softly. Couldn’t get enough of watching his little son- who felt like he was so far from little now. So far from the tiny bundle he’d first held at the hospital, he’d first welcomed into this world.

But other moments, Tommy still seemed smaller than any living thing ever should be. Moments when Dick felt such a tugging in his chest that he needed to defend this boy, until the end of days.

He watched Damian lift Tommy again, rub to tip of his nose to their son’s- watched the way Tommy’s face lit up. He’d never seen Damian like this, with anyone. Carefree. It was in his smile, his eyes- the world didn’t exist, when he had Tommy. It was long gone, and it didn’t need to come back.

Dick shifted, crossed his arms. Was guilty of watching them, so often. Found it easy to just drift into the background, to fall into a trance watching the two. Watching how Damian seemed so happy.

He’d never seen him this happy, either.

But the moment passed, as Tommy turned his head, caught sight of Dick. He whined, made grabby hands in his direction, and Damian turned, caught Dick’s eye. Dick glanced away for a moment- always slightly embarrassed when Damian caught him watching- before he moved into the room. He reached for his son, lifted him from Damian’s lap and held him against his chest as Tommy clung to him.
“There’s my favorite boy,” Dick said, stroking the beginnings of his dark hair. It was so soft that Dick wanted to stroke it until he fell asleep, with Tommy sprawled on his chest. “Daddy missed you.”

Tommy squirmed, the giggles he’d had a moment ago turning into a yawn. Tommy had barely made the noise before Damian was standing up, reaching for his son and taking him back, cradling him against his chest.

“Someone needs a nap,” he said, softly, before he moved past Dick. Dick hesitated- before taking a deep breath, following.

His heart clenched painfully, every time Damian took Tommy from him like that. Every time that Damian suddenly seemed to shut him out. How he went from looking at Dick like he wished Dick would walk over, would kiss him breathless and simply love him, to being closed off, putting a wall up between them.

The swings had been there, since Tommy was born. And Dick knew he wasn’t helping, with the way he’d kiss Damian’s temple, the way he’d wrap his arms around him and press his chin to his shoulder while he held Tommy.

The way that, when Damian looked at him at night, silently begged him to crawl into bed with him, to just hold him- and he always turned, left him alone. Like the coward he felt he was.

Dick followed Damian into the nursery, watched as he settled Tommy in his crib, pulling his blanket up. Tommy squirmed, a little sigh escaping him, as Damian stroked his hand back over his hair. When he whispered his sweet dreams, the words were again a mystery to Dick.

Dick leaned in, after Damian straightened up, bending over the bars and kissing his son’s forehead- his heart fluttering over the way Tommy smiled.

When he straightened up, Damian was already out the door. Dick sighed, crossing the room quickly, quietly shutting the door behind him. He caught the sight of Damian’s bedroom door opening, and made his way down the hallway, hovering in the doorway as Damian set the baby monitor on his desk, flipping open his sketchbook.

Dick inhaled, slowly. Watched as Damian’s shoulder seemed to twitch. “Do you need something, Grayson?”

If Dick had been unsure as to what mood Damian was in, he was sure now.

“You’re upset.”

“-tt- What a detective.” His voice was so thick with sarcasm Dick could have sliced it open, and he stepped in, closing the door.

“What did I do now?” It was a question he was used to asking, at this point.

Damian turned around, glaring at him. His mouth was set in a scowling line- and it made him look so young again. Reminded Dick that he was young. “Perhaps it is what you haven’t done.” Dick was quiet for a moment, before he opened his mouth to speak, but Damian wasn’t done. “I cannot do this anymore.”

“Can’t… do what?”

Damian tossed his hands up. “This. You. And I. I cannot handle this in-between you have left us
in.” He shook his head, arms falling limp to his sides. “I cannot handle your detached affection, Grayson. Not towards me.”

Dick took a step closer, watched Damian’s eyes flash- and froze. Felt *unwelcome*.

“I’ve given you months, Grayson. I gave you months, and you gave me a glimmer of *hope*.” Damian’s voice slid from anger for a moment, into something softer, and Dick watched the slight glimmer in his eyes. “I thought we were making progress. I thought you…” for a moment, his words failed him, and Dick watched him swallow, take a breath to compose himself. “I thought we were finally going to make things right.”

Dick sucked on his tongue. Knew Damian was referring to his heat, when Dick had been there- the first one, after Tommy was born. How Damian’s eyes had been so large, such a perfect jade, when he realized what was happening. How Dick had wanted nothing more than to wrap his arms around him and ease him through it. How he’d been unable to make himself leave, when Damian took himself up into his room, shutting himself away to soldier through it alone.

How he’d let himself in and had never wanted to leave.

“Damian, that was-”

“You have said it many times. You simply wanted to keep me safe. Ever the loving *big brother*, aren’t you?” His voice was venom, and it pierced through Dick’s veins, left him nearly dizzy. His chest ached, couldn’t stand the fact that Damian could direct *hate* towards him. “I will not let this go on. I… I have been a fool to allow you to leave me in this hell for as long as I have.”

“What do you want me to say?” Dick asked, feeling like every bone in his body was cracking, would turn to dust, by the time Damian was done. “What do you *want*, Damian?”

“*You,*” he hissed, before his eyes went from statue-hard to something like water, something that could part, could break. “All I have ever wanted is you. There has never been anyone else but you.” He pushed the chair at his desk aside, took a step towards Dick. “But I do not deserve this. And our son does not deserve the hate that is only going to grow, if we stay as we are. Just…” He trailed off for a moment, glanced away from Dick, as if he couldn’t hold his gaze. It was so unlike Damian, that Dick felt he had simply cracked in half. “Tell me you do not love me, and you never will. Tell me there is no hope, so I can put this *behind* me.”

Dick opened his mouth. Meant to say the words, words he had always thought would be best for Damian. Would bring him to an eventual ending where he was happier- happier than he would have been, had Dick *stayed*.

But no words came. No words came, and instead Dick was crossing the room, closing the space between them- wrapping his arms around Damian and pulling him in. The teen fell against him, and Dick leaned down, pressed his face into Damian’s hair.

“I can’t,” Dick admitted, and god, *god* he hated himself for it. “I can’t say that.”

Damian shook- and Dick knew, it was a silent sob. Frustration and rage and so much sadness. More sadness than Dick ever wanted Damian to feel in his lifetime. “You are damning me,” Damian whispered, “If you leave me in purgatory. You cannot keep me here. Have me- *or let me go*.”

Dick clutched him tighter, felt Damian reaching up, clutching at his shirt. Felt him shaking. And he was so small again, he was the boy Dick never dreamed could grow up to love him. Was the child
he wanted only to protect.

“I want you to be happy,” Dick whispered, one hand working along Damian’s spine. “It’s all I want.”

“I am happy with you.” Damian pulled back, just enough to lift his head, to catch Dick’s gaze. “I have never felt like I do when you are with me. When you… when you let yourself love me.” Damian took a breath, tried so blatantly to steady himself.

“You could be so much happier—”

“You do not know that! You have no way of seeing this fantasy future or yours, Grayson. Nor do you have the right to choose for me, to tell me what would make me happier.”

And Dick… couldn’t argue with him. Maybe it was because, after months of this, after months of wearing himself as thin as he had worn Damian, he simply didn’t want to. Because all he wanted, he had seen, within the past ten minutes. He’d seen Damian smiling, had seen him looking young and free. He’s seen their son and the way that Damian looked at him as if he was the true center of the cosmos, how the boy lit up over Damian’s smile- how he reached for Dick, like he knew Dick would give anything to keep him safe.

He saw Damian, as he was now. Damian, fitting perfectly into his arms, looking gorgeous in ways Dick could not even describe.

It was a family, one Dick could have never dreamt up.

So, when Dick finally spoke, when his voice was cracking along the edges, it was because it was what he had wanted, for so long. Since before Tommy was born, when he’d held Damian through the night, had his hands pressed to the gentle swell of his belly. When Damian had shifted back against him in his sleep, so trusting, and all Dick had wanted to do was freeze those moments in time, because the world was at peace.

He was at peace.

“I want you,” he whispered, tightening his hold around Damian. “God Damian, I’ve never wanted anything like I’ve wanted you. Wanted this.”

Damian’s eyes cracked, around the outside. That perfect jade shattering- and there was so much sadness. “Let yourself have it,” Damian whispered. “What is stopping you?” Dick didn’t have an answer- because they all felt pathetic, over used. Washed out. Not when he knew Damian was right- he had no right to tell Damian what would make him happy. “Could you be happy, Grayson?”

“With you?” Dick whispered, and Damian nodded. “Yes.” Yes, because it was true. Yes, because Dick didn’t care to imagine waking up to Damian, for the rest of his life. Waking up and knowing this boy was his, that he loved him- that they had a family, had made something good in a world so fucked up it could barely turn.

Damian exhaled, shaky, and Dick felt his fingers shaking, as the still clutched at his shirt.

And he was done. He was done denying himself. He was done making Damian hurt. He’d used himself dry, and Dick simply didn’t have it left in him to fight anymore.

“I want this to work,” he added, pulling a hand from Damian’s back, cupping his cheek. “You. Me. This family. I want it.”
Damian released his hold on Dick’s shirt, reached up and wound his arms around Dick’s neck. The kiss he gave him felt like young love, felt like that first kiss when hearts fluttered like wild birds, caged within ribs. Felt like Dick was seeing stars bursting through the galaxy, and Damian— he was the brightest.

“How do not ever hold back from me,” Damian whispered, his breath warm against Dick’s lips. “You are all I have ever wanted, Grayson. Do not hold back what I know I can take.”

And if Dick was terrified that the magnitude of his love might drown Damian, it was gone. Gone as he kissed him again, and knew he was forever done denying him. He’d try, they’d try—

They’d wake up each day, and see where it took them.

Dick couldn’t ask for more— and he wouldn’t want more. All he wanted was under his finger tips, was kissing him like Dick was the world, the sun, the stars—

Was clinging to him with a trust that choked Dick to the point of his vision wavering.
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

Riley is 22, Tommy is 20, and they’ve been dating for about a year.

“Babe, careful,” Riley said, one hand on the wheel as he reached for the radio, turning the music up. At the same time, Tommy had reached over, bumped his arm as he reached out, ran his hand along his thigh. Riley glanced down at that hand, before his eyes turned back to Tommy-

Who was staring at him. Staring at him with dark blue eyes that made Riley feel like the omega wanted to devour him whole.

It was a look he knew well.

Tommy smirked at him, seat belt long unfastened, and leaned over the console between them, squeezing Riley’s thigh. When his hand moved from Riley’s thigh to the button on his jeans- he didn’t think to stop him.

He knew by now there was no stopping Tommy.

Tommy’s fingers worked his jeans open with ease, and he chuckled when he found an obvious bulge in Riley’s underwear.

“How long has this been going on?” Tommy asked, palming at Riley’s erection. Riley gripped the steering wheel tighter with his hand, the other hovering over Tommy’s hair, unsure what to do.

“Since you gave me that look,” Riley admitted- because it was true. Tommy had that power over him. All he had to do was look at Riley the right way and he was doomed.

Tommy smirked, before he tugged at Riley’s underwear pulled his cock free- and without hesitation, opening his mouth and swallowed half of him down. Riley gasped, a broken fuck at the tail end of his breath, as he fisted his free hand, reached up and punched the roof of the car. His foot pushed down slightly on the gas pedal, and the car jerked slightly, before he managed to pull himself back in, to slow down.

“Shit, shit, Tommy, slow down.” Tommy moaned around his cock, his fist stroking along with each bob of his head, as Riley reached over him, gripped the wheel with both hands.

He should pull the car over, before he got them killed. He knew that, but-

“Fuck, dollface, we’ll be late.”

Tommy pulled off at that, a wet pop accompanying the movement, and he glanced up at Riley as he stroked up along his shaft. “So? Neither of my dads will think much of a few minutes.”

Riley huffed. “Don’t mention your dads when you’re sucking my off, please.” After all, one of them was Batman. And Riley really didn’t need to think of the thousand ways Damian could kill him in under a minute.
Tommy rolled his eyes, flicking his tongue out and teasing the curved bar through Tommy’s cock. Riley shivered- and suddenly it seemed like being a few minutes late to dinner really didn’t matter. He jerked the car over to the side of the road, could barely get it into park with Tommy sprawled the way he was- and the moment he did, Tommy’s mouth was around him again.

Riley tipped his head back, let his eyes fall closed as he groaned, one hand sinking into Tommy’s soft, black hair. Tommy moaned, his hips grinding down into the seat, as Riley toyed with his hair, tangled it around his fingers affectionately. The younger moaned again, and hell if Riley wasn’t echoing it.

His head was spinning. Tommy’s mouth was too hot, too wet, and he could barely breathe- barely even realized he needed to. He abandoned Tommy’s hair to stroke his spine, panting out, “Tommy, fuck, Tommy,” over and over again. Riley sucked on his tongue, pinched the metal between his teeth, not wanting to come- but knowing, from the knot in his stomach, he was dangerously close-

Riley pulled up, kept only the head in his mouth and managed to tease Riley’s piercing, tongue moving over and metal, over and over again, as his hand stroked his shaft- and Riley was gone, was growling out and coming over Tommy’s tongue. Tommy gave a happy little moan, and Riley felt him swallowing.

“You could kill me,” he muttered, as Tommy finally pulled off, looked up at him. He rocked his hips down against the seat again, and Riley was reaching down, tucking himself away. “C’mere,” he offered, and Tommy squirmed until he was on his back, the console between the seats digging into his back as he partially sprawled against Riley’s chest.

He didn’t care, especially when Riley was reaching down, working his jeans open and getting a hand around his erection. Tommy gasped, eyelids fluttering as he drove up int Riley’s hand.

“Fuck, you’re so hot when you fuck my hand like that,” Riley whispered, got a whine in response.

“Tighter,” Tommy breathed, and Riley listened- listened because whatever Tommy asked of him, he gave. Always gave. He gripped him tighter, let Tommy rock his hips, felt precum dribbling over his knuckles as Tommy’s dark complexion tinged cherry, along his cheeks. That flush that Riley thought was so damn cute, that he wanted to see all of Tommy’s pretty skin.

Tommy arched, his hands grasping at the seat- one around Riley’s wrist, squeezing as he came with a loud cry. Riley smiled, bent down and kissed Tommy’s hair as the omega panted, before releasing him-

To lift his hand, lick it clean. Tommy leaned his head back, watched, before he was squirming, rolling over again and getting on his knees, tossing his arms around Riley’s neck and kissing him. His tongue pushed past the alpha’s lips, flicked at the metal through Riley’s own tongue, before Tommy was breathing into his mouth.

“I want you to fuck me.”

Riley groaned, breaking the kiss fully to tip his head back. “Babe,” he breathed, “You know I can’t.”

Tommy pouted, pouted like a spoiled child- something he’d inherited straight from Damian, and Riley forced himself to lift his head, to kiss his temple.

“You know we’d be suspiciously late.”

“Yeah,” Tommy muttered- knowing it was true. “I also know it’d be fucking amazing right now.”
“How about later?” Riley asked, twirling some of Tommy’s hair around his finger. “Tonight. When everyone is out. However you want.”

“However I want?” Tommy asked, a glint in his eyes. “Against a wall and doggy style. And you eat me out in between.”

Riley groaned. “You’re the fucking devil.”

Tommy smirked, finally pulling back and settling back in his own seat, fixing his pants as Riley threw the car back in drive and pulled back onto the road.

Yeah, he was the devil, and Riley wouldn’t have it any other way.
Riley is 19, Tommy is 17. They’re not dating yet, but Tommy has been crushing hard for well over a year.

“Fuckin’ shit man, how the hell you pull that combo off?” Riley asked, staring in awe at his television, game controller limp in his hands. Sitting next to him on the bed, Tommy grinned.

“Nimble fingers,” he offered with a lazy grin, as Riley huffed, tossing the controller onto his bed.

“You’ve kicked my ass five out of six rounds,” he offered, “I give up.”

“I let you win that one round,” Tommy teased, changing a glance at Riley. His hair was falling out of its messy bun at the side of his neck, long strands against his cheeks, ghosting his shoulders. He should have looked a mess in his sweatpants and over-worn tshirt- but Tommy just thought he looked good, so good that he had to remind himself to look away, before Riley caught him.

Last thing he needed was to get caught.

“Sure, let me win.” Tommy grinned, tried to bury his moment of weakness under cockiness, as Riley’s door was shoved open suddenly.

“Bro, I can’t find daddy’s tablet.” Alyssa walked in, hands shoved into the pockets of her own sweatpants.

“Ever hear of knocking?” Riley asked- and it was a broken record. Tommy was sure he heard it at least four times every time he visited- had been hearing it since Alyssa was old enough to open doors.

“Overrated. So you seen it? Alec wants dad’s copies of the old Arkham files on the Joker.”

“Heavy reading. I haven’t. Ask Jay.” Tommy rolled his eyes- knew Jason would give his son a nasty glare over the use of his name like that- but he also knew Riley had fallen into calling them both dad a long time ago, even if the twins still clung to calling Tim daddy.

“Dad left an hour ago. He’s with Roy. Told me to remind you to behave and that you two actually need to sleep before daddy gets home from patrol.” Riley rolled his eyes, before he got off the bed, walking past his sister. She gave Tommy a nod and a small smile, before turning to follow her brother out of the room.

Tommy tossed his controller down, flopping back across Riley’s bed. Closed his eyes for a moment and tried not to imagine the way Riley grinned, when he thought he’d gotten a good combo in against Tommy. Or the way he looked good even when his brow furrowed-}

He groaned, reaching up and scrubbing his hands over his face. He thought maybe he’d get over this, but it had been over a year, and every time he looked at Riley his heart raced like he’d taken a bad shot of adrenaline- like he was out on the rooftops with his baba and his dad, learning what it was like to really fly- to really fall. Like he was falling stupidly in love, every time he got a flash of
Riley’s pretty grey eyes, or when he tried to count the few freckles that dusted Riley’s cheeks and nose.

“You sleeping on me already?” Tommy sat up, glancing over at the door. Riley was leaning in it, filling it in a way that had Tommy wanting to tug on his sweatpants- afraid that maybe it might show just how much he liked it. “Cause you’ve gotta give me a chance to redeem myself.”

Riley crossed the room, hopping on the bed and grabbing his controlled, bringing up the game’s main menu.

“Best seven out of thirteen,” he offered, and Tommy, burying everything down like he had trained himself so well to do, smiled and grabbed his controller.

“You’re on.”

It was hours later- and well past when they’d been advised to go to bed, that the television was shut off, and Riley’s blankets were pulled back. Tommy was settled on his back, staring up at the ceiling, as Riley stretched out, shifting the blankets around.

“You’re gonna roll off the bed over there,” Riley pointed out- and Tommy knew it was true. Before he could say anything, Riley was reaching over, tugging him into the center with him. He tossed an arm over Tommy’s waist as he flopped his head onto the pillows, sighing. “See you in the morning,” Riley mumbled, half asleep the moment his head hit the pillow, and Tommy didn’t say a word.

He lay there, utterly still- listening, until Riley’s breathing evened out. Until he was sure he was asleep. Listened and stared at the ceiling, wanting so badly to move, to slid in until he was pressed against his friend, until Riley was clutching him to his chest.

Tommy cursed himself, silently. It was stupid, the way his heart was hammering. The way he just wanted Riley to encase him completely. They’d slept like this since they were kids- as long as Tommy could remember- Riley always with an arm over him, like he was some sort of shield, like he just wanted to cover Tommy from the world.

Very carefully, Tommy dared to shift, to roll onto his side, facing away from Riley. For a moment, the alpha didn’t move- and Tommy thought he’d gotten away with it- but then Riley was tugging him closer, mumbling something in his sleep. Tommy’s back crashed against Riley’s chest- and he went rigid, felt his breath beginning to rush out.

He’d wanted this. Wanted to have Riley hold him like this, so many nights. Fell asleep thinking about it- and knew what it was like, knew from so many innocent moments. But what he wanted more was Riley’s warm hand to slide under his tshirt, rest his palm on Tommy’s abs while he nuzzled his hair. Wanted to wake up to Riley’s sleep heavy voice, his lazy smile- wanted Riley to look at him the way he looked at damn near everyone else.

But it wouldn’t happen. Tommy knew, in the pit of his belly. Riley would wake up and make a joke about their cuddling, and that would be it. No gentle kisses, no little precious nothings murmured in Tommy’s ear. Not the affection he wanted so badly that it hurt, that it gnawed at him, day in, day out.

Because he’d never be that to Riley- and he knew it. Would always be his best friend, his back- his spine, as Riley liked to say. He’d be everything but the lover, the precious one, the treasure- those were all reserved for someone else.
Tommy sighed, shaky. He dared to reach down, to drift his finger tips along Riley’s limp hand. Wanted to tangle their fingers together- just to hold it, for a minute. To have a moment where he could believe all his late-night lies, his early morning hopes.

He didn’t. He lay there, listening to Riley’s breathing, knowing he wouldn’t get the one thing he wanted- and wanted more than he’d wanted anything else-

Riley. Riley and his affection and his pretty smiles and those heavenly kisses he watched him give the rest of the world.

His love. Because, come these early morning hours, Tommy just wanted Riley to love him.
Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "magine like 3 month old alec getting this really bad cough and just riley is like upset his brother keeps crying and jays freaking out that his littlest boy is this sick like is he ok? why aren’t the antibiotics working? and tim is just busy trying to calm down alyssa because shes crying that her twin is hurting"

If the twins are about three months, than Riley is probably about two and a half.

Jason rocked the baby in his arms, wincing when he felt Alec’s body shake with his cough. He paced around the living room, trying to soothe him as, between the fits, he wailed in discomfort.

“Shhh, I’ve got you,” Jason whispered, heard the wail echoed from down the hall of the penthouse. He lifted Alec higher, kissed his warm forehead, just as Tim walked into the room, holding an equally screaming Alyssa.

“She’s not sick,” he offered, “no fever, no cough.” He glanced at Alec in Jason’s arm as he shifted Alyssa up against his chest, so her face was pressed into his neck, up against the scar Jason had left on him.

It was a relief- but it didn’t make her crying any less brutal.

“Why aren’t the antibiotics working,” Tim whispered, moving closer to Jason. Alyssa’s crying stilled, for a moment, as he was held closer to her brother- until Alec coughed, and then she was wailing again, as if she could feel the pain in his chest. “They should have done something. This isn’t right.”

Jason wanted to reassure his mate- but couldn’t find the words. Because, if he was honest- he was petrified, with every shake of the baby in his arms.

“I’m calling the doctor,” Tim said, and Jason frowned.

“Tim, it’s two AM.” Jason plopped down on the couch, shifting Alec. “Here, switch with me and take his temperature.”

Tim frowned, but didn’t argue. For a brief moment, Jason had both Alyssa and Alec in his arms, and they quieted- but the moment Tim had Alec and was leaving the room, Alyssa wailed.

“Hush princess,” Jason whispered, “Daddy will bring Alec right back.” Alyssa continued to wail, and Jason couldn’t do more than hold her against him, rubbing her little back, trying to soothe her.

“Dada?” Jason glanced towards the hallway, saw Riley peering around the corner-

And of course the poor kid wouldn’t be able to sleep through this.

“Hey kiddo,” Jason said, “the babies wake you up?” Riley nodded, slowly making his way into the room. He crawled up onto the couch, settling himself on Jason’s lap and staring up at Alyssa while she cried. “She’s just upset,” Jason offered, “That Alec is sick.”
Riley nodded, before reaching his tiny hand out, pressing it to her back. “S’okay Lyss,” he said, “I protect you.” The baby hiccuped- but didn’t wail again, and Jason glanced down at his son.

“Riley, sit with your back against me.” Riley glanced up at his dad, before he listened, shifting so his back was pressed against Jason’s belly. “I’m going to help you hold your sister, okay?” Riley nodded, held his arms out like he always did when he held the babies while in his dads’ laps. Carefully, Jason settled Alyssa in his arms, keeping his own around them both to support her weight. Riley smiled down at her, leaning in and kissing her flushed cheek.

“Princess,” he said, and Alyssa reached up, batting some of his sleep tussled hair. Riley giggled.

“That’s my boy,” Jason said, kissing the back of his head. “You take such good care of your sister.” Riley grinned, just as Tim came back into the room, rocking Alec.

“His fever is a hundred degrees,” Tim said, and Jason could feel the fear in Tim’s belly, through their bond.

“The doctor said not to be concerned if it was under 101, now that he’s on the meds. It was 103 when we took him in,” Jason reminded. Tim sighed, pushing Alec up where he had held Alyssa, and his son nuzzled against his scar- for the moment not crying. He walked over, sat down next to Jason, and glanced down at Riley, with Alyssa in his arms.

“Are you keeping your sister safe?” he asked, as he rubbed Alec’s back. Riley nodded. “You are the best big brother.”

Another grin- it was impossible for Riley not to grin when his dada and daddy told him he was the best.

“Alec okay?” he asked, looking at the baby in Tim’s arms, and Tim nodded.

“He will be. He needs to get some rest.” He reached up, helped to cradle his son’s head. He could feel the baby breath gently against him. “I think he’s sleeping.”

“Lyss is too,” Riley said, nodding, suddenly very sure. Jason smiled.

“I’m going to take her back, okay?” Riley nodded, and Jason carefully lifted the baby back into his own arms, holding her in one against his chest as he ruffled Riley’s hair. “I think it’s time to get you back to bed, and these two back into a crib.”

Riley slid off his dad’s lap, waiting until Tim and Jason were both standing. They made their way to their bedroom, where they had set up a portable crib, to keep Alec near while he was sick. Carefully, Tim settled him in it- and a moment later, Jason settled Alyssa next to him. The moment they were pressed next to each other, Alec unscrunched his face, both seeming to visibly relax.

Tim stayed at the crib, tucking them in properly, as Jason flopped down on the bed. Riley stood in the doorway, watching, and without even needed to look up, Jason said, “C’mere Ri.”

Riley took off in a stumbling run, climbed up into his parents’ bed and over, onto Jason’s chest. Jason wrapped his arms around him, hugging him tightly and kissing his forehead.

“I’m proud of you,” he said, “for making sure your sister was okay.” Riley smiled again, as Tim moved across the room, flicking the light off and heading for the bed, crawling into it. He slid an arm up over Jason, over Riley’s back, and leaning in, kissing his son’s hair. Smelled his apple shampoo.
“My little hero,” Tim offered, “You love your babies, Riley?” Riley was nodding, squirming around until Tim flopped over, onto his back, and Riley could crawl over, onto him. He sprawled out on his chest, pressing his ear to Tim’s chest and closing his eyes when he could hear daddy’s heartbeat.

Jason smiled, turning onto his side and curling up around Tim. He kissed his cheek, nosed at his jaw and let a wave of pheromones wash over him. Tim felt his heart beat slowing- let his mate calm him in only the way Jason could.

“It’s all okay,” Jason whispered, and Tim nodded, the panic ebbing from him entirely, as he stroked Riley’s back, his oldest already fast asleep on his chest.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "riley would 100% let tommy facefuck him, pull his hair, gasp out loud about what he wants to do with him"

Tommy gasped, head tossed back. His knees felt weak, threatened to buckle with each thrust over his boyfriend’s tongue, back towards his throat. Each thrust that had Riley’s tongue ring rubbing along the underside of Tommy’s cock, had his head spinning.

“Ri,” he breathed, reaching down and tangling his fingers in Riley’s long hair. He tugged, lifted his head to look down, see how half of it was pulled free from his bun already- see how his mouth stretched to fit Tommy’s cock, how his cheeks were flushed.

And when he looked up, those grey eyes dark, Tommy was so glad for his large hands gripping his ass tightly- because he was so sure he would have collapsed.

He twisted his hands, heard and felt Riley groan around his cock. “Baby,” Tommy breathed, “I could fuck your mouth all night.” He felt Riley exhale against his skin, felt his fingers digging with bruising force into his ass cheeks- and god, he was so wet, wanted something inside him so badly.

Tommy gasped as Riley broke their rhythm, as he moved faster- and Tommy let go, tugged his boyfriend’s hair hard until he was still, his hips rocking in a rhythm that was brutal, until he was shouting Riley’s name, coming over his tongue.

Tommy released his hair, and Riley pulled off as the waves ended. Tommy watched as he swallowed, as a trickle of cum made its way down his chin- and he was shivering, losing his balance-

And, thankfully, Riley was up quicker than Tommy could fall. He leaned against his broad chest, pressed his face against the colorful ink there- inhaled the utterly perfect way his alpha smelled.

When Riley dragged him to his bed, he didn’t complain-

But when Riley lifted him, settled him on his chest, Tommy turned and stared back at him, hazy eyes.

“Baby?”

“We’re not done yet,” Riley offered, voice husky, and Tommy- he grinned, coming back to himself and realizing what his boyfriend wanted. He spread his thighs, pushed his ass back as Riley gripped his ass cheeks, leaned up and lapped at his hole. Tommy was so wet that Riley’s chin was soaked before he could even inhale, and Tommy was crying out, rocking back against his tongue.

“Riley, Riley,” he groaned, tossing his head back. “You like eating me?” He got a groan in response- knew form how hard his boyfriend was that it was true. “Mmm, make me come again,” Tommy breathed, “And I’ll ride you until you wanna scream.”

Riley’s hands tightened, and he pressed his tongue into his boyfriend- pulled a loud gasp from Tommy, felt him tremble. Tommy smiled as he tossed his head, hair sticking to his forehead, the
nap of his neck. Knew that it wouldn’t be much of a challenge to Riley— not with a tongue like that, not with a tongue that could leave Tommy screaming in minutes flat.

No, Tommy knew he was in for a long, *heavenly* night.
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "could you write something about alec and alyssa when they are like 1 year olds playing with 3 1/2 year old riley like alyssa is all over playing jungle gym on him and alec is just in the corner teething on his toys and tim and jay are just watching their precious children"

So, shortly after the twins turn one, Jason and Tim move the family out of the Penthouse and actually buy a house. So this is like, right after they move and almost nothing is unpacked.

Riley laughed as Alyssa grabbed at his tshirt with her tiny hands. She wobbled on her legs, trying to crawl into his little lap. Her hands found his shoulder and when she tried to lift herself, the two toppled over- a shriek of laughter from Riley and a fit of little giggles erupting from Alyssa.

Tim glanced up from where he sat, curled up on the couch. Could have told Riley to be careful with the baby- but knew better. Alyssa was crawling all over him, sprawled on his chest right now and squirming.

“They still in one piece?” Jason asked, walking into the living room from their kitchen. He dodged an unpacked box, holding two mismatched mugs in his hands.

“So far,” Tim offered, accepting the mug he was handed. “Thank you for digging out the coffee pot this morning.” Jason smiled, sitting down next to his mate and leaning in, kissing his temple.

“Anytime, babygirl. Besides, I know how you get without your coffee. And I value my life.” Jason glanced over at his two children, as Riley sat up only to have Alyssa throw her tiny body weight into his chest and knock him back down. A few feet away, watching the two, Alec was settled on his blanket, chewing happily on one of his teething toys.

Jason sipped at his coffee, before setting it down on the bare coffee table and standing up. He crossed the large room, scooping the boy up into his arms and bouncing him slightly, watching him smile around his toy.

“There’s my baby,” he offered, leaning in and brushing his nose against Alec’s. The toddler giggled, dropping the toy against Jason’s chest. Jason turned, walking back towards the couch, managing to get the toy in one hand and leaving it on the coffee table.

Tim smiled, leaning over and kissing Alec’s cheek as the baby giggled, smiling so much he drooled. Jason could only laugh, wiping it away with his thumb.

“It’s on your shirt too,” Tim pointed out, and Jason shrugged a shoulder. He was used to going through multiple tshirts in a single day. Tim only smiled more, reaching out for the toy on the table and bringing it back, offering it to his son. Alec took it happily, popping it back in his mouth, as Tim stood up, coffee in one hand. “Think you can handle the munchkins while I try to unpack a bit?”
“Oh definitely,” Jason said, lifting Alec up with both hands and bouncing him. In the background, Riley shrieked in laughter again as, while sitting up, Alyssa pushed her weight against his back and he flopped over, onto his belly. Tim smiled, making his way towards the kitchen. Jason continued to bounce Alec- but when he didn’t hear Tim leave the kitchen, he called, “Babe, are you unpacking the kitchen?”

“Yeah.”

Jason grimaced, glancing at Alec. “What do you think kiddo, should we trust daddy with that?” Alec continued to chew on his teething ring, staring at his father, and after a moment Jason grinned. “Yeah, I didn’t think we should.” He stood up, holding Alec in one hand, and made his way over to his other two children. He bent down, scooping Alyssa up off Riley with ease, and, holding the two against his chest, grinned at his oldest. “C’mon buddy, let’s go make sure daddy doesn’t mess up my new kitchen.”

Riley scrambled up, following Jason happily through their new home.
Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "hi mandi! Your take on Jay and Tim and their sweet babies is crushing my heart (in a good way). Are we going to see the first time Tim and Jason introduce Riley to the twins in the hospital? Or do they take them home first? the cute is too much!"

Riley meets the babies well before they go home! They have to stay in the NICU for a few weeks. Considering that they were early, and what Tim went through, it’s a blessing they’re only there maybe three weeks (some babies stay for so much longer).

This is the day Tim comes home from the hospital. He’s met his babies, and he and Jason have definitely had a moment where Tim got to see how terrified Jason was.

(We're ignoring the fact that I fucked up and kids aren't allowed in the NICU... which makes sense. But shhhh it's happening.)

Tim clutched his son’s hand in his own, turning the corner as Jason led the through the hospital hallways. “Remember,” Tim said, squeezing Riley’s little hand. “They’re very little. They have machines hooked up to them until they’re bigger.”

“Like robots?” Riley asked, grey eyes big and wide. Tim laughed.

“Not exactly.” They paused outside the NICU, as Jason greeted a nurse- and honestly, Tim was glad he was doing the talking. He was still so tired, it felt like it was taking all his energy just to stay standing.

A moment later, and they were being escorted into the room. Riley glanced around at all the small babies, seemed in awe of all the small beeps coming from various machines.

They paused, ext to two incubators that had been pushed close together. Jason turned, reaching down and lifting Riley up, holding him so he could look inside.

“That’s your baby sister,” Jason said, “That’s Alyssa.” Riley reached out, pressed his hands to the plastic and leaned in.

“She’s small,” he said, and Tim smiled, looking in at his baby.

“She’ll grow,” he promised. Riley only nodded, before Jason took a few steps towards the other incubator.

“And this,” he said, smiling fondly, “Is your baby brother, Alec.”

Again, Riley’s little hands pressed to the incubator. He stared, before he smiled.

“Hi babies,” he whispered, “I waited for you.”

Tim and Jason glanced at each other- and despite how tired they were, despite everything that these
past few days had taken out of them- knew it was going to be alright.
An Anon asked: "oh my gosh the little babies!!! could you write about alec or alyssa having a nightmare and jason and tim calming them down"

Alyssa suffers from nightmares and at times even night terrors, so this is perfect for her! She’s a bit older though, she’s about seven here.

Tim groaned, shifting in his sleep as the blanket was tugged partially away from him. “Jay,” he mumbled, trying to slide closer to his husband. “You took the blanket.”

There was a moment of silence, and then, “Daddy?” Tim blinked, pushed himself up slowly. Peering over Jason’s sleeping body, from the other side of the bed, Alec was clutching the blanket in his hands.

“Hey baby,” Tim said, yawning. “What’s wrong?”

“Alyssa.” Tim climbed out of bed, walking around it and reaching out, taking his son’s hand.

“What happened with Alyssa?”

“She’s scared.” Tim only nodded- he didn’t need to ask Alec how he knew. He had been dealing with the bond his two youngest shared since they were born. “Daddy, she’s really scared. I can feel it.”

“Okay, okay. Let’s get you to bed, and I’ll check on her.” Tim walked Alec from their room, heading down the hallway. But when they stopped at Alec’s room, he only shook his head, and Tim sighed. Still clutching the boy’s hand, he walked to the next door, cracking it open. “Alyssa?” he whispered, glancing in. She was laying on her bed, face pressed tightly to her pillows- but he could hear her, a low, gentle whine. Tim walked in, quickly, Alec in tow, and sat down on the edge of the bed. Taking his hand from his son, he reached out, gently rubbed at his daughter’s back. “Honey, it’s daddy.”

Alyssa turned her head, looked at Tim in the dark. Tim didn’t need to ask what had happened- he had too many memories of Alyssa waking up screaming when she was so little. Knew the look in her eyes that said whatever she had seen in her sleep had been ungodly.

“Just a bad dream,” Tim continued, rubbing her back. She dropped her head back onto her pillow, as Alec crawled into the bed, over her legs. He curled up against her side, pressed his little face into her hair. Tim felt her relaxing, from having Alec so close. “You’re okay,” Tim soothed. “I’m going to stay here until you fall asleep, okay?”

“Okay daddy,” she mumbled, sounded so sleepy. Tim smiled at her, content to rub her back until her breathing matched that of her sleeping brother.
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

Riley is 21, Alyssa and Alec are 19. This is shortly before Riley and Tommy get together. Underage drinking, and Riley and Alyssa being annoying siblings below!

Alec glanced at his phone as it lit up, vibrating around his desk. He pulled his headphones off, staring at his sister’s name for a moment before he unlocked it. “Hello-”


“Are you drunk?” It was a stupid question, the slur in her speech gave it away.

“Maybe. Bro, bro, can you-” she broke off, giggling again, and suddenly it was Riley, talking in the phone.

“Alec, do you love us?” He was slurred to. Alec reached up, pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Come get us!” Alyssa yelled, in the background, and Alec sighed. He looked at the time on his computer- nearly two AM.

“Please,” Riley said, and Alec pushed his chair back.

“You fucking owe me,” he said, before he ended the call. He grabbed his hoodie and crept out of his room. He knew Jason was out of two for a few days- off working on something with Roy. Tim had wished him goodnight an hour ago- and he was pretty happy that it seemed Tim had actually gone to bed. He grabbed the keys to the car he and Alyssa shared and slipped his converse on, before very quietly unlocking the door and slipping out.

He knew where Alyssa and Riley were. Knew the club in downtown Gotham they liked to haunt- and sure enough, when he pulled up to the sidewalk, saw them outside. Alyssa was clutching onto Riley’s arm, laughing as if the entire world was hysterical- and god, she laughed at everything when she was drunk.

Alec rolled the passenger side window down, leaning over the seat and yelling, “Get in losers!” Alyssa grinned, pulling open the door to the back seat and climbing in, Riley following suit. He pulled it shut and Alec pulled away from the curb quickly, into the fairly empty street.

“You are the best,” Alyssa said, leaning her forehead against the window. “You know that Alec?”

“Oh, I know.”

“Best baby bro on the planet.” Alec rolled his eyes.

“I’m two minutes older than you, Lys.” Alyssa kicked his seat, and Alec gritted his teeth, reaching one hand up to flip her off.

“You’re the baby anyway,” Riley said, dropping his head back against the seat. “Fuck Lys, what did we drink?”
“What didn’t we drink?” She was grinning again. “That bar tender was too hot to not keep drinking.” Alec rolled his eyes. Couldn’t comprehend how they found it to be a good time, spending so much time in a too hot building with so many people.

“A agreed.” Riley reached a hand up, swiped it over his face. “I got her number.”

“Bastard!” Alyssa reached over, smacked his arm. “Give it to me!” Riley grinned, shoving her playfully as Alec turned a corner.

“Don’t break my car,” he said, tapping one palm on the steering wheel. Already more than ready to be back in his room.

“Our car,” Alyssa corrected.

“You use the bike. The car is mine.” Alyssa folded her arms, flopping over against Riley’s shoulder. For a few blissful moments, there was silence.

And then, “Please bro can I have her number?”

Riley laughed. “Yeah, whatever. She was into you too.” Alyssa grinned.

“Yes. Thanks for hooking a sister up.” She shifted, pushing her back against his shoulder and trying to pull her legs up in the back seat. Alec glanced at them, through the rear view mirror. “I owe you one.”

“Hook him up with Tommy,” Alec joked- but the groan Riley let out was a mix of utterly pathetic and almost obscene, as he scrubbed his hands up over his face. Despite the alcohol in her system, Alyssa managed to meet Alec’s gaze in the rear view mirror- both quirking up a brow in unison.

Not that they both hadn’t begun to think that maybe their older brother had a tiny bit of a crush. But they couldn’t prove it.

When they got back to the house, Alec had to remind his siblings three times to be quiet, before they even got to the door. Even then, he was hushing them as they giggled- telling them if they didn’t want to wake daddy up they’d better shut the fuck up.

“I’m crashing in your room,” Alyssa said, in the hallway as Riley left them to stumble into his own room. Alec rolled his eyes but didn’t say anything as she let herself in, tossing her leather jacket off onto his floor and flopping down on his bed. She lifted her legs, awkwardly twisting to unzip her boots, before they joined the jacket on the floor. “Do you still have my yoga pants?”

Alec jerked his head towards the foot of the bed. He’d tossed them over one bed post when he’d worn them, two days ago, and hadn’t touched them since. Alyssa grinned, and Alec turned his back, folding his arms as he waited for her to change. When the clumsy rustling finally ceased, he turned back around, and she had torn his blankets back, was curling up into one of his pillows.

“If you puke in my bed,” he warned, tossing off his hoodie and crawling into bed, “I’m disowning you.”

She grinned. “No worries, I can handle my alcohol.”

“Oh yeah, you’re handling it real well right now.” He sighed, settling on his side, and Alyssa pushed against his face, pressed her face into his hair.

“You smell like green apple shampoo.” She reached up, tussled his hair. “Remember that time we
ate it to see if it tasted like apples.”

Alec snorted. “Daddy almost had a heart attack. What were we, five?” Alyssa grinned.

“…It so didn’t taste like apples.” Another laugh from Alec, and Alyssa wrapped her arms around him, offered him a tight bear hug. “You’re the best, Alec.”

Alec smiled- partially, because Alyssa was still drunk, and even if he acted annoyed with her and Riley, he rather enjoyed watching them make complete fools of themselves- and partially, because he could feel a surge of affection, coming from his twin. The way it curled in his chest.

“Get some sleep,” Alec said, “there’s no way you’re not getting a lecture tomorrow.”

Alec would find, come morning, that he was absolutely right. That Tim would give his hung over children a lecture about knowing limits- that Alyssa would grimace the whole time and hold her head, while Riley tried to hide beneath his hood. He knew Tim would call Jason and tell him what his kids did this time- but by the end of the night it would all blow over. And it’d be fair game to taunt his two siblings over what idiots they were.

Which, when it came to Riley and Alyssa and their outings, was always Alec’s favorite part.
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "So can we have a fic about Dick and Damian's bonding marks (I NEED IT!!")

Dick pressed his mouth between Damian’s shoulder blades, his hips pushing slowly against his ass. Damian moaned, rocking back to meet his thrusts. They were so painfully slow Damian was sure he might die before he found release, even though Dick had made a point of working him up, so high that Damian wasn’t sure how he hadn’t come, before Dick was inside him.

“Grayson,” he breathed, “You are killing me.”

Dick smiled into his skin, lifted his lips higher. “Just want it to be good,” he admitted, as each slow thrust hit his prostate, made Damian choke.

Dick had no right, knowing how to touch him like this.

“Relax,” Dick whispered, lifting his head to nuzzle Damian’s hair. “You feel so good, little prince.” Another slow thrust, ad Damian was moaning, clutching at the sheets, as his cock, trapped beneath him, leaked into the sheets.

“Please,” Damian gasped, head spinning as Dick slowly eased out of him. Spinner faster, as he eased back in.

“I’m not going faster,” Dick breathed, “I know you can come like this.” He leaned over Damian’s shoulder, breathed against his ear. “I just have to tell you, don’t I?” Damian shuddered, squeezed his eyes shut.

Knew it was true.

“Tell you you’re pretty,” Dick continued, nibbling at his ear. Another slow thrust, a wet slide into his body. “Tell you you’re gorgeous, that you stop my heart.”

“Grayson.” It was a plea, but for what, Damian himself wasn’t even sure. Wasn’t sure if he wanted to beg Dick to go faster, to give him the release he knew he could have within a minute-

Or beg him to never stop. To bathe him in the affection he had craved for so long, had been so sure he’d never get.

“That you’re mine,” Dick finished. He thrust harder, then, and Damian gave a cry. Dick pressed his weight down onto him, panted in his ear as he thrust until Damian was crying, shaking with his release. Dick followed, a moment later, a groan of Damian’s name as his hips stilled.

Damian let himself go limp, on the bed. Offered a broken sigh when Dick pulled out of him, before he felt his lips, on the back of his neck. Kissing gently.

“Damian,” he whispered, so softly- like Damian’s name was something holy. “Do you love me?”
Damian choked. Choked, because it had felt, for so long, like he would be doomed to be the one asking that. Doomed to see Dick’s sad, blue eyes, and the way they never wanted to admit it. The way they never wanted to love him.

“Yes,” Damian breathed. Breathed it like he had, nights before. Like he had in the mornings when he woke pressed to Dick’s chest. In the early afternoons when he held their son and Dick wrapped them both in his arms.

Like he wanted to, for the rest of his life.

Another kiss to the back of his neck, and then Dick’s voice, “Stay relaxed, babybat. Stay with me.” Damian felt a heat, sweeping over him- felt Dick’s pheromones changing, working their way into his skin- and then his mouth, opening against the back of his neck-

The sharp press of teeth, the opening of skin-

And then, it was as if someone had thrown the doors of his mind wide open.

Damian gasped, eyes going wide. Dick pinned him down, held him as Damian felt as if his mind was being torn open, wires being split, then woven back together-

And with it, a heat in his chest and belly, a pounding that drowned out the beat of his heart.

When Dick pulled his lips back, lifted himself slowly, Damian stayed limp. Let his eyes fall shut and simply breathed, let the tingling in his body radiate out to his fingers, his toes. There was a throb, at the back of his neck, each puncture from Dick’s teeth seeming to have its own ache-

But above all of it, there was a sudden tightness in his chest. And then the feeling that Dick was smiling, even though he couldn’t see him.

The rush of affection hit Damian, a second later, and he was gasping, squirming. “Baby, look at me,” Dick whispered, lifting himself enough that Damian could roll over. He stared up with wide, jade eyes- and felt a rush from Dick, a wave of pure adoration that nearly left him drowning. “Do you feel it?”

Damian swallowed, thickly. Nodded, before reaching up. He let his fingers ghost along Dick’s cheek, and the alpha turned, pressed his mouth to Damian’s palm.

In that moment, Damian let go. Let his heart beat wildly, let himself drown in everything he’d ever felt for Dick- and saw Dick’s eyes widen. Felt the man’s breath catching.

“Damian,” he whispered, and he was leaning down, kissing him sweetly. Kissing Damian like he had always wanted to- like he couldn’t believe he got to, every morning. “I love you.”

Damian smiled, could feel it, feel the truth of Dick’s works, in his chest. He wrapped his arms around his neck, clutching him close and whispered, softly, to the rush of affection that seemed uncontainable between the two, “I love you too.”
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "I spend an unhealthy time everyday checking your page :3 and I have no regrets !!! I am curious about how Riley and Tommy got together! How did that happened?"

So, Tommy and the twins are 19 here, and Riley is 21. You'll hear mention of Nadya, who is Dick and Damian’s middle child (look she has a name!) She’s 5 years younger than Tommy, so she’s only 14.

“That is honestly ridiculous,” Alec said, folding his arms and huffing, “You do not bleed that much.”

“It’s a movie,” Alyssa pointed out.

“A movie you’ve forced us to sit through like three times.”

“Listen Tokyo Gore Police is a fucking gift bro-”

Tommy sighed, reaching up and pinching the bridge of his nose. The movie was loud enough, but add on top of it the twins’ bickering, and it was the recipe for a headache in three minutes flat. And they’d been at it, on and off, about every movie all night. It was late enough that Tommy was contemplating just leaving them down in the movie room and heading up to bed, to crash. Except-

“You alright?”

Tommy tipped his head up, glanced at Riley, sitting opposite him on the couch. The twins occupied the other, with their legs tangled together. “Yeah,” Tommy offered. “Just gonna have a headache in about thirty seconds if they don’t shut up.”

Riley grinned, before leaning over, so he arched over the arm of the couch. Tommy swallowed, looking at the floor- thinking it was a far safer place than the sliver of skin the motion exposed, between the hem of Riley’s jeans and his tshirt. “Listen sugar plums,” Riley said, rather loudly. Both the twins snapped their heads towards him. “Take it down a notch and an octave before we all go deaf, okay?”

Both huffed and rolled their eyes- in perfect unison- before settling back in silence. Riley pulled himself back up- and Tommy was still looking at the floor, determined not to blush, dammit, he wouldn’t-

“You sure you’re not sick? You’re a little pink.” Tommy nodded, pursing his lips and rubbing his hands along his thighs. He half wished he’d just crammed himself on the couch with the twins, instead of taking up with Riley- knowing he was close enough that if Tommy just shifted, he could lean against one broad shoulder, or into Riley’s chest-

He’d done it before. He could have died.

“Riley,” Alyssa suddenly said, “You remember that bar tender from a few weeks ago?” He
nodded. “You’re uh… you’re definitely not interested, right?”

Riley turned, glancing at his sister. “Definitely. Never even put her number in my phone. Why?”

“Because I’ve texted her a few times, and I’m thinking I’m over due for a hook up.” Riley snorted, rolling his eyes and waving a hand- flashes of color all along his arm from his tattoos.

“Have it at sis.” Alyssa grinned, and Alec shook his head.

“Waste of time,” he muttered, and she reached over, tossing her arms around his shoulders and propping her chin up on his shoulder.

“Listen baby, I will defend you and your lack of sexual attraction ‘til kingdom come, but don’t go and hate on mine.” She leaned in, kissed his cheek, and Alec only smiled, playfully shoving her off.

“I’m not the baby,” he pointed out, and Alyssa only grinned.

“We’d all argue that.”

Tommy didn’t join in as they all laughed. He glanced back at the television. It was ridiculous, being so distracted. He’d dealt with this crush for years now- he should be able to handle it. Even better, it should be gone. But every time he felt like he was getting over it, Riley smiled at him in just the right way, held his hand like when they were kids, or worse- pulled him into a hug that had Tommy wanting to melt against, wanting to press his face into his chest-

“Tommy you wanna see the chick Riley and I met?” Tommy jerked his head up, and Alyssa was looking at him, around her brothers.

“Uh-”

“She so hot dude. I can’t stand it.” Alyssa dug her phone out, swiping through it before she tossed her phone to Riley, who held it out towards Tommy. Tommy shifted, sliding forward on the couch until his thigh brushed Riley’s leg and took the phone. The girl was attractive, he could agree-

But he couldn’t help but remember that she had given her number to Riley first. That he was looking at someone that, once again, was light years ahead of him in line for the alpha sitting next to him.

“You don’t normally go for Alphas,” Tommy forced himself to say, handing the phone back to Riley. “That’s your brother’s territory.”

Riley laughed, as Alyssa just grinned. “Yeah well, a change of pace is good. Besides, I’ll still come out on top.” Tommy heard Alec sigh again- and maybe, if he wasn’t having such a hard night, he might be keeping count of them. It was always fun to see just how frustrated Alec got with his sister.

But Tommy only nodded, and Alyssa furrowed her brow, watching him. She glanced towards Riley for a moment, who was looking back at the television, before blurring out,

“You should get some action Tommy. You’re over due.” Tommy nearly choked, gawking at her.

“No thanks,” he muttered. Didn’t have much interest, honestly. He knew she knew his history- knew they all did. Sex had never been anything but a let down- and yeah, maybe he entertained fantasies where it wasn’t- but only because those fantasies hinged on his partner being
very, very specific.

Namely, Riley.

“At least get some affection in your life,” she said, “Riley, cuddle the damn kid or something. He looks cold.” Tommy’s eyes widened- and for a brief moment, he saw a smile on her face- a knowing sort of smile-

And then Riley was blocking his view, tossing his arms around Tommy and pulling him in, against his chest. Tommy fell into it, sprawled out in his lap, as Riley hugged him.

“I’m always down to cuddle this prince,” Riley said with a grin- and maybe if his heart was beating a bit faster, he was the only one who had to know. Tommy squirmed, managing to get his hands on Riley’s biceps and squeezing. He pushed himself up, hair flopping along his forehead, around his eyes-

And caught Riley’s stare. Pretty grey, looking right at him, right into him. Tommy shivered, and knew that Riley felt it- saw a flash in his eyes that was enough to make him want to gnaw on his lip, want to both pull away and cower at the other end of the couch-

And surge forward. Want to kiss him until neither could breathe.

Behind Riley, Alyssa glanced at Alec, before grabbing him by the wrist and getting up.

“We’re uh, gonna go make more popcorn,” she said, tugging Alec towards the door way. Alec followed silently behind her.

Tommy could barely breathe- and even when the twins were gone, he was still staring at Riley. Staring, until Riley reached up, brushed the hair from around his eyes, his face softening in affection. It was a look Tommy had seen so many times, had always thought it was the sort of look Riley meant for his best friend, for someone like a brother-

But in that moment, it didn’t seem like it.

He was projecting, Tommy was sure. Projecting what he wanted to see on reality, onto Riley’s pretty face. But he could forget, for a minute, that it had to be that, that his imagination was running wild-

“Tommy.”

Tommy blinked, trying to focus his eyes back on Riley’s face. “Huh?”

Riley’s hand slid back into his hair, and Tommy shivered, turned and pressed his cheek to Riley’s arm as his finger tips flexed against his scalp.

“Do you have any idea how pretty you are?” Tommy glanced up at Riley, frowning- and Riley’s face was so serious, this strange mix of awe in his eyes but a line along his lips. Something Tommy hadn’t seen before.

“I,” he started- and honestly, didn’t know what to say. Didn’t know where this had come from. Didn’t know if he could ever form words again, because Riley had his hand in his hair and he was still gripping his biceps, fingers clenching at hard muscle, and Riley smelled so good that Tommy wanted to curl up into him, curl up and melt and sleep.

Riley went to move his hand, to pull it free, and Tommy let go of his arms, reached up and
clutched at his forearm, held him still.

“Don’t,” he whispered. “I like it.” Riley nodded, slowly, and Tommy let go of his arm, as Riley stroked back through his hair. Tommy let his eyelids flutter, craved the affection, the contact so badly- felt starved for it, if he was honest. Had lacked it so long that he wasn’t sure he truly knew what it was.

Another pass through his hair, and Riley’s hand shifted down, along his warm cheek, to gently grip his chin. And Tommy couldn’t take it, couldn’t take those eyes and the contact, couldn’t handle that he felt like he was drowning and he never wanted to breathe again.

It was suicide, what he did. But he just didn’t care anymore. He’d been on the edge for far too long.

He surged forward, grasping Riley’s biceps again and leaning up, crashing their mouths together. There was no real rhythm, no rhyme or reason- just Tommy desperately moving his mouth, thinking any second he’d be thrown off, that Riley would growl out what the hell, that he’d see one of the most important things in his life crumble right before his eyes-

His friendship with Riley. The damn friendship he’d had his entire life.

He waited for it, tense. Waited, until it didn’t come.

Until Riley was wrapping one large arm around him and kissing him back. Kissing him back with the kind of focus that had Tommy’s arm shutting down, had him trying to mirror the movements.

He squeezed Riley’s arms, shifted a little- and when Riley pulled back, Tommy leaned after him, tried to chase him, got the ghost of a kiss, the slightest touch of his mouth.

Tommy leaned back, slightly, just enough to get Riley’s eyes in focus. And then he felt the heat rising in his cheeks.

“Did we just-” Riley started, and Tommy could have thrown himself off the couch, off the damn roof of the Manor- from the speeding Batmobile, even.

“Uh. Yeah.” He licked his lips, glanced away, and mumbled, very quietly, “Sorry.”

The word had barely left his mouth before Riley was gripping his chin, holding him still and leaning in. When he kissed him, it was perfect, it was surreal- it was a mouth that seemed to know exactly how to move against Tommy’s, like he’d practiced thousands of times. Tommy exhaled, kissed back, shaky but there, there in that moment and unable to believe-

Believe anything, if he was honest.

When Riley pulled away, his hand moved back to Tommy’s hair, brushed it back. He smiled at the omega, softly. “You know,” he started, and his voice felt different, felt like there was something raw there, exposed and laced into the gravel that came from his chest. “I’ve wanted to do that for a while.”

Tommy choked, couldn’t breathe- was so sure he’d never know how to again.

“You have?”

Riley nodded. “Yeah.” His eyes flicked down to Tommy’s mouth for a moment, like he might do it again, and Tommy wished he would.
But what he got next was even better.

“I like you, Tommy,” Riley said, and then, laughing at himself, “I sound like a damn kid. But…” he paused, “You’re different, I guess is what I want to say. You’re different from everyone else, to me.”

Tommy’s heart was in his throat, he could feel it pounding nearly against his tongue.

“And this is suicide,” Riley said, “but dammit, we could be something more. I’d like that.” He exhaled, slowly, and it was shaky. “And now you can say no, and I can go dig my grave.”

Tommy swallowed thickly, before he lifted one hand, pressed it against Riley’s chest. Against his palm, he could feel the pound of Riley’s heart-

Just as terrified as his own.

“I’ve wanted to be more than friends since I was sixteen,” Tommy admitted, and suddenly he was grinning, and he couldn’t stop it. “So you better be sure you mean those words.”

Riley mimicked his grin, before tugging him in, kissing him again. Tommy tipped his head, fell into it- until his arms were wrapping around Riley’s neck, until he was feeling desperate, pushing all the affection he’d bottled up for years into it. He felt Riley’s tongue trace his lips, and Tommy opened his mouth like they’d done this a thousand times.

Except the static he felt, traveling along his spine, as Tommy’s tongue pressed along his, as he felt heated metal that was the source of a hell of a lot of his night time fantasies- that static was something new, something he had never felt when he’d kissed anyone before. A little sound escaped the back of his throat, the kind that Riley swallowed down-

But pulled away from. Tommy tried to chase his mouth again, but Riley leaned back far enough to dodge his kiss.

“Slow down,” Riley whispered, easing himself back up. “Let’s not make your head spine, gorgeous.”

Tommy grinned. He couldn’t help it. Grinned and then laughed, because this was so utterly ridiculous, that what, ten minutes ago he hadn’t been able to look at his best friend, because he couldn’t stand the fact that he was so sure he’d never get the chance to kiss him-

And here he was, mouth still wet from said kiss. He kept laughing, until Riley tugged him down to his chest, wrapped both arms around him. Tommy shifted, pressed his cheek against Riley’s worn tshirt and smiled to himself.

“When you say more than friends,” Tommy started, and Riley cut in,

“I mean more than friends. I mean maybe you should come over tomorrow night and I’ll make us dinner. I mean maybe you’re gorgeous and you stop my heart. I mean maybe, if you can handle it, I’d like to be your boyfriend.”

Tommy was up and kissing Riley again like he would never get sick of it.

He was sure he wouldn’t.

“Did you just ask me out on a date?” he asked, against Riley’s mouth. The alpha smiled.
“Maybe. If you can count dinner at my house a date. With the twins sounding like a circus in the background. And my dads coming and going every three minutes.” Tommy grinned at him. “But it only seems fair if I’m asking you out I should at least try to ask you on some sort of date.”

“You’re a sap,” Tommy whispered, reaching out and tapping the tip of Riley’s nose. He only grinned more.

“I can make it sappier. I can go outside and pick you flowers.” Tommy laughed so hard he couldn’t breathe, tipping back, Riley’s arms keeping him up right. Riley leaned up, forced Tommy upright so he could nuzzle his neck affectionately. “Regret this yet?”

“It’s been five minutes,” Tommy breathed, “And I’ve waited three years for this.” Then, tipping his head down, sliding his hands along Riley’s cheeks, into his thick hair, some of it falling loose from his bun. “I could never regret this.”

“Big words,” Riley teased, “never?”

“Call my bluff,” Tommy said with a smile, “But you’ll have to get through forever first.”

It was the most ridiculous thing he had ever said- but somehow, Tommy didn’t care. Didn’t care because Riley was smiling at him like he was the earth- and Tommy had dreamt far too long about this to even care.

*

“How long should we wait?” Alyssa asked, pulling the bag of popcorn from the microwave and ripping it open. She dumped it into a bowl, and Alec reached in, grabbing a few pieces.

“Longer than we have,” he pointed out. “I don’t need to walk down into whatever the hell they could get into.”

Alyssa snorted. “Dude, you know Riley’s crazy about the kid. It’s so painfully obvious- I think they’re probably being sickeningly sweet. Disgustingly so.” She grabbed some of the popcorn, popping a few pieces into her mouth. “And Tommy’s so obvious. I don’t know how neither of them caught on.”

Alec shrugged a shoulder. He didn’t disagree, he thought it was obvious too. But then again, maybe they just knew Riley and Tommy well enough to see the little details. “So what do we do?”

“Wanna go see if Nadya is up?” Alec frowned.

“It’s after two AM, she’s getting her beauty sleep.”

Alyssa nodded. Then, devilish grin spreading across her face. “Wanna go give the cave a visit? I don’t think Dick and Damian are back from patrol yet.”

Alec stared at her for a minute, before mirroring her grin. “That’s the sister I love,” he said, as he grabbed the bowl of popcorn and she grabbed his hand, heading off towards the cave entrance.
Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "oh gosh that first word thing is so cute if you have time could you write like a ficlet of each time the kids said their first words?"

I think I’ve got just enough time for something little! Kids typically start speaking around 12 months (I have to research baby stuff now, my search history has got to be a wild ride). Alyssa started early at 11 months, Alec took until 13 months, and Riley was right around 12.

“Where do you think you’re going princess?” Jason asked, bemused smile on his face as Alyssa clung to the couch cushion, her wobbly little legs shuffling forward. She giggled, trying to move faster, and quickly lost her foot and tumbled down. Jason paused, ready for the tears to come, as she blinked for a minute-

Before pouting, a little scowl falling on her face.

“You’ll get the hang of it,” Jason said with a grin. Alyssa stared up at him, before her scowl fell away and she reached her arms up, little hands grabbing at the air between her and Jason.

“Dada,” she said, so clearly Jason was sure he had to have imagined it. But after a moment, when he didn’t react, she said, much more demanding, “dada!”

Jason bent down, scooping his daughter up and holding her to his chest. She grinned, as Jason called out, “Tim!”

“Yeah babe?” Jason followed his voice, found him settled in their bed on his laptop. Alec was passed out next to him, sleeping soundly, while Riley sat next to his father, tablet in his lap poking at the screen and giggling every few minutes. Tim glanced up when Jason walked in, quirking up his brows at the grin plastered all over Jason’s face.

“She spoke!” Alyssa giggled, as if she knew the attention was all on her, and then, pressing her little hands to Jason’s chest and clinging to him,

“Dada!” Possessive now, and Jason kissed the top of her head, rocking her gently. The grin would be on his face for the rest of the night.

*

“You loved these last week,” Tim said, holding out the tiny piece of apple towards Alec, who turned his head, disinterested. “I guess not so much now?” Alec glanced back, and when he realized the food hadn’t disappeared, turned his head again.

Tim sighed, setting the fruit down. Next to Alec, Alyssa was devouring hers. Jason was walking around the kitchen, settling a plate of scrambled eggs in front of Riley, who was sitting at the table opposite his father and the babies.

“Want me to get something else?” Jason asked, and Tim nodded.
“Yeah. I want to make sure he eats something if he’s hungry.” Tim picked up one of the pieces, offered it over to Alyssa, whose plate was now empty. She took it happily, stuffing it in her mouth and chewing- thankfully slowly. Alec watched, as Tim smiled at her. “Good job Lys. That’s our girl.”

Tim handed her another piece, but this time she didn’t stuff it into her mouth. She held onto it, before looking over at Alec, who had begun to squirm, reaching for her. He whined, grunted, and then, very clearly, nearly squeaked, “Lys!”

Tim nearly knocked the little plate off Alec’s high chair, and Jason dropped his spatula on the counter, turning around.

“Alec!” Tim said, happily, grinning, “Oh my god baby, your first word!”

Alec continued to squirm, until Alyssa reached out. She giggled, and pushed the little piece of apple at him. Alec took it, stuffed it into his mouth, before he managed to grab her hand and clutch it in both of his.

“Guess you just needed your sister to show you it was still good,” Tim said fondly, reaching out and stroking at Alec’s short hair. “Don’t worry sweetie, she’ll always have your back.”

*

Tim sighed, smiling to himself as he stroked Riley’s back. The toddler was sprawled on his chest. He was sleepy, warm- had Tim wanting to snuggle his arms around him and pepper him with tiny kisses, until his baby was torn between yawning and giggling.

“Is my boy sleepy?” Tim asked, brushing at Riley’s hair. He couldn’t get over how quickly it was growing. Riley looked up at him with big gray eyes, his little hands grabbing at Tim’s sweater.

He squirmed, opened his mouth and babbled a few sounds- the kind that always had Tim giggling. “You just love to talk daddy’s ear off,” he mused, getting a firm grip around Riley’s sides and picking him up, holding him above him. Riley seemed to wake up then, giggling and continuing to babble. Tim’s grin only grew. “You tell the best stories.”

Riley laughed louder, little arms flailing as Tim pulled him back down, before lifting him again. On his third repetition of the motion, Riley, through all his babble, shrieked “daddy!” excitedly.

Tim felt his pulse skip a beat, and stared up at the boy. Riley continued to flail, said again, “daddy!”

Tim opened his mouth to speak- but found he couldn’t. He pulled Riley back down, wrapped his arms around him and held him tight to his chest.

“That’s right,” Tim said, as Riley continued to repeat it, excitedly, over and over again. “Daddy’s right here. Daddy’s got you.” Riley squirmed, before settling his head down, sighing happily. Tim closed his eyes, exhaled slowly. “Daddy’s got you, and he’s never letting go.”
An Anon asked: "Just read your dickdami omegaverse bond mark fic and I absolutely love it! I was wondering if you've ever done one for jaytim or no ?"

An Anon asked: "May we also have a jaytim bonding fic tho?"

Jason ran his hands up along Tim’s thighs, felt scars that broke perfect skin, scars he knew. Felt like he knew each one, on Tim’s body. Had wanted to do nothing but memorize each one, the story behind them all, since Tim let him in.

Tim hands his hands pressed to Jason’s chest. His hips were rocking slowly, just enough to keep them both on edge. There was sweat on his skin, his hair was sticking to his forehead- and god, his eyes were the most crystal blue Jason had ever seen, large and so inviting.

He was beautiful. Tim Drake was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

As if he knew, Tim suddenly smiled at him- and he was even more stunning. Without a word, he tipped his head back- exposed his throat, and Jason felt his heart in his throat.

They’d talked about this. Tangled in bed together, they’d talking about what it’d be like, to be inside each other’s heads. Jason had twirled Tim’s hair around his finger and said he wanted Tim inside his every thought, forever. That he loved him, loved him like he couldn’t believe-

And Tim always smiled at him.

They’d talked about it, in the light of the afternoon. Sitting at the table with coffee- talked about what it meant, for them. Bonding. That it was forever- that it would change things. Breaking a bond was a mess of hormone and pheromone treatment, and both had heard the horror stories of the utter emptiness that came with it.

Jason didn’t care. He wanted Tim. He wanted to be Tim’s forever.

Jason ran his hands up Tim’s thighs, his hips, until he had his arms around him. Tim stilled in his lap, deliciously hot and wet around him- smelled like cloves, smelled of a sweet undertone beneath that- smelled of sex and comfort.

Jason tilted his head, mouthed at his neck- kissed, until he was resting just to the side of his throat. Perfectly visible, for the world to see.

*Forever.*

Another kiss, before Jason whispered, “I love you.” Tim’s hands ran up his chest, encircled his neck, as Tim’s smile stayed. Always stayed, for Jason.

“I love you too.”

It was all Jason needed. Knew that, if Tim was unsure, he’d be flat on his back right now, that Tim
wouldn’t let him anywhere near him if they were not positive.

Jason opened his mouth, and with a single breath, bit down into Tim’s neck. His teeth broke skin, and for a moment Tim went rigid, and Jason tasted copper, salt-

And then his mind was exploding.

Jason stayed latched to Tim’s neck as he felt himself being torn apart, each fiber separating, the ends fraying- before being rewoven together. Tim’s pulse was against his mouth, his tongue- but also in his chest, echoing in time with his- in such a perfect tempo Jason felt utterly alive.

Tim’s hands clutched at his back, blunt nails nearly breaking skin, as Jason felt wave after wave from him, rushes of affection, the feeling that his chest was coiling up tight, filling with every feeling Tim had ever had.

When he finally pulled off Tim’s neck, gasping, Tim was leaning down, catching his mouth. Kissing him like he had first kissed Jason, when Jason was angry and volatile and Tim was alive and beautiful and the perfect distraction from the world.

Until he became the world.

Tim’s tongue was in his mouth, pressing along his taste, tasting the faint flavor of his own blood- and when his hips rocked, once, Jason broke the kiss and offered up a shocked cry- because he felt Tim’s arousal, every ounce of passion inside him- felt as how badly Tim needed release, felt how good Tim felt, how it was only like this with Jason-

Felt how much Tim loved him.

Jason clutched him tighter, leaning back in the pillows a bit so Tim could move easier. “I’ve got you, babygirl,” Jason breathed, as Tim tossed his head back, moaned. The mark on his neck glistened, Jason’s saliva and beads of blood at broken skin-

And Tim had never looked as gorgeous as he did in that moment.

“Love you,” Tim whispered, and when Jason saw his eyes it was like the stars were there, like he was staring into a galaxy, like Tim was pulling him in. “Jason, I love you.”

“I know,” he breathed, as Tim’s hips began to lose their rhythm. The physical pulse was there, the need- but more so, Jason was being brought up by everything he felt from Tim, how he was so acutely aware of him. “I love you too.” He puled Tim back down, held him bent against his shoulder, as Tim’s hips moved frantically- before he was clutching at Jason’s back again, sobbing into his skin as he came.

Jason groaned, turned and pressed his face into Tim’s hair as he followed- the pure rush of pleasure from Tim enough to knock the breath from his lungs. He shook with it, heard Tim whining, keening as he felt every wave of Jason’s orgasm.

Then, nothing but their breaths. Panting, as they clutched onto each other- like they had, so many nights before. Like they had, in the beginning- when Jason needed a handle for the world, somewhere to sink his nails so he didn’t fall off, didn’t lose reality. When Tim wanted a way to see the gray in the world and to love it- when Jason was a window to things he had set blinders to, all his life.

Tim lifted his head, slowly- and Jason was there, kissing him. Tim melted against him, and Jason felt it- felt the affection, the heat in his chest. Felt Tim telling him he loved him, with no words.
He squeezed his eyes shut. The burned, the corners wet- and never, in his life, had he thought he would be here- had he thought that he could be loved in the way Tim loved him, that he could feel complete- the so much of the past could be healed, because _there was a future._

Tim pulled back, released his hold on Jason’s back to reach up, run his thumb over Jason’s cheek. And then his smile was growing, growing until he was laughing- and Jason felt that, too. Felt joy bubbling in his belly.

He grinned, rolling them over. Tim’s back pressed to the mattress and he arched, as Jason pulled out of him, pinned him down. Tim pushed at the hold on his wrists- but not to his full ability, Jason knew. Simply _playful._

“You’re gorgeous when you laugh,” Jason admitted, and Tim hooked a leg over Jason’s thighs.

“I laugh because I’m happy,” Tim added, “I’m happy because of you.” Jason smiled, leaned down, pressed another kiss to Tim’s mouth. Tim pushed up against him- before his teeth were on Jason’s lip, and Tim was growling _mine_ into his mouth-

And Jason would never understand how anyone thought he was claiming Tim. He was begging Tim to have him, to keep him. Begging Tim to never let him go.

Giving himself to Tim in the best way he could think of.

“All yours,” Jason breathed into his mouth. “Forever, babygirl.”

Tim tugged at his lip again, and Jason pressed down against him, felt how wet he still was. He smirked, and Tim returned the devious look- one they knew, very well.

“Show me everything you feel,” Tim whispered, “All night.”

It was a request Jason couldn’t deny- one he never wanted to. One he never would- knew it to be true, as he kissed Tim again, as he let himself drown in everything Tim could let him see, _did_ let him see- as he was sure, that, finally, the two of them were a single raging pulse-

A single beating heart.
“Thanks for letting us do this here,” Tim said, as he gently eased his arms around Bruce for a hug. “It’s so much easier than cramming everyone into the penthouse.”

“That manor can always be home, Tim,” Bruce offered, as Tim pulled away. Tim smiled, before turning, watching as Jason was lifting Riley up over his head, the toddler giggling and flailing. Staring up as well, Dick was grinning at Riley- openly talking in that ridiculous baby voice he constantly used for the toddler.

“My boy can fly!” Jason proclaimed, before bringing him back down, holding him to his chest.

“Is that what happens when you dress your kid as wonder woman?” Stephanie was grinning, hands on her hips. Jason frowned.

“It’s just a Wonder Woman shirt,” he corrected.

“One he’s going to get cake all over.” Stephanie, again.

Jason grinned. “It’s okay, I brought a Superman back up.”

Tim thought it was nice, to have the whole family together. Even nicer to see Riley passed through everyone’s arms. Stephanie pressed her cheek to his, kissed the tip of his nose and threatened to never give him back- but oh, she did that every time she held him.

Dick hugged him and actually did try to leave the room- before Jason barked that if he ran off with his son he would skin Dick in seven different ways. All with a smile- all with a laugh.

Cassandra was much more quiet- gently tapping Riley’s nose and offering a subtle smile to him, as he gripped her finger and babbled at her. And he nearly cried, when they tried to take him Barbara’s lap.

“You can hold him,” Tim said, as Jason and Alfred were bringing out the cake. Damian glanced up from where he was sitting, arms folded.

“-Tt-” Tim sighed, before not giving him a choice and shoving Riley towards him. Damian opened his arms as the toddler was pushed into his lap. For a moment, Damian didn’t move, before Riley started babbling happily, reaching for his hand and tugging on his fingers, gripping them in his little hands.

Tim’s smile was smug as the teenager’s mouth softened, and his other hand pressed to Riley’s back, keeping him upright.

“See, they’re not so scary,” Tim offered. “Maybe you’ll have one someday.” Damian rolled his eyes- before he lifted Riley up, offering up praise in Arabic that Tim didn’t understand- and he was
sure Riley didn’t either, but the tone of Damian’s voice was enough. He giggled sweetly, and Damian pulled him in, placed a gentle kiss to his cheek.

Tim knew Damian didn’t fool anyone- it was obvious how much he liked Riley. Even if he acted terrified to hold him, every time. *Every time for the entire damn year.*

Tim took Riley back just as Dick walked over, tossing an arm around his shoulders. “C’mon, we can’t very well have cake without the birthday boy!” Tim watched as Damian was out of his chair in a heart beat, following Dick away- and frowned, slightly.

Damian was obvious in far more things than he knew.

Riley made grabby hands at his cake the entire time, until a piece was put in front of him. Within seconds he had his hands in it, was stuffing some into his mouth, smearing frosting all over his face. The entire family laughed- even Bruce and Damian, Tim noted. His son, it seemed, was completely oblivious to the attention, and far too focused on getting the cake on every inch of his face and shirt possible.

“Definitely a good thing you brought a spare,” Steph offered, elbowing Jason- who was grinning like a fool.

* *

“Riley, sweetie, don’t climb on that!” Tim yelled, holding Alec against his hip as Riley tried to climb from one chair to the other. He stopped, glancing back at his dad, before promptly plopping down on his butt.

“Here, here, here,” Stephanie said, walking towards Tim, arms out. “Give me that.” She took Alec from his grasp, lifting him up and cooing at him, so the boy smiled. Didn’t make much noise, but that was normal. She lowered him carefully, held him against her chest, so his little feet pressed against the top of her belly and the bump there.

Tim smiled at it, before he heard a thud and turned- found Riley sprawled on the floor. His chair was shoved back, and he looked as if he had tried to jump from one to the other. Tim rushed over, scooping him up before the tears could come and kissing his cheek.

“Didn’t daddy say not to do that?” He nodded, pouting, and Tim kissed the tip of his nose. “You have to sit still, so we can get the twins in their chairs and get them their cake.”

“Cake!” Riley said, excitedly, as Tim put him back down- and he took off running, towards the large table. Towards Jason, at the end, who was holding Alyssa in one arm and working open a highchair with the other.

Tim sighed, shaking his head. Compared to Riley’s first birthday, this felt like chaos. Granted, there hadn’t been a toddler running around then- nor two birthday babies-

And then there was, of course, Tommy, who Dick was holding in that moment. He was squirming, looking rather frustrated with being held, even as Dick shifted him from one side to the other.

“We’re never going to get to the cake,” Tim sighed. Stephanie grinned.

“Oh we’ll get there. If I don’t see your babies covered in cake just like Riley was, I want a refund.” Tim stuck his tongue out at her, childish- and she returned the gesture.

It all brought a giggle from Alec.
“Babygirl, let’s get this show on the road!” Jason, now with Alyssa strapped into her chair. Tim took Alec back and crossed the room, handing him to Jason who secured him in. The family gathered closer, Riley pulling up a seat almost next to the babied. On his other side, Damian sat down, taking Tommy from Dick and trying to bounce him in his lap.

He spoke softly in Arabic, but Tommy still fuzzed. “Dami?” Riley asked, looking over- before he reached out, pressed his hand against Tommy’s arm. “Tommy shhh. The babies need cake!”

Tommy stared at Riley for a moment, before he quieted, and Damian shifted him so he was sitting in his lap. He reached over, ruffled Riley’s long hair.

“You just charm him so well,” he offered, and Riley offered a big, toothy grin.

“Okay, go ahead!” Tim said, getting everyone’s attention. He had his phone trained on the twins, as Jason put a piece of cake in front of each of them. They each looked at it for a moment, unsure what to do-

Alyssa reached out, sank her hand into it. She giggled, and instead of even trying to eat any, simply squeezed it between her hands, smeared some of the frosting on her highchair. Alec didn’t touch it, and Jason sighed, pushing it closer.

“It’s okay baby,” he said. Alec looked at his father, before reaching out, sticking his hand into the cake.

He promptly began to wail, taking his hand back and holding it out as if it was the most disgusting thing on the planet. Tim giggled, behind his phone- and oh, maybe he shouldn’t have, but it was simply hilarious.

Alec’s wailing got Alyssa’s attention, and she turned to her brother. She watched for a moment, before grabbing a piece of cake and leaning over, smearing it on his mouth and cheek. Alec choked on his sob, before he grabbed at her hand, tugging her until she had a palm full of the cake on his plate.

She took it and smeared it onto his nose.

“This is too much,” Stephanie said, standing next to Tim. “I can’t believe you made such cute babies!”

Tim grinned, looking at Jason and catching his eye for a moment. Jason smiled at his mate, and Tim felt a tug in his chest- smiled back.

“Yeah well, I had a little help.”
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "I know you tell us about that beautiful reunion and then bonding with Dick/Dami but I neeeed more fluff! More like a morning in which Dami wakes up first and is finally in the arms of this man and I am not crying!"

Damian shifted, pressed his face against the heat that was surrounding him. Dick’s arms tightened around him, as the older rolled onto his back, dragging Damian with him. The omega sprawled on his chest, eyes fluttering open. He pressed a hand to Dick’s abdomen, pushing himself up carefully, so he could peer down at Dick.

Dick, who looked endlessly young in his sleep. Dick, who had spent the night in his bed, willingly. Who had spent the past few weeks in his bed- had held Damian as they drifted into sleep.

And, best- Damian had woken up, and Dick was still there.

He smiled softly, knowing these seconds would be short, precious. Knowing Dick would inevitably wake up- or Tommy would cry over the monitor, or someone would come to his door-

But for this moment, it was perfect. Dick was his, was finally his, after so long. After all the years of aching- the crush that had developed into what felt like a disease. After his pregnancy, when he never knew if Dick would stay or go- if his heart was there, or if he could never love Damian the way he had been so sure Dick would, had to.

After all of that, to have him here now, in his bed-

Damian choked, turned away from Dick and reached his hand up, covering his mouth. He squeezed his eyes shut- and his chest was bursting. Static and full, a level of affection he could barely handle- the shock that this was real, this was his life-

That it had come so close to falling apart, and now, now-

“Little prince?” Damian glanced over his shoulder. Dick was looking at him, dark blue eyes like a storm, a glorious twister of Damian’s desires. Damian let his hand fall from his mouth as Dick sat up, reached out, rubbed his hand along his bare spine, along the scar there. His hand was warm, had Damian making a broken sound, from his throat. “What’s wrong?”

Damian turned- and without a word, threw his arms around Dick’s shoulders. He clutched onto him, so tightly that Dick felt his breath rushing out. He felt Damian shake, and his arms went around him, cradling him gently.

“It’s not what is wrong,” Damian offered, quietly, “it’s what is right.” He took a steadying breath, as Dick turned, kissed his hair.

After a moment, he offered, “Damian.”

“Hmm?” Damian didn’t trust himself with words. Wanted to stay as he was, wrapped within Dick’s arms, never moving again.
“I love you.”

And suddenly, suddenly it was all better. Damian felt his mouth tugging into a smile- and oh, he would never tire of Dick saying it. He turned, pressed his face into Dick’s neck, inhaled the rush of pheromones, wanted nothing more than to drown in them, in the sweet calm they brought.

“I love you too,” he whispered. He felt a gentle squeeze, before Dick was easing back, laying back down- taking Damian with him, to keep pressed to his chest until they absolutely had to leave this bed.
Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "How did Jason and Tim get together? Like before being bonded? Did they dislike each other? Did Jason still call Tim replacement in the omegaverse before they were together? I am very curious."

He did still call him replacement. They still have that whole phase of disliking each other- and how they get together, well. It was a desperate one off that just stuck- stuck until they realized that they actually cared a lot about each other.

Jason gritted his teeth, glaring at Tim. Glaring at the man who was panting, cape torn- blood on his suit, smeared on his cheek. Bloody and alive-

By luck, the both of them were.

Jason cracked his neck, reaching into his jacket- had a cigarette in his mouth and lit before Tim could get a good glance at him. He inhaled deeply, watched as Tim’s eyes watched the smoke traveling into the air.

“Could’ve been fucking easier,” Jason said, “if you would just stand back, replacement.”

Tim frowned, folding his arms. The blood on his cheek looked black, in the moonlight.

“And let you kill every person who looks at you wrong in Gotham? Fat fucking chance, Jason.”

Jason gritted his teeth, turning to fully face Tim. He squared his shoulders, and the rage in him- all of it, volatile like a fresh fire- it came off him in waves. He knew how he smelled, like ash, like terror-

All Tim did was smirk. Smug.

“You’re not intimidating,” Tim said, taking a step towards him- light on his feet, boots barely making a sound on the pavement. The night around them was deserted, the docks lifeless. A slice of the world that was just their’s.

Perfect for burning.

“Babybird, I haven’t shown you intimidating,” Jason said, as Tim took another step- was circling him, slowly. Jason felt his eyes piercing into him, and he wanted to burn Tim’s pretty skin, to drag a scream from him. Because Tim was too composed, was like stone. Stone he wanted to crack.

Tim paused, in front of him, head cocked to the side. “You’re burning from the inside out.” Jason chuckled, once, took a final drag and tossed his cigarette away.

“Yeah, and you’re playing with fire.”

Tim smirked- and there was something there, something Jason felt, smelled. Something fanning the fire in his gut- the rage there- making it sweet, intoxicating.
Making him want to burn.

Jason bared his teeth, took a step towards Tim. Tim took one back- but his eyes stayed intrigued, stayed cool, focused on Jason. Another step, one forward, one back, until Tim’s back was bumping against a shipping container, and Jason was making a fist, punching into it, next to Tim’s head.

“You don’t know what I am, Timmy,” he breathed, “You think you know shit, but you fucking don’t. You’re just some rich kid that went from one perfect world to another. You don’t know what I’ve been through.”

He leaned in, seething- and god, the anger, it had been there. Had been building for so long, in Jason. So many years- so much blood that hadn’t soothe the burn at all, hadn’t dulled the ache. Had only left him starving for something he didn’t know he needed- couldn’t put a name to.

Tim pursed his lips, before he bared his own teeth, and Jason wanted to tear into him, making him feel a sliver of everything that was rotting Jason, from the core out.

“I could tear you apart,” Jason breathed, and suddenly one of Tim’s hands was grabbing his jacket, jerking him forward.

“Do it,” Tim breathed, and then the fire in Jason- it met, for the first time since it had ignited, it’s match-

The fire in Tim Drake’s mouth.

Tim kissed him, kissed him like he was sucking the life from Jason- and Jason. He let him have it.

Tim’s mouth was hot, was something Jason had no words for. He tasted like something sweet, smelled like cloves and sugar and Jason realized he was pushing closer, was shoving a thigh between Tim’s legs.

It didn’t make sense- but it didn’t need to.

“Burn,” Tim murmured, against his mouth, “Let me have your smoke.”

Jason’s mouth was blood, was ash. Was a cocktail Tim wanted to drown in.

It was the hate, Jason wanted to tell himself. Was the rage and the blood in the air and the fact that he needed something, needed something he could sink his teeth into that would hold up.

He couldn’t admit that something was Tim.

He ground his thigh up against Tim, and Tim was pushing his jacket down his shoulders. His tongue in Jason’s mouth- and Jason could smell him, then. The sweetness over taking him-

The loud clatter of Tim’s utility belt to the ground didn’t phase either of them.

Jason let his jacket fall to the ground, reached down and tore at Tim’s suit, working at the various zippers and clasps. Tim smirked against his mouth, dragged his teeth along Jason’s lip.

And when he pulled back, tipped his head back with his eyes half shut, he was beautiful. He was alive. He was something Jason had never seen, in this light.

Something new, something old. Something that made him feel like the ticking bomb in his chest was slowing. Like Tim held time, in the palm of his hand.
It made Jason’s chest tighten, a strange sort of fear. He grasped Tim by his shoulder, spun him around and pressed his chest against the container. He leaned in, breathed against his neck, as Tim pressed his ass back against Jason’s groin.

“You could stop me,” Jason muttered— and it felt pointless. Pointless, because he knew Tim knew that.

“I could,” he whispered, as Jason managed to unhook the bottom half of his suit, getting his gloved fingers underneath it all and tugging it down, down to his thighs. He could smell Tim, could smell his excitement, and his cock was aching— couldn’t remember the last time he had been this hard. Had felt so hot, under his skin.

Tim never finished his thought. Jason never asked him to.

Jason fumbled with his own pants, got himself in hand— and there was no teasing, there was no slow climb— there was Jason, shoving himself into Tim, groaning because Tim was so wet—

“You want me that badly Timmy?” he breathed, as Tim groaned, pushed back against him. Met each brutal thrust with a moan, with a toss of his head.

If Jason was too rough, Tim never said a word. If Tim was too willing, Jason never noticed. Because the fire in him, it screamed, screamed of hate and need and loneliness—

And Tim silence that, until there was nothing but his body, but his sweet scent, but the way he groaned out Jason—

The way he twisted, craned his neck painfully, stole a kiss— and Jason gave it, gave it because he couldn’t dream there was a reason to not.

When Tim’s groans became cries— became so loud they could have woken the dead, Jason pressed tighter to him, pinned him in with his weight. Knew, again, that Tim could have broken away—

Knew that Tim didn’t want to.

Jason felt Tim’s body tight around him— and then he couldn’t move, as Tim was shuddering, shouting out into the night. Nameless, wordless—

Jason followed, a curse and a growl, until he was slack, against Tim.

He leaned there, panting against Tim’s hair, so deep inside him he swore he felt every breath Tim took. When Tim turned again, over his shoulder, Jason shifted— kissed him to the slow, wet rhythm Tim offered up.

And whatever fire was in him, it died. Died for one silence, blissful moment— and he forgot that Tim had taken his place, that he hated Tim, that he hated this world, because he had had so much love, so much love that was never accepted, never given back—

Forgot it all, because Tim was alive and breathing and beautiful— and Jason didn’t give a damn, that this had to be the bloodlust. The adrenaline of surviving another night. The loneliness building so high in his blood stream he could burst.

Didn’t give a damn about the reason, because Tim’s mouth tasted like home.
Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

I really feel like we need to see the next day between Tommy and Riley, after they first get together.

Tommy leaned closer to the bathroom mirror. Pushed at his bangs, watched them fall back into place, frowned. He stepped back, tugged at his stripped sweater, wondered if he needed some color against the white and black-

“Jeez, you have a date or something akh?” Tommy’s head jerked to the side. He looked past his bathroom door, saw his bedroom door was open and Nadya was standing there, arms folded-watching hi with jade eyes that always took in just a little too much detail.

“No,” he lied- because yes, technically, he did. And it had his heart up in his throat. “I’m going to Riley’s for dinner.”

Nadya smirked, the kind that mirror Damian so perfectly- and it still always stopped Tommy, how much she looked like their baba. How much she looked like their grandmother.

“Do I need some color?” Tommy asked, walking out of the bathroom, arms out. As if the sweater didn’t lack it enough already, black skinny jeans and inevitably black high-tops felt like too much black.

As if in his head, Nadya said, “Is there ever too much black in this family?” Tommy snorted, and she kept her grin. “This looks better than your Robin costume at least. You look like someone broke a highlighter on Christmas decorations when you’re in that.”

“I’m offended,” Tommy offered, pressing his hand to his chest. Nadya rolled her eyes, perfectly lined in a way she’d been far too good at for years now- and at fourteen, Tommy didn’t need to remember when she’d started.

“You always are,” she teased, before turning, heading for his door. “Tell everyone I said hi! Oh, and tell Timmy that nail polish he gave me is sublime.”

As she left Tommy wondered what sort of fourteen year old said sublime.

*

Riley had been braced for the nerves, for that fluttery feeling in the pit of his stomach. Cooking was a valid distraction- but when he heard the doorbell through the house, they were there. He wiped his hands off, left everything alone for a moment and walked through the house, opening the front door-

And the butterflies in his stomach were in his throat.

Tommy smiled at him, the kind that was timid, but lit up the corners of his eyes. “Hi.”

Riley smiled back, leaning against the doorway for a moment- just looking at him. “Hey
gorgeous.” Color rose along Tommy’s sharp cheek bones, and it only made him prettier. “C’mon in, dinner is almost ready.” He stepped aside, let Tommy in, before closing the door. They headed back towards the kitchen, and Tommy inhaled, sighing happily.

“I literally have walked into heaven,” he said, as Riley moved back towards the stove. “Are you making curry?”

Riley grinned, absentmindedly pushing at the rolled up sleeves of his green plaid shirt. “Of course. I do know you, after all.”

Tommy grinned—because it was so true. Riley knew him inside and out—he’d known him his entire life. It was terrifying and the absolute best thing Tommy could think of.

He pulled one of the kitchen chairs out, settling in at as Riley moved. Knew better than to ask if he wanted help—he had a certain flow in the kitchen, just like his father did—and it was best to not disrupt it.

“Riley, have you seen my—oh my god is that dinner?” Alyssa nearly skidded to a stop in her socked feet, staring as Riley turned the stove off.

“Not for you,” Riley pointed out, “I was not cooking for everyone. Get a pizza.” Alyssa huffed, planted her hands on her hips. “And what are you looking for?”

“My new throwing knives. I was gonna go into the basement and practice.” The basement of the house served as a mini cave—large enough for minor training equipment, and of course, storing all the family’s equipment.

“Alec has them,” Riley said, “Remember, you complained about the weight being off? He wanted to test them. Plus, you know him and throwing something sharp.” Tommy snorted over that, reaching up and covering his mouth with his hand, with the sweater that was a bit too long on him.

It was true. He knew Alec wasn’t much interested in the physical aspect of the family business, but he threw a knife like no other.

“Thanks bro!” Alyssa went to turn, before she stopped, gave Tommy a warm smile. “Hey by the way. Enjoy his cooking for me—I don’t know what you did to get dinner.” Tommy only smiled, and Alyssa waved, before she ran off—because god forbid that girl walked anywhere.

*

Tommy sighed, shifting as Riley’s hands ran down along his spine. His hands clutched at the alpha’s shoulders as their mouths worked together, soft wet sounds feeling like they were echoing through his head.

He thought, the way he was dizzy the night before, it was because it was there first kiss. But ten seconds into kissing Riley again, and Tommy knew it was just because it was Riley.

He was straddling him, on Riley’s bed. Riley, sitting up against all the pillows. Riley, with that perfect mouth and those big hands. Riley, who always smelled like cologne and that earthy spice beneath it, his natural scent.

*Riley.*

He was kissing Riley, and Tommy was sure he was dreaming.
He shifted, slid his arm up to hook behind Riley’s neck, to hold himself closer. Riley’s hands moved off his back- settled respectfully at his waist and didn’t leave. Even when his tongue pressed into Tommy’s mouth, and Tommy made a little sound- because he had never felt like this, had never felt so good kissing someone. It had always been almost boring, had him counting seconds in his head until he could pull away and not upset his partner-

With Riley, he wasn’t sure if it had been seconds or years, and he didn’t care.

He pressed their chests together, wanted to get even closer, wanted to crawl into the alpha’s ribs. He sucked at Riley’s tongue, the metal there pressing against Tommy’s own tongue- and his hips shifted, couldn’t help it-

Riley’s hands tightened on his waist, and he pulled back. Smiled at Tommy, in that handsome way that Tommy knew made everyone weak in the knees. Stupidly, Tommy blurted, “You’re good at that.”

Riley laughed, tipping his head back slightly. “I’ve been told,” he admitted, before straightening up, leaning in and brushing his nose along Tommy’s. “How about we give your mouth a break?”

Tommy didn’t exactly want to- but there was something there, something in Riley’s grey eyes. Something in his voice, in the way his hands stayed so firmly on Tommy’s waist, never once found his hips. Something like caution- and caution was not a word he had ever associated with Riley, in his entire life.

“Okay,” Tommy said, “But kiss me again later?” He felt so ridiculous- but he wanted it. Wanted Riley to kiss him and never, ever stop.

Riley smiled again, smiled and stopped Tommy’s heart. “Nothing could stop me.”
“I just think we should keep it slow.”

Tommy stared at Riley. Stared at Riley, because there was no way those words had come out of his mouth. Never once had he known Riley to take anything with anyone slow.

Riley was the kind of guy who had his hand up under your shirt within ten minutes of meeting you. Hell, Tommy knew Riley didn’t even need to know someone’s name- it didn’t matter. Sex was sex.

Tommy just gawked. Kept gawking, because he so so sure he was going crazy. But Riley’s hands were still on his waist, had never once found the curve of his hips, in their time together. Even now, on Riley’s lap again, they remained.

“Tommy,” Riley said, bringing him back in- seeing the confusion in his face and knowing the questions in his head. “I know, it’s ridiculous coming from me. But... you mean something to me. You’re not just someone.” He reached up, brushed some of Tommy’s hair back. “You’re everything.”

Tommy shivered, turned and caught Riley’s hand, kissed the ball of his thumb, his palm, rested his mouth over Alec’s name on his wrist. Riley smiled at him, affectionately.

“Just, a few weeks,” Riley offered, “this is all new. Get a feel for everything. Make sure this is what you want.”

“You’re all I’ve wanted for years,” Tommy reminded him- but, “Okay.” He nodded. Because it did make sense. Because it had only been a few days. Because Tommy had no idea how they were going to handle this, how this was going to grow- how they were going to tell everyone.

There was so much- and he knew Riley was right.

“Don’t think it’s because I don’t want you,” Riley added, leaning in. Tommy turned towards him, and Riley placed a soft kiss against his mouth. “Because I could list hundreds of terrible things I want to do with you. But I could just as easily list all the days I want to get to keep you- and those are more important.” He encircled Tommy in his arms, and Tommy felt so small, so utterly undone, as he leaned in, rested his had under Riley’s chin.

“You’re too much,” Tommy teased, “When did you become a romantic?”

“It’s only where you’re concerned,” Riley assured him, rubbing down along the knots of his spine. “Like I said, you’re everything. You’re special, Tommy.”

Tommy smiled to himself. He felt giddy, as he inhaled, breathed in everything Riley was. Giddy and like he might simply levitate off the bed, if Riley wasn’t holding him down.
“I’m still going to tell you your ass looks great tonight,” Tommy teased, and Riley laughed. It shook his chest, and Tommy decided it was one of the best things he’d ever felt.

“I’d be so disappointed if you didn’t. But nothing beats yours, Robin. Distracting criminals with the ass of a god, one night at a time.”

Tommy snorted, laughing so hard he leaned back, toppled from his lap onto his bed. Riley grinned, watched as Tommy held his sides.

“Is that what Robins do?” he asked. “I’ll have to ask baba and dad.”

Riley rolled his eyes. “Ask my dads while you’re at it. They’ve got stories.”

Tommy forced himself to sit up, grinning at his boyfriend. “I’ll do that the next time I’m over for dinner. Sounds like a great family dinner topic.” Riley rolled his eyes, before Tommy swung his legs over his bed, standing up. “Now c’mon, I think Robin and Aryeh need to get suited up, if we don’t wanna miss the fun tonight.”

Riley was off the bed before Tommy was half way across his bedroom, the two of them bursting out into the hallways of the manor, and making a rush for the cave.
Still before we get to Tommy and Riley’s first time, a little back story on Tommy and his pathetic sex life (prior to his big buff buttercup fixing that).

Damian heard the footsteps through the cave, but chose not to look up from his work. He had a side compartment open on the Batmobile, wires sticking out as he worked to find a short circuit that had come up, the night prior.

In his head, he counted the spaces between the steps, the pacing. And smiled, to himself—because he knew who it was.

“Baba?” Tommy’s voice affirmed his calculations. Damian smiled as he examined a wire.

“What is it, habibi?” Tommy’s footsteps stopped, and Damian glanced over at his son. He had mentally begun the process of narrowing down what Tommy could want—there was, of course, the request to drive the Batmobile, which he knew was high on the list. And Tommy had been playing the my seventeenth birthday is in a few weeks card with it—

However, the idea passed from Damian’s mind. Tommy was frowning, hands tugging at his overly long sweater—a pretty burgundy, a color that looked perfect with his dark eyes, the shade of his skin.

“What is wrong?” Tommy bit at his lip, as if he couldn’t find the words.

“It’s… it’s probably weird.”

Damian sighed. “Tommy, you can always talk to me.” And then, in Arabic, there are no secrets. Tommy let go of his sweater, nodding once.

Damian gave him his silence, his moment to collect his thoughts. When Tommy finally did open his mouth, moments later, the words were rushed, shaky, “Is sex always so terrible?”

Whatever Damian had thought his son would ask him, it was not that.

“What?” Damian blinked, felt like an idiot. But surely he had heard Tommy wrong?

“Is it always bad?” Apparently not. “Like, everyone seems to think it’s great but…” he trailed off, and Damian took a single breath to steady himself.

Because he had to ask, and a part of him didn’t want to—didn’t want to face the sudden realization that he had missed something in Tommy’s life—something big. That his son was, quite obviously, suddenly not so small, so childish.

“What happened?” Tommy shrugged, wrapped his arms around himself—defensive.

“I… I was seeing this guy, and… look, we had sex. And it was terrible. I thought it was supposed to be good? Am I wrong? Or… or am I broken?”
Damian was moving before the word had even fully left Tommy’s mouth. Moving because he knew the waver in those eyes, from when Tommy had been a child. He wrapped his arms around his son, and Tommy leaned into him, hugging his baba tightly, pressing his face into his shoulder.

Damian rubbed his back, hushed him. Tommy sniffled, and Damian didn’t need to look- he knew when his baby had tears in his eyes. He always knew, with Tommy.

“You are not broken, habibi,” he offered, “You are far from broken. It is… not always good,” Damian admitted. And then, more seriously, “Tommy, did he-”

“No he didn’t force me,” Tommy said, cutting in. He pulled back, reached up and wiped at his eyes. Might have been embarrassed, were he with anyone else other than Damian. “He asked. I said yeah. Figured why not. But it just… I don’t get it. I didn’t even…” Tommy cut off, bit at his tongue. “Sorry. Shit I should cry to my friends about, not you, baba.”

Damian frowned. “No. You are always welcome to talk to me about anything, Tommy.” Tommy nodded, slowly.

“I guess I just expected something better. I mean, with how much Riley gets around, he makes it sound like it’s some sort of high.” Damian heard something in Tommy’s voice then, a tinge of something- but he assumed it was simply from his son being upset.

“-tt- I am sure if you asked him, he would have some disappointing stories as well.” Tommy nodded, and Damian reached up, wiped at the corner of one eye. “You are not broken, Tommy.”

Tommy nodded, slowly.

“So, should I meet this boy?” Damian asked. “And shall I get my cowl?” Tommy laughed at that, pushing at Damian’s shoulders.

“Baba! You can’t try to scare all my boyfriends away. And no need, I dumped him. He was pretty boring anyway,” Tommy shrugged. “Not worth the time.” Damian only nodded. “Thanks for listening.”

“Anytime,” Damian offered. Tommy gave him one more hug, before turning, heading back towards the elevator to take him up to the manor. Damian watched him go- was not convinced that he was suddenly alright. He knew his son, and he knew that Tommy was still upset-

He was simply working to hide it.

Damian gritted his teeth- would have loved to have met the boy, before Tommy got rid of him. No one upset his child without a consequence-

But, worse- was the fact that, suddenly, he was facing the all too clear reality that Tommy had indeed grown up. And, in the pit of his gut, he could only worry that Tommy would make some of the same mistakes he did.

That he wouldn’t be lucky enough to have everything turn out alright in the end.

Damian pulled his phone from his pocket, glanced at the time. Dick had gone out earlier that day to follow a lead for a case they were working- but Damian expected him back within the hour. He shoved his phone away, leaving the Batmobile was it was- they would take the second one that night. He had lost all motivation to work on it.

He needed something to calm his nerves. Needed to center himself- because when Dick came
home, he knew he’d have to talk to him. That they would need to talk to their son- because, 
truthfully, Damian did not care if Tommy took someone to his bed- he simply cared that he was 
safe, that he was making choices that he wanted to make-

And that Damian never needed to see him in tears again because of intimacy.
Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "if you feel like writing could you do something with jay tim and their little babies"

Something ridiculous and short and stupidly cute coming your way! It’s summer, Riley is like 6, the twins are 4.

The sound of shrieking laughter was loud enough that, in the kitchen, Tim could hear it clearly. He smiled to himself, tugging his hair back into a small ponytail as he moved around the kitchen, opening the freezer and rummaging around. He pulled out a box of popsicles, cracking the box open and pulling them out, one by one, holding them up to the light so he could see the color beneath the wrapper.

He heard another burst of laughter, and then, beneath it, Jason’s own loud voice. He couldn’t tell what he was saying, but Tim smiled anyway, as he gathered up the popsicles and pushed the box back into the freezer.

When he stepped out onto the patio, he paused to watch as the kids ran through the sprinkler Jason had hooked up, all soaked through their shorts and tshirts, laughing obscenely as Jason would lift each up, one by one, spin them around and run them back through the water, as the others waited and cheered.

Tim smiled so hard his face hurt, felt a heat in his chest over the love he had for this man, who seemed to utterly in his element with the kids. He knew Jason felt it, though the bond, because he was turning as he held Alyssa, the sprinkler spraying them both.

He grinned back at Tim, hoisting the girl to his hip. “I think daddy has something for us all,” he said, and Riley and Alec took off in a run. Tim set all the popsicles down on their patio table, so that he could properly take the wrappers off and hand them off.

He gave Riley an orange one- just like he knew he’d ask for- and Alec, a purple. They grinned, shoving the treats into their mouths and hurrying back into the grass, off to stand under the sprinkler. Jason showed up last, holding a squirming Alyssa who wanted her orange popsicle. Tim laughed, handing it to her, and Jason set her down, watched her run off to join her brothers.

When Jason turned back, Tim was holding a cherry one out to him. He grinned, wrapping his hand around Tim’s and pulling it closer to his mouth, “Aren’t you the perfect husband,” Jason mused, “even got my favorite flavor.” He lapped at it, and Tim blushed, eyes going a little wide.

“You’re terrible,” Tim breathed, and Jason only laughed, tugging him into his arms and kissing his forehead.

“Mmm, I am,” he admitted, “but you love it.” Tim squirmed, and Jason took the popsicle properly from his hand, releasing him and turning to join the kids back on the lawn.

Tim stayed on the patio, watching. Watched as Alec plopped down on the wet grass and happily
ate his treat, even when the water sprayed over him. How Alyssa flopped onto her back and kicked her legs up every time the water passed over her. How Riley had already eaten half of his, and was shouting at Jason that he could eat his faster than Jason could.

Tim smiled again, reached over to his ring finger and twisted his wedding band. The metal was warm from his skin, made him feel at ease. Reminded him that all this- this man, these babies- they were all his. This was *his life*- and it was everything he’d ever wanted.

He came back to himself when he heard Riley laughing, saw he had part of his popsicle in his hand, having bitten into it and it fell right off the stick. Jason was laughing as well- and Tim couldn’t help himself. He crossed into the lawn, as Riley popped the last of the treat into his mouth and then turned, running right for the sprinkler as it moved again.

Tim reached Jason, grabbed him but his tshirt- which was just as soaked as the kids’- and pulled him in, leaning up to capture his mouth. If Jason was shocked, it barely registered, before he had a strong arm around Tim, holding him against his wet chest. His mouth was cold, sticky and sweet, and Tim smiled against it, giggling into Jason’s mouth.

When Tim pulled away, a moment later, he could feel the stares- and he and Jason both turned. All three kids were looking at them, silly grins plastered on their faces.

“What?” Tim asked, still laughing- laughing because it felt ridiculous to have his own children grinning like that, ridiculous that Jason’s mouth tasted like a popsicle- ridiculous that this day could even exist, could even be a part of his reality.

Without hesitating, Riley shouted out of key, “dada and daddy sitting in a tree!”

The twins giggled, and in time with Riley- and equally out of key- chimed in with “k-i-s-s-i-n-g!”

Tim laughed, so hard he leaned forward, pressed his forehead to Jason’s chest. Jason was laughing too, his chest rumbling- before he wrapped his arms around Tim, hoisting him up. Tim gasped, tossed over Jason’s shoulder, as Jason marched right into the sprinkler.

The water sprayed Tim, and he squirmed, against the loud sounds of his children’s laughter. He smacked a hand against Jason’s back, managing through his laughter to shout, “you ass!” before Jason chased the sprinkler, soaking them a second time.
An Anon asked: "Can you tell us about the first time Tommy and Riley get it on? Or the when they decide to bond?"

Tommy and Riley deciding to bond is honestly years down the road. And I would love to write about it someday, but for now let’s definitely focus on their first time! Because really Tommy deserves some good sex.

It’s about 3 weeks into their relationship. Everyone is now freshly aware that they’re dating.

“If you two keep looking at each other like that,” Alyssa said, from where she was slouched on the couch, “You’ll make me gag.”

Across from here, settled in a large plush chair, Tommy and Riley turned to stare at her. Admittedly, sure, they had been looking at each other- Tommy settled happily in Riley’s lap and toying with a few stray strands of his long hair, looking at him like he might melt.

Okay, maybe it was a bit much.

Not that either of them cared.

Alec only nodded in agreement with his sister. “You two are like Disney princesses or something.”

“Excuse you,” Riley said, an arm around Tommy, “but don’t act like that’s a bad thing. I would look fabulous in a ball gown.”

Tommy laughed, reaching up and covering his mouth, as Alyssa and Alec both nearly cackled- the same exact laugh, and it was always a little scary to Tommy that they were nearly the same person, and yet so different.

“I don’t know,” Alec said, turning to look at his brother.

“Yeah, you’re a little meaty for a dress, Ri.”

“Pffft. Listen, don’t trash my girlish figure, just because it’s not up to your beauty standards.”

Another round of laughter, before Riley was clutching at Tommy, standing up and lifting him with an ease that made Tommy want to completely melt.

“C’mon gorgeous,” Riley said, “I know when I’m not wanted.” He turned, walking out of the room, as Tommy tossed his arms around his neck. The sounds from the television echoed into the hallway, until they were faint, when they reached the stairs.

Riley gently set Tommy down there, before taking his hand, and- fingers laced together- led him up them. The upstairs to the house was completely dark, Tim and Jason having left for dinner nearly an hour ago. Date night, as they had said, which none of the kids had argued.
They could all admit it was nice to see their dads go out and act like a normal couple.

Riley tossed open the door, tugged Tommy into the dark room- and promptly pulled him into his arms. Riley fell back against the door as it closed, held Tommy against him, and Tommy couldn’t even get a breath in as Riley kissed him in the dark.

Kissed him like Tommy was something precious, and it made him war down to his finger tips, his toes.

He reached up, wrapped his arms around Riley’s neck and had to crane his neck to make sure he could reach properly. It would be worth the ache, if they stayed like that for hours- because Tommy never wanted to stop kissing Riley.

But Riley was gently guiding him back a few steps, then taking his hand, tugging him over to the bed. In the dark, the alpha flopped down, dragging Tommy with him, so he sprawled across his chest. Tommy laughed, found Riley’s mouth again- after he missed once, his mouth landing on his jaw- and kissed him. This time it was easier, and Tommy sank his hands into Riley’s blankets, as Riley’s hands found his waist, held him still.

His tongue traced Tommy’s lips, and he sighed, opened up, felt the metal through Riley’s tongue and shivered. His hips moved, sliding against Riley- and suddenly the hands on his waist had inched lower, until they were on his hips.

Tommy groaned, couldn’t stop himself- Riley had, to the point, always been so careful where his hands rested- and even just on his hips, it was enough to flood Tommy with memories of all his late night fantasies. Of how many times he’d thought about Riley’s fingers digging bruises into his skin.

The sound had Riley pulling back, staring up at Tommy. In the dark he couldn’t see the color of his eyes, but faint details of his face, the lines of his mouth. His hands went to move away, and Tommy was shaking his head.

“Don’t,” he whispered, and then, quieter, “please.”

Riley swallowed, kept his hands on Tommy’s hips. “You sure?” Tommy nodded, and Riley hesitated- weighed the options in his mind.

He knew all about Tommy’s past- knew all about the bad sex and the fact that Tommy had never really held any hope that intimacy would be good for him. It had broken his heart, to hear his then-friend say that to him- especially because he knew how good it could be.

So he had, on the one hand, the fact that he wanted Tommy to be comfortable, that he didn’t want this built on sex- because, even if Tommy wasn’t saying anything, it was like Riley could feel his nerves. Like there was a sharp tinge of something to his scent, a sort of fear that he was trying to bury.

And on the other hand, Riley wanted nothing more than to kiss every inch of Tommy, to show him how good he could feel. To fulfill plenty of his own fantasies.

“Riley,” Tommy finally said, laying himself down so his cheek was on his boyfriend’s chest. “You asked me to give it a few weeks. I did. This is what I want- you.” Riley moved his hands, so he could wrap his arms around Tommy, hold him for a minute- feel the way he fit so perfectly against him, like this was meant to be, always had been.

From day one.
They stayed like that for a minute, before Riley rolled the over, pinned Tommy down and pressed his forehead against the omega’s.

“Okay,” he whispered, “but let me take it slow?” Tommy nodded- honestly, he was relieved for it. He’d be lying if he said his heart wasn’t pounding up in his throat- that he wasn’t holding down trembles.

He’d been racing around Gotham skylines since he was a child. He’d faced fear gas, Joker venom- he’d seen gangs covered in clown paint rise up and tear people limb from limb. And he wasn’t sure he’d ever been as nervous as he was in that moment.

“I’ll go get the light-”

“No.” Tommy tightened his arms up, around Riley’s neck. Shook his head. “Like this. In the dark.”

If Riley frowned, Tommy missed it.

He felt Riley’s breath, and then his mouth, on his. Riley kissed him heavily, his lips guiding Tommy’s, as one hand slid under his sweater, rested flat against his abs. Tommy shivered, flicked his tongue out against Riley’s lips, dared to nip at the lower one, until his boyfriend’s tongue was back in his mouth. The hand on his belly slid up, over his ribs, resting on his chest as Riley’s thumb circled around one nipple.

Tommy gasped, spread his legs more out of instinct- one he wasn’t sure he had truly ever felt- as static began to move form his chest to his belly, filling it slowly.

“This okay?” Riley asked, sliding off Tommy’s mouth to kiss down to his neck. Tommy nodded, as Riley lapped at his pulse, kissed every nerve to life in his neck. Tommy squirmed- was hard in his jeans, was wet, wasn’t exactly sure what he even wanted Riley to do- there was so much, so many options-

So many things he had dreamed about.

Riley’s other hand found his thigh, rubbed it soothingly. Tommy let his eyes fall shut, one hand tangling into Riley’s long hair, just above the knot he kept it in, at the side of his neck. His fingers found the skin below it, stroked in feather soft movements that had Riley smiling, as he gave his thigh a squeeze, before his hand moved up, pressed between his legs.

Tommy gave a little cry, pushing towards that hand as it palmed him through his jeans. He whined, as Riley continued to tease one nipple- and Tommy could barely breathe over it. No one had bothered to do much other than give him a lazy, less-than-enthusiastic kiss before trying to get him half naked- and here he was, hard and soaked, and it felt as if Riley had barely touched him-

Or maybe he’d simply touched him in the right places.

He continued to rub at Tommy’s erection through his clothing, until Tommy was tossing his head, pushing his hips up. “Riley,” he gasped, and the hand under his shirt finally pulled away, both working at popping open Tommy’s jeans, pulling the zipper down.

Tommy inhaled, held his breath, as Riley traced the shape of his cock, straining against his underwear. He leaned down, kissed the skin just above his waistband, the curves of his abs-inhaled, and god, Tommy felt Riley shudder.

“Babe,” he whispered, “I can smell you.” Tommy flushed, whimpered, and Riley kissed his
abdomen again, before he moved his mouth to kiss the head of his cock, still trapped beneath Tommy’s boxer briefs. Tommy quivered, tried to remember the last time someone had sucked him off.

Really, no one had. Not to completion. He’d had a boyfriend do it for a minute or two, before deciding it was enough to get him wet enough to fuck- and it had been nothing but a disappointment.

Tommy was jolted back when Riley tugged at his underwear, pulled them down so they rested at the base of his cock. He smiled, gripped Tommy lightly between his finger tips and ran them up his cock.

“You okay?”

Tommy swallowed thickly, nodding. “Uh-huh,” he managed, felt like his tongue had gone dumb, heavy and worthless. Riley smiled, before he wrapped his hand around him, stroked up slowly. Tommy tipped his head back, sighing, hands sliding along the blankets.

A few strokes, and Tommy’s belly had gone warm. He was falling into it, when he felt Riley’s tongue, teasing his head- and god, the metal there, that he’d teased in his mouth earlier, smooth and warm, pressing little pressure points into the head of his cock. He gave a sharp cry without meaning to, hips pushing up- and the head of his cock slid right past Riley’s lips, into his mouth. Tommy was seeing stars, and he wasn’t sure they’d ever go away.

Riley rested a hand on Tommy’s thigh, thumb rubbing soothing little circles into it, as he sucked gently, rubbed the metal in his tongue against the bundle of nerves just beneath Tommy’s cockhead. The way Tommy’s breath came out as a sob then, the way his thighs quaked- it had Riley harder than he was sure he’d ever been, had his hips grinding down into his bed, trying to find some friction.

“Riley,” Tommy gasped, hands fisting in his blankets now. Not sure what to do with them. His boyfriend groaned at the use of his name, eased down and had half of Tommy in his mouth with ease.

And then all of him.

Tommy nearly jolted up, shoulders rising off the bed- and both of Riley’s hands where on him, the one on his thigh squeezing, the other laying flat on his belly, easing him back down. Tommy whined, as Riley set to bobbing his head, tongue continuing to move along the underside of his cock- and god, he didn’t need to use a hand, could take Tommy to the back of his throat with ease.

Tommy moaned, loud and obscene, felt his belly going so tight it nearly hurt. He could feel how wet he was, how badly he wanted something inside him- but that feeling was beaten down, silenced by the need to drive into Riley’s mouth. Tommy’s hips moved without his conscious effort, rocking up against Riley’s mouth- and the alpha took it, let Tommy move as he needed to.

He didn’t even think to warn his boyfriend, barely even realized he was close to orgasm- until he was right there, Tommy gasping and unable to get enough breath, the knot in his belly bursting- and he was shouting, shouting Riley’s name as he came over his tongue, his body shaking.

He went limp, when the waves ended, panting and staring up at the dark ceiling. Tommy could hear his pulse, the way it hammered in his skull- but nothing else, not Riley pulling off his cock, not the sound of him swallowing, or the sounds the bed moved as he moved up to his side.
An arm encircled him, and Riley kissed his hair, pulled him in. Tommy squirmed, turning- went to catch Riley’s mouth, but the alpha lifted his head, and the kiss landed on his chin.

“Not sure if you wanna do that,” he admitted, and Tommy furrowed his brow- before he reached over, gripped his boyfriend’s chin and held him still, as he pressed his mouth roughly against Riley’s. The alpha groaned, as Tommy pushed his tongue into his mouth, tasted himself on Riley’s tongue, and whined over it.

“Loved it.”

“Always kiss me,” he whispered, this time kissing him sweeter. “Always.” Riley nodded, and Tommy turned, pressed flush to him-

Heard Riley groaned. Felt the strain in his jeans.

Tommy sucked on his lip for a minute, before, softly, “Want me to-”

“No.” Riley shook his head. “This was about you, Tommy. Not me.” Tommy sighed, rested his head under Riley’s chin.

He wanted to- he really did. But he was shaking so badly, he felt like he needed to just curl up. Besides, there was the gnawing feeling in his gut that there was no way he could make Riley feel good- not like so many other people had.

“I still want you to get off,” Tommy whispered, reaching out and grabbing Riley’s hand. “Touch yourself for me?”

He heard Riley groan, and then, “You sure?” Tommy nodded, and Riley reached down, fought with his jeans one handed. He had his cock in his hand a moment later, stroking up- tight fisted and fast, and Tommy echoed one of Riley’s moans, clinging to him tightly.

He couldn’t see in the dark, gave up trying to, and turned, pressed his mouth to Riley’s neck. Kissed and licked as Riley began to pant, each tug dragging a groan from him.

“Want you to feel good,” Tommy whispered, “like you made me feel good.”

Another groan from Riley, and then, breathy- and god, god, just like Tommy had always pictured his voice, “You felt good?”

Tommy nearly laughed. He found Riley’s mouth and kissed him, pressed his tongue past his lips, as Riley lost his rhythm, until he was groaning out his orgasm into Tommy’s mouth. Tommy smiled into the kiss, fell away from Riley when his lungs began to burn, and flopped onto his back, on the bed.

He lay there for a minute, without words. And then, swallowing, “I’ve never felt so good in my life.”

Riley smiled, leaned over him and kissed his forehead. Tommy tried to drag him down for a real kiss, had Riley laughing, gently pushing him away with one hand. “Gimme a minute,” he said, reaching across Tommy for the tissues on his nightstand. “I need to clean up.”

Tommy snorted, reaching up and covering his mouth with his hand, stifling his laughter. Riley rolled his eyes, before tossing the tissue onto the nightstand and leaning over his boyfriend, boxing him into the bed. He nudged his nose at his hands, until Tommy moved them, and he could steal a proper kiss.

*
“I’m just saying, your house is never this quiet.”

Tommy was stretched out on his back, legs dangling over one arm of the couch. It was true, he’d rarely ever heard Riley’s house this quiet- not with the twins constantly existing, not with Jason coming and going- not even with Tim.

“Dad is on a mission with Roy,” Riley said, “left this morning.” He paused, and then, walking over and resting his arms on the back of his couch, he looked down at his boyfriend. “Dad is miserable already.”

Tommy laughed. He wondered if Riley ever confused anyone, referring to both Tim and Jason as dad. He knew all the kids had grown out of calling Jason dada and picked up just dad, but he was pretty sure the twins would die before they stopped calling Tim daddy.

Tommy always knew the difference, it was all context. And the inflection in Riley’s voice. It was hero worship, when it was Jason.

It was pure awe, when it was Tim.

Maybe it was ridiculous to find a difference there, but Tommy absolutely did.

“The twins have been at the cave all day,” Riley added, and Tommy nodded.

“Oh, I know. I heard them.” He paused, then added, “Not sure how you’ll pull Alec out of there.”

“Like we always do. Kicking and screaming.” Another round of laughter, “And dad-”

“Is trusting the both of you not to burn my house down.” Riley and Tommy jerked their heads towards the doorway to the living room. Tim was standing there, in full Red Robin uniform, looking rather amused. “Can I do that?”

“Of course Timmy!” Tommy said. Tim smiled fondly at the tee, walking towards them.

“I’m sure you’ll know when I’m home,” he said, “I’ll have the twins.”

Riley rolled his eyes. “The whole neighborhood will know.”

Tim laughed. He reached down, ruffled Tommy’s hair, before leaning over the couch, kissing Riley’s cheek. “You’re not wrong. Enjoy your night off, you two.”

Tim made his exit quickly, off to the garage. Riley really wondered how, in all their years living here, no one had complained about seeing a masked vigilante on a bike speeding away from their house.

Dumb luck, he guessed.

“So the house is all ours,” Tommy said, “for the night?” Riley nodded, watched as his boyfriend squirmed a little- and didn’t need to ask why.

Their time in the dark of his room a few days ago was still fresh in Riley’s mind too.

Without a word he walked around the couch, bent down and hoisted Tommy up. He tossed hi over his shoulder, and Tommy didn’t fight it, only laughed- until Riley’s hand was on his ass- to steady him.

“What’re you doing?” he breathed, squirming, and Riley grinned, walking out of the room.
“I’ve got plans,” he said, and god, Tommy truly could not breathe.

Tommy didn’t argue the trip to Riley’s room, or being tossed gently onto his bed. The light was on- Tommy had no idea when Riley had turned it on- but was quickly blocked, when Riley was on top of him, kissing him desperately.

Like it was all he had thought about for days.

Tommy reached up, dug his fingers into Riley’s back. When the alpha moved off his mouth, kissed down towards his neck, Tommy tipped his head back, whispered, “Please tell me this is going where I think it is.”

Riley chuckled into his neck. “Where do you want it to go?”

Tommy hummed, thinking. Then, cheeks tinged pink- and god, he couldn’t believe he was saying it- “You. Fucking me.”

Riley groaned, dragged his teeth along Tommy’s neck. “You sure?”

Tommy nodded. Knew he was. Felt better now, now that there was suddenly a good experience in his memory-

His thoughts cut off when Riley shoved his shirt up, to his collar bone, and leaned down, licking at one nipple. Tommy arched- had never known he was even that sensitive there- before Riley’s teeth pinched it gently. His tongue soothed the ache he caused, and Tommy tossed his head, sighing as Riley kissed along the dark skin of his chest, before doing the same to his other nipple.

Tommy brushed at Riley’s hair, tried to keep his hips from pushing up. He’d been half hard when Riley had thrown him over his shoulder- could have sworn he had smelled something on his boyfriend, smelled his budding excitement- and now, he felt ridiculous, because he was achingly hard, just wanted Riley to touch him-

“Babe,” Riley breathed, as one hand palmed him through his jeans. “Maybe I need to get you off first.”

Tommy groaned, tossed his head back, and then Riley was working his jeans open. This time, instead of simply pulling his cock free, he tugged at the clothing, pulling it and Tommy’s underwear down his thighs. Tommy lifted his legs slightly, and Riley was guiding them off, chucking them to the floor. For a moment, Tommy wanted to pull his shirt down, try to hide- but then Riley was pushing at that, and Tommy tugged it over his own head.

The moment he was naked, Tommy was blushing, down even his neck. Riley sat back on his knees, staring down at him for a moment- and Tommy wanted to hide-

“You’re beautiful.”

Tommy froze- stared up at his boyfriend, his best friend- the guy who was looking at him like he was made of stardust. Riley’s grey eyes were so clear, so transfixed- and suddenly, Tommy was relaxing, his shoulders lowering as he shifted his hips, slid his legs along the bed.

“You’re beautiful.”

Tommy froze- stared up at his boyfriend, his best friend- the guy who was looking at him like he was made of stardust. Riley’s grey eyes were so clear, so transfixed- and suddenly, Tommy was relaxing, his shoulders lowering as he shifted his hips, slid his legs along the bed.
I’ve ever seen.”

Tommy opened his eyes, stared up into Riley’s- and smiled. Riley’s eyes were the most amazing grey, clear and shimmering in that moment- and so full of adoration, of love, that Tommy’s heart damn near stopped.

He leaned up, kissed Riley one last time- slowly, dragging it out, until Riley was moving down to his neck, and then sliding down his body, peppering his abs with kisses.

Tommy tipped his head back, sighed- shivered, when Riley exhaled over his cock. And when his tongue dragged up the underside of his cock, that tongue ring pressing into sensitive flesh, Tommy gave an unabashed cry, spreading his thighs as Riley took him in his mouth.

A few bobs of his head, and Tommy was already lifting one leg, hooking it around Riley, digging his heel into his back. He rocked up, into his mouth, felt Riley’s hands sliding under him, cupping his ass, kneading the flesh and making Tommy shudder.

He was distracted by his mouth, for a moment, before he realized that Tommy was pushing against his hole, fingers massaging his muscles. Tommy groaned- and then they were sliding inside him, with such ease that Riley groaned, low and loud, around his cock.

He pulled off, gasped for a breath, before moaning out, “You’re so wet, Tommy.” Tommy moaned, pushed down against Riley’s fingers.

“Want you,” he managed to get out, before Riley was hooking those fingers, pushing against his prostate- and Tommy was screaming. Riley grinned, rubbed that one spot, before he swallowed him back down, making a point to press his tongue tight to the underside of Tommy’s cock as he moved.

Tomy was shaking, panting- moaning with every breath. His belly had gone so tight, and he wanted to tell Riley, didn’t want to come-

Wanted Riley to fuck him so badly he ached with it.

But there was no chance, his brain felt like it was short circuiting. Words were just shapeless gasps- and then he was pushing up, clenching around Riley’s fingers and crying out as he came.

Riley swallowed around him, sucked until Tommy had nothing left in him, before he pulled off, pulling his fingers fro Tommy’s body.

Tommy groaned, trembling- whined out, “Why?”

Riley laughed over that, pushing himself up as Tommy’s leg fell to the bed. “To make you feel good.”

“But I want you to fuck me.” Tommy sounded almost childish- and honestly, it was endearing, charming. Riley grinned- and before Tommy could react, he was flipping him over with an ease that was so terrifying and so arousing Tommy didn’t know what to even think.

“Oh, I will,” Riley whispered, running his hands over Tommy’s ass. He leaned down, nipped at one ass check, before pulling them apart, exhaling over his wet hole. “Trust me.”

Tommy gave a loud cry when Riley’s tongue lapped at his hole- warm, wet muscle, hot metal, muscle again. A perfect rhythm that had Tommy clutching desperately at the bed, writhing around, pushing back towards Riley’s mouth.
“Fuck, fuck,” he gasped, “Riley!”

Riley chuckled, the vibrations driving Tommy nearly made, before he pushed his tongue into him. Another shout, and Tommy felt his mind cracking down the center, as Riley’s tongue fucked him into a damn near state of insanity.

He was babbling, Tommy realized. But he couldn’t stop. Couldn’t stop his strings of yes, and fuck, and Riley, his pleas of more, and don’t stop.

When Riley did pull away, his chin and mouth glistened. Tommy craned his neck to look over his shoulder, watched Riley lick his lips, wipe his chin on the back of his hand.

“You taste so good,” he breathed, “I could eat you out all night.”

Tommy groaned, flopped back down onto the bed. “Some other night,” he whispered, “please, because I’d love it. But-” he inhaled, the words for a moment caught in his throat. “But, please Riley, I want you to fuck me.”

Riley groaned, flipped Tommy back over, and Tommy watched as he tugged his shirt off, over his head. Tossed it away, reached down and got his jeans open. Tommy felt transfixed, watching move beneath colorful skin- the blistering red phoenix on Riley’s chest seeming to come to life, every moth on his arms looking like they might take flight.

He wanted to trace every tattoo with his tongue, learn each exact shade of color. He must have been obvious, because Riley had paused, inclined his head. “You’re staring.”

“You’re fucking hot,” Tommy blurted, before he reached up, covered his mouth. Felt like an idiot. Riley laughed, shaking his head. He didn’t say a word, but kept the smile as he tugged his jeans and underwear down his thighs, his heavy cock bobbing free.

And Tommy turned such a dark shade of red Riley, for a moment, thought it would never disappear.

“Fuck,” Tommy breathed, felt his body so slick, so wet- it was on his thighs, he swore dripping down him now. His thighs trembled- and he, for a moment, wanted to ask Riley how that was supposed to fit in him.

Riley arched a brow, confused, and Tommy just shook his head.

“My exes don’t hold a handle to you,” he blurted- and he felt so stupid. Wished he could stop talking. Felt like he was making a fool of himself.

He could blame his nerves.

Riley laughed, reaching up and covering his face with one hand. “I swear Tommy,” he managed, “you’re the most ridiculous man I know.” He leaned down, slowly, over Tommy’s body, kissed the corner of his mouth. “And my favorite ever.”

Tommy smiled at that, hooking his arms around Riley’s neck. “So uhm… should I…” he licked his lips, spoke a little softer, “warm you up?”

Riley grinned. “Your inexperience is cute,” he offered, kissing the tip of his nose, “But trust me, I’ve been ready to go since I got you on this bed.” Tommy shivered, and Riley added, with a kiss to his lips, “I’m always ready for you, Tommy.”
Tommy wasn’t sure if he should whine, or kiss his boyfriend- or simply suffocate under the pounding of his heart. He went with the last option, as Riley squirming out of his clothing entirely, getting on his knees and spreading Tommy’s thighs.

Tommy pushed himself up on his elbows, watched Riley stroke himself- stared at the curved metal rod through his cock, could only wonder if it felt as good as the metal in his tongue.

“You sure you’re ready?” Tommy nodded, biting at his lip- so nervous but so excited at the same time that he didn’t want to dream of saying no. Riley rubbed one of his thighs, guiding his cock against his hole and slowly easing in.

Tommy gasped over the stretch, eyes going wide. Riley was slow, inch by inch easing into Tommy’s overly wet body- until he was fully inside him, both his hands moving to his thighs, his hips. He squeezed, felt Tommy trembling- heard his breath sob out of him.

“Baby,” he whispered, “Are you okay?” Tommy nodded, kept nodding, tugging at the blankets.

“Yes, yes, god yes,” he breathed, lifting his legs. He wrapped the around Riley, an Riley groaned- easing back out of his body, slowly, before easing back in. Slow thrusts that caused Tommy to shudder, to arch his back, to squirm.

He hadn’t even realized it, but he was hard again. Hard and aching, and each slid of Riley’s cock into his body stretched him so sweetly, woke up nerves Tommy had never felt before, not like this.

He began rocking his hips- and Riley took the hint. Took the hint and gave in, because he was aching, was throbbing- wanted to drive into Tommy, to pin him down. To drag every beautiful sound out of his throat.

He thrust, harder, set a rhythm that had Tommy crying out with each thrust into him, barely breathing with each thrust out. Riley clutched at his thighs tightly- so tightly those bruises Tommy had fantasized about were sure to come. He bowed his head, hair free around his face, framing it in wild dark locks, made him look feral and gorgeous in a way Tommy had never dreamed.

When Riley leaned over him, let go of one thigh and reached down to cup the back of his neck, ease him up, Tommy nearly bent in half- wrapped his arms around Riley’s neck and kissed him. He thanked every god he’d ever heard about, in that moment, that he’d inherited his flexibility- had trained his body to hone the skill for years- because the way he felt, with his mouth pressed to Riley’s, the alpha’s tongue against his own- and Riley rocking perfect thrusts into him-

It had no equal.

He swore he could feel the metal in Riley’s cock, as it dragged against his prostate. His own cock was leaking against his dark skin, but he didn’t dare let go of Riley, was too sure he’d fall off the earth, if he did.

“Tommy,” Riley groaned into his mouth, “Baby, you feel-”

“Amazing?” Tommy grinned, shivered. “I feel like I could-” he tipped his head back, groaned. “Feel like I could come.”

Riley grinned, and Tommy could hear it in his voice. “Good. That’s what I want.” Tommy moaned, gasping for breath, and Riley leaned down, nipped at his neck. “Can you come for me Tommy? Can you-”

“Yeah,” he breathed, shaking- clutching so tightly at Riley’s back his nails had to be digging into
the lion tattooed there. “Fuck, Ri, I’m right there, I’m right there, _I’m right there._”

Tommy was nearly sobbing, and Riley pushed him back, slammed him into the bed and leaned over him. He thrust harder, faster, growled as Tommy couldn’t contain himself, released pheromones so sweet that Riley wanted to devour him whole. Each thrust was hitting every nerve, pushing tight against his prostate-

And when Tommy came, it was with a scream, Riley’s name broken into a sob, his nails digging in so tightly to his back he nearly broke skin. Riley growled, groaned- and then gave a shout, unable and unwilling to hold back, his own orgasm filling Tommy, causing him to arch his back.

Tommy fell, limp and feeling like his bones had melted to water. Riley hesitated a moment, before he pulled out of him, collapsed onto the bed next to him. He draped an arm over Tommy, leaned in and nuzzled against his neck.

“You okay?” he whispered, inhaling- and Tommy smelled like sugar, like something Riley still wanted to devour.

“Better than okay.” Tommy managed still panting. “God, Riley. That was…” he licked his lips, “that was…” His words broke, and his breath hiccuped out of him. Riley pulled him into his arms, held Tommy against his chest. He stroked his hand down his back, rubbed the knots of his spine, as Tommy shook once, a silent sob escaping him. “Oh god,” Tom groaned. “I’m ruining this.”

Riley shook his head, squeezing him tighter. “You’re not. It’s okay, I’ve got you.” He leaned down, closer to Tommy. “I’ve always got you.”

“I just… I didn’t know it could feel like that.” Tommy shook his head, rested his cheek against the colors inked into Riley’s skin. “I wasn’t sure it ever would…”

“I’d do anything to make you feel good,” Riley whispered, and Tommy smiled, closed his eyes. He could hear Riley’s heartbeat, and it sounded like the most calming lullaby. He relaxed, managed to regain his breath, as Riley continued to rub his back. “You know,” Riley whispered, as he rolled onto his back, held Tommy to his chest. “You’re absolutely beautiful.”

Tommy pushed himself up, hair falling into his face. He was grinning, cheeks flushed- looked so perfect that Riley felt himself falling, all over again.

“You’re making shit up,” Tommy said, and Riley shook his head. Looked so serious.

“I’m not. You... you really are the most beautiful thing ever, Tommy. You’re like a damn doll.” Tommy laughed over that, and Riley grinned. “And your life could stop my heart.”

“You’re ridiculous.”

“You’re amazing, dollface.” Tommy’s laughter stopped and he flushed darker, staring at Riley- who only smiled. “I think it suits you.”

Tommy couldn’t fight him- not with the way his heart was suddenly fluttering wildly. Not with the fact that he felt dizzy- felt so utterly perfect, with Riley holding him. So he settled for laying back down on his chest, closing his eyes and focusing on the rhythm of his heart again.

And he clung to that rhythm, those gentle, sure beats- telling himself that this wasn’t a dream. This had really happened. This was his life- and it had never been better.
Chapter 47

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "i know hallowween is over but could you do a fic with jaytim and their kids and tommy going trick or treating bonus if the kids dressed as theire parents or justice leaue"  
An Anon asked:" could you do a halloween fic for omegs verse? like wiith jay tim and damian taking all the kids trick or treating with the twins being around 4 or 5 to set the ages all young and stuff?"

The twins and Tommy are 5, Riley is 7- and Damian is pretty damn pregnant, who thought it was a good idea to drag him along? (he’s like 7 and a half months along someone please get him a snack and probably rub his legs okay) This whole ficlet is probably just weird.

“Sweetie, can you breathe okay?” Tim asked, bending down and peering at Alec. He was in full mask- face entirely hidden, dressed as Black Bat. The boy nodded- hadn’t said a word since he put his costume on. Which wasn’t all that strange for him- but Tim still felt the need to check.

“C’mon!” Alyssa was yelling, jumping up and down impatiently, nearly spilling the candy in her bucket. She was wearing a rendition of Wonder Woman’s costume- with pants and far more armor, because Tim had no desire for his little baby to freeze. Jason had suggested it, and Alyssa- ever a sucker for making Jason smile- had jumped on the idea.

Tim had made sure to take a picture to text to Bruce, to show Diana.

“Okay, okay,” Tim said, herding his youngest together. Next to him, Damian had his arms folded-looked tired already. “You didn’t have to come,” Tim said, as his youngest ran towards the next house, where Tommy and Riley had already made their way to the door. “How are you feeling?”

“Tired,” Damian admitted, “She has been acting up today.” Tim nodded, reaching over and gently placing his hand on Damian’s belly. He could feel the baby moving, but she began to calm, as Tim rubbed gently. Damian sighed, looking relieved. “Tell Todd I am keeping you for the night,” he said, “so I can get some sleep. She never calms down.”

Tim laughed at that, leaning in and affectionately kissing Damian’s cheek. “Kick Dick out of bed. We’ll have a sleep over.” Damian smiled over that.

“Do not tempt me.”

Tim only grinned.

“Daddy!” Tim turned, quickly, caught Alyssa leading the pack, “next house!” she was yelling heading off towards the next house, Tim sighed, checking his watch quickly- Jason had agreed to catch up with them. He was finishing up some work, but swore he wouldn’t miss Halloween.

Tim believed him, really. He could just use a little support- because Damian couldn’t chase after the kids at this point.
“Tommy!” Damian yelled, followed by a rapid succession of words in Arabic Tim had no hope of understanding. The boy froze, looking back at his father- before he grinned and waved. He was dressed as Superman, and Tim really wished he had seen the look on Bruce’s face when Tommy didn’t step out as a mini Batman.

Riley, somehow, was in the back of the pack now, holding Alec’s hand. Herding them along- and Tim was so thankful for that. He stood out, as well, in all his red-

The fact that he had wanted to be Roy for Halloween had nearly melted Tim. He felt almost bad about the amount of pictures he’d texted Roy- but he couldn’t help it. All Riley had asked for the past week was *when do I get to be Roy?* Not Arsenal. *Roy.*

Tim and Damian made it to the front of the next house as the kids were already at the door, a chorus of trick or treat coming up from them. They had joined a few other kids, the parents watching from near the sidewalk. Tim was contemplating getting his phone ready to get a video of it all, when he heard the distinct sound of a motorcycle coming up the street. He turned- face splitting into a smile as Jason pulled off to the side of the road, hopping off his bike and hurrying over.

“Tell me I didn’t miss all of it,” he said, trying to straighten his jacket.

“They have a lot left in them,” Tim offered, and Damian sighed at that. Jason glanced over at him, before grinning and sliding an arm around his waist, tugging him against his body.

“You look like you need to be relieved of duty.”

“I need your husband to come help me sleep,” Damian said, honestly, and Jason laughed at that. He kissed Damian’s temple- and the omega didn’t push him off, but Jason released him anyway. Knew not to push his luck.

“I think I’m gonna need him for post-candy crash duty,” Jason said, “but maybe tomorrow night?”

The look of relief in Damian’s eyes was enough to make Tim reach out, take his hand and squeeze.

“Dada!” The chorus went up, and all three turned to the kids. Alyssa and Alec had broken out into a run, and Jason managed to scoop them both up, resting them against his sides and kissing both their c

“Look at all my heroes!” he said with a grin, as the twins wrapped their arms around his neck. “Getting lots of candy?” They nodded, and he set them down, letting them run towards the next house-

Just in time for Riley to move in, throw his arms around his father. Jason hugged him back, ruffled his hair. Couldn’t help the grin he had on his face, seeing Riley dressed up as Arsenal. Couldn’t help the joy over the fact that his kids loved Roy so much. Like he and Tim did.

“Keeping order?” Jason asked, and Riley nodded. Next to him, Tommy was waiting by his side, not wanting to go up to the house without him. Jason leaned down and gave Tommy a hug as well, before Riley was taking his hand and tugging him back towards the house.

“So how much of their candy are you stealing?” Tim asked, as the three moved towards the house. Jason grinned.

“Oh please. They’re just going to hand me pieces of it. I’m the cool parent, after all.” Tim rolled his eyes.
“Perhaps I should lock Tommy’s away,” Damian interjected, “Or Grayson may take all of it.”

Jason laughed at that, wrapping his arms around his waist. “Oh lord Dickie will. Tell him he’s too old for so much candy.” Damian frowned at that, and Tim leaned over, elbowed his mate.

“Babe, if he can knock Damian up, I think he can survive a sugar coma for one night.”

Now Damian was blushing, and Tim could only grin, felt this strange sort of frustrated affection in his chest from his brother. Jason kept laughing, trying to contain himself as he pulled his phone out, ready to get a video of the kids in their costumes and their chorus of excited treat or treats!

He damn well knew he’d be up half the night going through all the candy, checking it. Cleaning up the mess of costume pieces thrown every where. But it was alright- it was worth it, he and Tim would agree, for the look in the kids’ eyes right now. The pure, childhood joy that they wanted to preserve, as long as they could.

After all, they knew no one was a kid very long in their family.
Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Since Riley is such a hunk I'd imagine he gets hit on a lot... so... what is a jealous Tommy like??? I'd love to see that! :D ^_^"

Riley is 23, Tommy and the twins are 21. Tommy and Riley have been together a little over a year here. And everyone is being dragged to a Wayne charity event!

“I don’t see why we all need to go,” Alec said, hands stuffed in his pockets of his pants. Tim sighed, reaching out and adjusting his son’s tie.

“Because this is a Wayne event- and it doesn’t matter what name we use, we’re a part of that family. I help run the damn company, Alec. My family is expected.” Alec fidgeted, and Tim’s eyes softened. “All you have to do is nod. You can stick with me all night if you want.”

Alec nodded, and Tim reached up, brushed his cheek gently. Knew how much his baby hated going out like this.

Tim turned then, heard the sound of footsteps from the large manor stairs. His family had arrived an hour prior- and it had taken this whole time to get even prepped. He almost wished they had come earlier.

Alyssa was sauntering down the stairs, arms out. Her red dress hugged her tight enough that Tim felt the urge already to glare at anyone who would look. She was, after all, his little girl. But she seemed satisfied in it, the fact that it was sleeveless and showed off her arms, the neckline coming up high, to the very edge of her neck. It kept the focused on her arms and legs, and instead of a jacket- oh, Tim had tried- she was wearing what could only be called a vest, long enough that it nearly trailed on the floor.

And of course, no heels. Ankle boots were the compromise- Tim had had to fight her, when she wanted to wear combat boots.

“I am ready to slay!” she called, tossing her head so her hair fell back over her shoulders. “Don’t worry Alec, no one will even be looking at you. Everyone’s eyes will be on me.”

Alec snorted- but grinned. It wasn’t a lie, Alyssa was like a blackhole when it came to the spotlight- she sucked it in.

So did Riley. But at least Alyssa enjoyed it.

“On your legs,” Alec pointed out, as she hit the ground and walked over to them.

“Good, they’re a damn good asset.” She grinned, and Alec rolled his eyes.

“One of the only ones you have.” He glanced down, at her chest, and Alyssa frowned, reaching out and punching his arm.

“Leave my tits out of this.”
“Okay, enough!” Tim shook his head, reaching up and pinching the bridge of his nose. “Best behavior tonight, Alyssa. I’d love to get through with without incident.” Alyssa sighed, but said quietly, yes daddy. Tim smiled for just a moment, before it fell away, and he asked, “And where is your brother? And your father?”

The twins shrugged, and Tim sighed, turning away from them. He could faintly feel Jason— he wasn’t far—

And, as if on queue, Jason appeared, Riley walking next to him. They were laughing about something— and Tim groaned when he caught sight of the flask in Jason’s hand.

“Jason,” he said, “Could you not?”

“Relax babygirl, it’s just to take the edge off. I hate this things.” Alyssa grinned, tossing up her arm and yelling, dad, share! Jason closed in, tossed it gently, and she caught it, opening it and taking a quick swig.

Tim felt he had no hope of this not being a disaster.

“Maybe encourage the underage drinking at home,” Tim said, as Jason took the flask back and tucked it away. “And where is your tie? And Riley’s?” Jason shrugged a shoulder, and Riley reached up, raking a hand back through his hair, which he’d left down. His grey dress shirt was unbuttoned, showing off a good deal of the phoenix on his chest— and Jason’s red shirt mirrored it.

“They must’ve fallen off,” Jason said, reaching out and slipping an arm around Tim’s waist, pulling him in. “Are you really complaining?”

Tim sighed, reaching up and pressing his finger to the bare skin beneath Jason’s collar bone. “You already owe me for the hell you’re causing tonight.”

Jason smirked, leaning in and kissing Tim’s forehead. Added, quietly, “I can cause the sort of hell you’d like later.” Tim smiled— the kind that the kids recognized, and Alyssa and Riley glanced away, Alec groaning.

“Get a room,” he said, and Jason laughed.

“Pretty sure we have one,” he said, letting Tim go, and there was a chorus of groans from the kids.

*  

Tim didn’t need to remind his kids how to properly exit the limo that took them from Wayne Manor into the city. Despite the fact that he was convinced they wanted to put him in an early grave, once the building was in sight, the mood changed. They were quiet, and as the car stopped, shoulders straightened, chins lifted.

Someone opened the door, and Jason climbed out first, turning and taking Tim’s hand. Even if he didn’t need help, Tim appreciated it— liked the way Jason curled an arm around his waist, as they both smiled as flashes from the surrounding paparazzi went off.

Riley was out next, pausing to help both of the twins climb out. Alyssa looped her arm in Alec’s, giving a dazzling smile, and even Alec offered up one. Tim knew how fake it was— but the rest of the world didn’t seem to care.

Riley glanced at them, offered a bit of a smirk— but nothing more. Tim knew he hated this part possibly more than Alec even did— knew how much hell the tabloids had always been trying to
raise for his oldest. So, once they were inside, he twisted free of Jason’s arm, smiling at all three of them.

“Knock them dead,” he offered, and was given a round of smiles from all three of his kids.

* 

Riley expected that within five minutes of walking in, he’d have run into Tommy. But the building was packed- the event far bigger than he expected, and, fifteen minutes after arriving, he was still alone. Alyssa had disappeared, and he knew Alec would be clinging to their dads for the rest of the night.

Riley sighed, took a sip from his glass of champagne. It was strawberry, overly sweet, the kind he knew his father- Tim- loved. The kind that meant maybe he’d ask if he could crash in Tommy’s room for the night.

If he ever found him.

“That’s some nice artwork you’ve got.”

Riley glanced up from his champagne, got a smile from a man. He was wearing the skin of suit that just screamed that he didn’t know what to do with his money- little silver threads shining within the black. He probably had a few years on Riley- and stood eye to eye with him. Riley glanced down at his chest, before offering up his own smile.

“Thanks.”

“You have it done locally?”

Riley nodded. “There’s a guy here who is a god with a needle. Only one that gets to tattoo me.”

The guy grinned- and Riley could smell him. A wave of pheromones that echoed his own, the scent of an alpha that, once upon a time, might have had him calculating just how to get a little privacy for a few minutes with this guy.

As it was, the thought hadn’t even crossed his mind.

“You’ve got more?” Riley nodded. The guy stepped in closer. “I’d like to see them.” Riley was about to open his mouth, to tell the guy about his artists’ portfolio- all of his work on Riley was in there- and if he wanted, he could pull up the guy’s Instagram on his phone-

But none of those comments happened.

Because before Riley could speak, someone was sliding up next to him, reaching for his arm. And before Riley even turned, he smelled him- smelled Tommy’s stupidly expensive cologne and the perfect scent beneath it. He wrapped his arms around Riley’s, leaning into him and looking up at the other man.

“Am I interrupting?” he asked, flashing a charming smile. The guy furrowed his brow, and Tommy released Riley’s arm, slid it around his body and leaned against him. He reached up, gently traced a few lines on the phoenix with his index finger. “I heard you were talking about his tattoos. Trust me, they’re gorgeous.”

Tommy dragged his finger lower, until it caught against the first button of Riley’s shirt. He found the strange alpha’s eyes, held them as he added, his smirk matching that of the devil himself,
“You should see the metal he sports too.” Riley glanced at Tommy, fighting the urge to keep from nearly laughing- and he could smell Tommy, smell waves of possessive sweetness. The other alpha took half a step back, before saying, rather hastily.

“I bet they’re great. I uh. I better go.” He turned, disappearing back into the crowds, and Riley turned, staring down at Tommy. Tommy, in his expensive flamboyant suit- a rich purple that had no right looking good against his skin, his gold tie that Riley could imagine the omega using to tie up his wrists.

“You’re the devil,” Riley mused, and Tommy offered him a mock-innocent pout.

“Me?” He pressed a hand to his own chest. “Oh Riley, no. I’m not the devil.” Riley opened his mouth to protest, before Tommy leaned in, pushing up on his toes and tugging Riley in by the lapel of his jacket. He hovered, against his boyfriend’s mouth, before adding, “I’m much worse,” and claiming his first kiss of the night.

*

Tim sighed, as he plucked a fresh glass of champagne from a waiter’s tray. He wasn’t sure what number this was- but his head was a little fuzzy, and his smile was coming easier. It didn’t matter- he was good at keeping himself composed-

Until he had to leave. Until he got home and the alcohol hit him, and he just wanted to claw at Jason.

He took a sip, knew from enough past experiences that would be exactly what happened.

He was debating which dull conversation to force himself through next, when Damian slid up beside him. Tim smiled, glanced over at him. “Wondered where you were.”

“Father ran into old friends. I happened to be with him. It was dreadful.” Tim chuckled, held his champagne over to Damian, who took it- tossing the rest of the glass back.

“You owe me another one,” Tim said, and Damian smiled, reaching up and linking his arm with Tim’s.

“Where is your husband?” he asked, glancing around Tim, who laughed.

“Where’s yours?”

Damian smirked. “Being overly charming, I am sure. Father does have him trained far better at this than I am.” Tim smiled. “You as well.”

“I’ve had more practice,” Tim agreed, as he caught sight of Jason, pulling through the crowds. He was holding two glasses of champagne, and upon reaching Tim and Damian, handed one to his husband as he kissed his cheek, then offered the other to Damian. Damian took it with a thankful smile.

“I’m going to hunt one more down,” Jason offered. But before he could go, Tim cut in,

“Where’s Alec?”

“He found Alyssa,” Jason said, “No worries, I wouldn’t leave our baby with the sharks.” Tim nodded, as Jason disappeared again. And then, as Damian was sipping his champagne.
“Are you and Dick going to fuck after this?” Damian nearly choked, and Tim smirked. “Because Jason and I are. So if you feel like taking any of my kids home, it’s always appreciated.”

Damian laughed, rolling his eyes. “You are ridiculous, Drake.” Then, after a moment, “And I contemplated that it might be nice to take every piece of Grayson’s suit off.” Damian glanced over at Tim, who was sipping his champagne, watching the room around him. But oh, his smirk was devilish- and Damian could feel a pulse in his chest, from his brother. That slow, burning throb- like he could feel Tim’s enjoyment over the prospect of intimacy with Jason. “I would think you and Jason would be able to keep the noise a least low enough not to disturb anyone.”

“You don’t know me and champagne very well, do you, Dami?”

“-tt- I most definitely do.” He squeezed Tim’s arm affectionately, and Tim smiled, until Damian felt it, faintly in his chest.

* 

“What about that one?” Alyssa pointed across the room, at a woman in a gold dress. Alec frowned.

“You know not a single person in this room is going to pique my interest.”

Alyssa laughed, hugging Alec’s arm. “Not for you, bro. Please, I know better. I wouldn’t be an ass like that. I mean for me.” Alec rolled his eyes, glancing back again-

“You don’t usually go for blondes.”

Alyssa grinned. “Yeah, you’re right.” She looked around, pointed at another. “What about her?”

Alec took a moment, before shaking his head. “No, still not quite right.” He jerked his head casually towards another woman, her dark hair a mess of thick, black curls. When she laughed, she tipped her head back slightly, the subtlest hint of something strangely gorgeous in the motion. “Her,” Alec said, and Alyssa stared for a minute, before leaning over and kissing Alec’s cheek.

“Bro, you know me too well.”

* 

Tommy let Riley pushed him back against the wall, as the alpha dropped down in front of him. Giggled when Riley worked his pants open. They’d taken the elevator up as far as they could- found a floor that was mostly dark, not in use.

It was pure luck- and as far as Tommy was concerned, a sign that he was absolutely meant to get Riley on his knees before they ever made it home.

“You’re possibly the most possessive person I know,” Riley mused, as he rubbed his hand along Tommy’s cock, still trapped by his underwear. Tommy had been clinging to him, all night. Had sent stares that Riley knew Bruce would’ve been proud of at anyone who looked at Riley for more than three seconds.

Riley had barely noticed- he felt blind, now, to when people were showing an interest in him. Once, he had been so keen on even the subtlest hint of interest from someone- but ever since Tommy, he felt as if he had blinders up over his eyes. Which honestly, Riley didn’t mind at all. He didn’t care if anyone was looking at him-
The only person he was ever looking at was Tommy.

Tommy groaned, when Riley finally pulled him free of his underwear, swallowed his cock. He pushed towards Riley’s mouth, reached down and buried his hands in his thick hair. Judging by his movements, Tommy knew Riley had no plan of drawing this out - and Tommy didn’t exactly mind. Loved the thrill of sneaking off with Riley-

But also knew that, perhaps if he made his way around the crowds just a little more, they’d be allowed to leave. And oh, he knew they could get into far better trouble elsewhere.

“Fuck, babe,” Tommy breathed, twisting his fingers in Riley’s hair and tugging. “Will you fuck me later?” Riley groaned, and Tommy laughed - breathy and wicked. “I’ve been - ah,” he cut off, sighing as his hips pushed towards Riley’s mouth, “Been thinking about it. How good it’ll be to have you shoving my face into the pillows.”

Another groan, and Tommy wondered how hard Riley was. As it was, he could smell his pheromones, resting over Tommy like they wanted to soak into his skin. It made him wet, made him shiver-

He hoped Riley was so hard he ached.

Tommy tugged on his hair again, before gasping out, “Baby, I’m right-” the words cut out and Tommy gave a gasp, hips jerking forward, and then stilling, as he came over Riley’s tongue. He felt his boyfriend swallowing, and, against his own panting breaths, managed out, “Don’t spill a drop.”

Riley pulled off, licked his lips and looked up at Tommy with grey eyes that seemed to have gone black. When he stood up, he leaned over Tommy, pinned him against the wall and kissed him, all desperate, hungry drags of his teeth, pushes from his tongue.

Tommy smiled to himself. Knew if Riley was worked up, they’d find a way out of this place all the sooner.
Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "how much would I have to pay you for you to write the alec masturbating thing a fic"

*cracks fingers* So at this point, Owen has actually jerked Alec off- but this is different, because with that, I picture they were all pressed up close and Alec didn’t really feel like he was seen.

Alec bit at his lip, tightened his hold on his cock as his hand slid up it. His cheeks were tinged pink, as he kept his glance down at the bed, at the rumbled sheets in front of him.

Not at the man who was watching him.

He shivered, bit at his lip- listened to the slick sounds of his wet skin, the fact that he was leaking all over his palm. His jeans and underwear were tugged half way down his thighs, and he was on his knees, so sure that if he even tried to move to a different position, his legs would be shaking.

It was only when Owen said his name, when he said in a voice that sounded nearly awestruck, “Alec”, that he forced himself to look up. He found Owen staring at him, brown eyes wide, dark- and the look, it set a fire to the butterflies in his belly.

He’d never loved having someone look at him like this.

“Do you feel good?” Alec hesitated, let his breath shudder out of him, before twisting his fist around the head of his cock.

“Yeah,” he breathed, because, god, it was true. He felt good, like when he touched himself alone- but there was a new level, this sticky sort of excitement inside his belly, the fact that when he said it, Owen’s lips twitched up into a smile. The kind of smile that had Alec’s heart beating faster.

“Good. That’s all I want.” Owen shifted, folding one of his legs. Alec knew he was hard- not because he could see it, but just the fact that there was a fire in his brown eyes, the way when he rocked into his fist extra hard, Owen licked his lips. “What do you think about?”

Alec let his mouth fall open, confused for a moment- because he had never thought of anything, really. He’d always laid in the dark of his room and stared up at nothing, or closed his eyes- focused on the race of his own heart, the rush of sensation to every nerve in his body.

Until now. Because now, at night, there was Owen’s smile. There were his pretty brown eyes, the curve of his mouth when he was looking at Alec like he was trying to figure him out. There where his hands and how they felt when they ran along Alec’s back, how they could feel elsewhere-

And now, now, there was the fact that he knew how they felt, desperately tugging at his cock as Alec sobbed his breaths into his mouth.

“You,” he finally admitted. Alec’s other hand reached up, rubbed at his bare ribs. He’d tossed his shirt away a long time ago, could have nearly fainted at the way Owen had devoured him, with just
his eyes.

“Me?” he asked, and yeah, there was a bit of disbelief there. But Alec nodded. “Sweetheart,” Owen cooed, and the tone of his voice, it had Alec moaning- something loud and obscene that made Owen’s eyes turn damn near black. Another shiver, and Alec squeezed the head of his cock again. “You doing okay?”

Alec nodded. He appreciated it- the way Owen stopped to ask. That when Alec wasn’t, he backed off, found Alec’s current comfort zone, and stayed there.

But right now, right now- Alec wasn’t even sure what was happening, but he felt so utterly undone-

“Good. Because I think you’re doing great, baby.” Alec moaned again, tipped his head back- and he was so wet, so utterly aching to have his fingers shoved inside himself. He trembled, and Owen leaned closer, gripping at his own thighs. “That’s it. Just make yourself feel good. Do you think you can come for me?”

Alec gasped, eyes wide, was babbling, incoherent yeses over and over again, and when he lifted his head- Owen looked ready to jump him, to touch every inch of him.

*But he didn’t.*

“Alec," he forced out.

“I’m right here. What do you need me to do?” Alec shuddered again, couldn’t stop shaking, was so close-

“Just. Just talk to me.”

“Oh, *Okay.* You’re doing so good, you’re such a good boy.” Alec gasped, felt his cock pulsing, and Owen licked his lips. “You like that?” A nod. “Okay. You’re making me so proud, how good you’re making yourself feel. But I need you to do one thing, Alec.”

“Hnnng, what?”

Owen smirked, the most devious curl to his lips. “I need you to come.”

Alec had never come so fast, or so hard, in his life. He shouted, hips jerking- and it was on his sheets, on his knuckles, pearly smears that proved he was good. He slumped forward, slightly, trying to catch his breath, and Owen leaned closer.

“Can I kiss you?” Alec looked up, and nodded, slowly. Owen reached out, cupped Alec’s cheek- leaned in and pressed his mouth gently to Alec’s. *Sweetly.* Alec melted into it, as Owen’s other arm wound around him, kept him steady. “You’re amazing,” Owen whispered, against his mouth. Alec pulled back, glanced away. “I mean it.”

“I know,” Alec said, exhaling slowly. When he looked back, his chest was tight again, and he just wanted to curl up against Owen, to listen to the beat of his heart. “I know, and it’s crazy.”

Owen laughed at that. Laughed, and it was sweet. He leaned in again, kissed the bridge of Alec’s nose. “Life’s crazy,” he said, “trust me on that. Now, how about we get you cleaned up? I’d really like to kiss you some more…” Alec smiled- the real kind, the kind he didn’t give to many people.

“I like that idea.”
Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "tis the season to be jolly can you write the twins and riley building a snowman and making snow angels when their 4 or 5 yrs old?"

It is not that season yet!!!! (okay in fic world it can be tho, this is adorable!) The twins are 5, Riley is 7.

Alyssa giggled, head tilted back as she stared up at the blob of snow her brother was putting together. Riley was smacking his hand against a patch of snow he’d just shoved against what was, presumably, the snowman’s head. She reached up, poked the snowman’s torso.

“He’s not fat enough,” she said, and Riley grinned, toothy and overly happy. After all, it was past their bedtime, and daddy and dada had still let them out to play in the snow. The backyard was lit by a few lights, leaving heavy, inky shadows over expanses of the snow.

“S’okay, Alec is fixin’ that.” On Riley’s other side, Alec was shoving snow into the snowman’s torso- but only that side, so he looked lumpy.

“He needs a name,” Alyssa added, putting her gloves hands on her hips. Riley stuck his tongue out, pinching it between his teeth as he thought.

“What do you think, Alec?” He looked down at his younger brother, who shrugged a shoulder. Riley looked back at Alyssa, who shrugged as well. “Then he doesn’t get a name.”

“He’s not real then!” Alyssa nearly shrieked, “He has to have a name!”

“If he’s not real,” Riley started, grinning, “then it won’t matter if we knock him over.” Alyssa stared at him for a moment, before grinning. He grabbed her hand, tugging her back through the heavy snow, Alec moving to the side and plopping down in it, tapping his little booted feet together. “On three!” Riley said, still holding Alyssa’s hand. “One. Two. Three!”

They took off running, throwing themselves against the snowman. The snow gave and it toppled over, the kids following, sprawling out in the snow. Alyssa shrieked in laughter, rolling over on top of Riley and stretching out on her back, pinning him there.

“Lys!” he yelled. “Lys I can’t breathe!” He pushed at her, but she refused to move- and a moment later, having lifted himself up from the snow, Alec was there, tossing himself down on top of Riley as well. Riley grunted, as his brother sprawled on his belly, giggling.

“We gotcha!” Alyssa yelled, and Alec echoed her, yelling, gotcha! over and over again between his laughter.

They continued to laugh, while Riley pushed at them, until Jason was leaning over them, plucking the twins up off their brother. He tossed one over each shoulder with a grin, as they squirmed. Alec settled in happily, while Alyssa pounded her little fist against Jason’s back.

“Dada!” she yelled, “put us down!”
“Maybe once we’re inside,” he said, as Riley pushed himself up. His hat was askew, and there was snow in his hair. “If you guys can behave long enough to get in your jammies and drink the hot chocolate daddy made you.”

“Hot chocolate!” Both the twins, in unison- right in Jason’s ears, and he winced for a minute, before chuckling.

“C’mon monsters,” he said, turning and heading for the house. Riley had already run past him, was sliding open the glass door and running in, boots still on, yelling about hot chocolate. “Riley!” Jason called, “Kiddo, wait, we gotta get that snow off you!”

Too late, he was long gone into the house. Jason sighed, and decided he didn’t care, for the night. He could worry about whatever mess the kids made in the morning.

In that moment, he was looking forward to the three of them falling asleep on the couch, sprawled across he and Tim- with Tim leaning into his arm, looking at him with those happy, sleepy eyes.

Jason but the twins down, watched them take off for the kitchen and pulled the door shut, locking it and closing the curtain. In the distance, he heard Tim, sounding rather amused,

“You guys got snow all over the kitchen floor! Quick, take your boots off and I’ll clean it up, and dada never has to know.”

Smiling to himself, Jason counted, very slowly, up towards twenty. Enough time to get those boots off, and still walk in to Tim trying to hide the mess- even if he knew Tim was well aware that Jason knew that had tracked snow in everywhere. Just wanted to catch him looking up at Jason with that cute smile.

Just wanted to see his family in the perfect disarray that was their natural state.
Chapter 51

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "could you write like alec needs new pants so he takes riley and dada jay with him and their both just glaring at everyone who even looks at alec and some dude starts flirting and making alec uncomfortable and riley and jay are like who the fuck do you think you are bitch?!"

I love that this is specific to pants. It just makes me giggle.

Alec’s not even that young. Riley is 22 and Alec is 20.

“You know, if you’d brought Alyssa, this would go faster,” Riley pointed out, hands in his pockets as he stood next to his father, by the fitting rooms. “She can look at a pair of jeans and know it’ll fit him.”

“Your father stole her,” Jason pointed out, “And I wasn’t doing this alone.” Riley rolled his eyes, but was smiling anyway.

“I don’t know if I like them.” They both glanced up as Alec stepped out of the fitting room, looking down at a pair of white skinny jeans.

“Why not?” Jason asked.

“I think they’re too tight.”

“Bro, you wear leggings,” Riley said, “How are jeans too tight?”

“I feel like my ass is two seconds from splitting them.” That had Riley laughing, and Jason reaching up, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Okay, next pair then.” Alec turned, heading back into the dressing room. “I swear I remember this being easier with you Ri.”

“I didn’t want anyone’s in put,” Riley pointed out, “Except the hot cashier usually.” Jason laughed.

“I’m going to go grab that white air in a size up- he was all about them when he saw them on the rack.” Riley nodded, watched his father head back off into the store, and pulled his phone out from his pocket. He was planning on meeting Tommy after this- but figured this could be a whole day affair.

He didn’t glance up when the fitting room door opened, typing a message to his boyfriend- only glanced up when someone stopped next to him for a moment.

In front of him, Alec was twisting, looking at himself in the mirror. Another pair of skinny jeans- faded this time. If Riley was honest, they looked good on the kid-

The guy next to him grinned, and Riley glanced at him, noticed he was openly staring. Riley glared, but didn’t get to say a word as the guy let himself into another dressing room with his own
“What about these?” Alec asked, looking back at his brother.

“Probably too good,” Riley said, and Alec rolled his eyes.

“Jealous that I’ll look hotter than you?”

“No chance in that, baby brother.” Alec stuck his tongue out playfully, before disappearing back into the dressing room. He’d barely gotten the door shut before Jason was back, walking over to it and tossing the new pair of jeans up over the door. Riley heard Alec grunt as they landed on his head and shoulders.

Jason looked over at Riley, before his smile fell away. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Riley said, shoving his phone away, his message to Tommy only half finished. Jason raised his eyebrows- not believing him, but he didn’t push it.

“Better,” Alec said, walking out in the now bigger white skinny jeans. He twisted, looking at himself in the mirror, then straightened out- twisted in the other direction. When he began repeating, Jason sighed.

“You’re going to break your back if you keep checking your own ass out, kid,” he said. “I swear, where did you kids get this vain gene you all have?”

“Pretty sure you were the one that said, yesterday, and I quote- I’ve got the ass of a god babe, I’d stare too if I were you.”

Riley choked, reaching up and covering his mouth to keep from bursting out into laughter, as Jason paled slightly. “Considering I said that to your father, you shouldn’t have even heard it.”

“Don’t be so loud then.” Alec turned on his heel, heading right back into the dressing room, while Jason stared- and wondered when his little boy got all that sass.

“We’re not-” Jason started, and Riley tossed his arm over his dad’s shoulders.

“Just stop dad. You are. You always have been.” Jason blushed a little- and oh, Riley knew Alyssa would be pissed she missed this.

Jason gathered up Alec’s approved purchases once he came out of the dressing room and headed off to the register. Riley wondered away from Alec, glancing at a few things. He found a pair of jeans that he swore Alyssa had, faded denim covered in even more faded black stars, and turned to find his brother, to point it out-

Knew what a kick they got out of matching clothing.

He found him standing by a rack of sweaters- and not alone. Some guy Riley didn’t recognize was leaning on it, talking to Alec. Which was the first thing to set Riley on edge- he knew his brother didn’t care for even leaving the house, let alone talking to strangers.

The second was that, a few steps closer, and he could smell the guys pheromones reeking off him.

“Really, you should give me your number,” the guy was saying, even as Alec glared at him. “Pretty thing like you. You’re alone- no way someone would leave a piece of ass like you unattended.”
“I don’t need a damn babysitter,” Alec hissed, tensing like he was about ready to punch the guy— even if he stood taller than Alec, thicker.

“Mmm, touchy. You close to your heat? You smell so sweet. Bet I could help you through it.”

Riley had never crossed a few feet so quickly in his life.

“Back off,” he said, putting himself between Alec and the man. The guy squared his shoulders, and the spike in his pheromones made Riley want to snarl.

“He yours?” the guy asked. “Cause you shouldn’t leave a pretty twink like that all alone. Someone will snatch him up.”

Riley glared, hands tightening into fists. “Try brother,” he corrected, lifting his chin. He had a good inch of height on this guy— knew that, even without his training, he could drop hi to the floor. “And if I ever catch you talking to him again like he’s a fucking piece of meat, I’ll tear you limb from limb. Understood?”

The guy glared, and Riley let out his own wave of pheromones, possessive and challenging, and with a final look at Alec, the guy turned, storming off.

“You didn’t need to do that,” Alec said, “I could’ve handled him.”

“I know,” Riley offered, turning and dropping an arm around his brother’s shoulders. “But I can’t stand alphas like that.” Alec nodded, leaned against his brother gently— silently thankful for the interception. He was worn down enough from being out of the house already, and the guy’s pheromones had been making him nauseous.

Plus, Riley chasing him off meant Alec didn’t get the chance to do something stupid, like break his nose.

“I miss something?” Jason had walked over to his sons, was holding a bag. Alec glanced up at Riley, before turning to his father.

“Just Riley being cool,” he said, pulling away from his brother and taking the bag. “We done now?”

“Your father will probably kill me if we go home and you’ve only got two pairs of jeans, kid.”

“So hypnotize him with your ass of a god,” Alec said, walking towards the exit, “Because I’ve had enough of the public for the next year.”

Jason sighed, as next to him, Riley was laughing again— to the point that his ribs began to hurt.
Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "have you ever read lord of the flies because i just did and my favorite character didn't just die he was brutally murdered and torn to shreds. could you write some jaytim and their precious babies being happy please"

The twins are 4, and Riley is 6.

Jason felt Tim pressing up against his side, his face pressed against the side of his bare chest. He hummed, tightened his arm around him, slowly blinking his eyes. His husband smiled, slipped an arm up over his waist and hugged him.

“Morning,” Tim whispered, not opening his eyes. Jason slid his hand along his bare spine, down towards the hem of his sweatpants, stroked the small of his back.

“Hey babygirl.” Tim smiled more, gave a little pleased sound, and Jason lifted his head, kissed Tim’s hair. Tim continued to snuggle into him, mouthed lazily at his skin. “Mmmm, you know, a good morning kiss might be nice.”

Tim laughed, pushed himself up and leaned over Jason, kissing him gently. Jason sank a hand into his hair, stroked the messy locks back as he kissed Tim back, deepened it, felt Tim moan quietly.

“I think you’re asking for more than a kiss,” Tim teased, pulling back. He was so gorgeous in the morning, with those hazy eyes and his hair a mess. Jason loved him, wordlessly, endlessly, in these moments.

And in Tim’s chest, he could feel Jason’s affection.

Jason opened his mouth to speak, but never got the words out. Their bedroom door opened, and within seconds there was the chorus of feet, the feeling of the blankets being tugged as two little bodies- with a boost from their big brother- climbed onto the bed.

The twins crawled right up Jason, flopping on his chest with a loud “dada!” Tim laughed, flopped down to the bed on his back, and a minute later Riley was on the bed, right between Tim and Jason, curling up into Tim’s chest. Tim wrapped his arms around his oldest, kissed his head and squeezed him.

“And good morning everyone,” Jason said with a laugh, getting both arms around the squirming twins. They giggled, the same sound in unison, and Jason kissed both their foreheads. “You little monsters sleep well?”

“Uh-huh! Both Alec and Alyssa, at the same time, followed by Riley,

“Yes!”

“Well good. No nightmares?” Everyone shook their heads. “No monsters in the closests coming out?”
“No scared of monsters!” Alyssa said proudly. Jason grinned.

“You’re not princess? Alyssa shook her head. “Well good. So you can protect me when they come out then?”

“Dada!” she yelled. “I have to protect Alec! Daddy has to protect you!”

“Oh, of course,” Jason said, turning and smiling at Tim, who blushed from the look of pure joy in Jason’s eyes. “How could I forget? Daddy always protects me.”

Tim didn’t miss the tug, in his chest. Or the fact that Jason meant his words, meant them at a level he hoped their babies would never understand-

Meant that Tim had saved him from himself. That he’d given him a life he could never have dreamed of- and that, for the rest of his life, he’d always be in awe of the man that wake up each day and chose to love him.

“So who’s hungry?” Jason asked, and got a very excited me! in unison from all three kids. He sat up, climbed out of the bed- arms still around the twins- before he playfully tossed them back onto the bed. They both giggled, before squirming, crawling over Riley to try and sprawl on top of Tim now. “You cuties sit tight,” Jason started, heading for his dresser and pulling a tshirt out. He tugged it on, before heading to the door and calling back, “I’ll have enough waffles to feed an army done in no time!”

The kids squealed happily, before Tim took advantage of it and attempted to get his arms around all of them, peppering little kisses on cheeks, bridges of noses, until they were all giggling, happily clinging to him.
Dick’s arms tightened around Damian, and in his just waking state, Damian nuzzled closer to his husband. Dick sighed, pressed his mouth to the top of Damian’s head, neither truly awake yet, as their legs tangled together.

That is, until their bedroom door opened, and a little body was jumping, grabbing at their bed and climbing up. Tommy crawled over his dads’ legs, squirming right between them happily. As he shifted, getting comfortable, Damian leaned back, opening his eyes and smiling at his son.

“Good morning, habibi,” he whispered, sliding his arm back over Dick’s waist, so Tommy was trapped between them. Behind their son, Dick was blinking his eyes slowly, waking up.

“Morning baba!” Tommy said, excitedly, before he giggled when Dick leaned down, kissed the top of his head. “Hi daddy!”

“Hey kiddo.” Dick glanced at Damian, who gave him that sweet smile that told him he would not be going back to sleep, as much as Dick would love to. “You’re up early.”

“It’s late!” Tommy said, “It’s eight!”

“Oh, so late,” Dick teased, before he slid his arm around just Tommy. He rolled onto his back, dragging his son with him so Tommy was flopped on his back, on his father’s chest. He squirmed, laughing, and Dick locked both arms around him. “You’re stuck in jail,” Dick said, “for waking daddy up.”

“No!” Tommy flailed, but Dick held firm, before reaching down and getting his fingers on Tommy’s sides, tickling him. The boy shrieked, laughing so hard Damian was sure they had woken up the rest of the Manor.

He sat up slowly, leaning back into the pillows, rubbing his belly through his tshirt. When Dick finally stopped torturing their son, Tommy was left breathless and grinning, flopping off of Dick onto his belly, on the bed. He looked up, smiled at Damian, before scrambling up, sitting down right next to him and reaching out, placing a hand on his belly.

“Hi baby,” he said, and Damian covered Tommy’s hand with his own.

“Is she saying hello?” Tommy nodded, as behind him, Dick rolled onto his side, propped his cheek on one hand and watched the two affectionately.

“When will she be here?” Tommy asked, and Damian laughed.
“Not for a little while yet.” Tommy nodded, leaned forward and kissed Damian’s belly.

“Be good to baba, baby.” Damian felt his chest clenching up over his love for the boy, and next to him, Dick’s smile softened - could feel Damian’s affection through their bond.

“You know,” Dick said, forcing himself out of bed. “I think it’s breakfast time. And I think I might need a helper.” He scooped Tommy up, tossed the boy over his shoulder. “You up for it Tommy?”

“Can we have chocolate chip pancakes?” Tommy asked, eyes big. Dick chuckled.

“Sure thing kid. Whatever the little prince wants.” He glanced back at Damian, and then, “And what does *my* prince want?”

“Tea,” Damian said, “before the sickness hits me.”

“You’ve got it, babybat.” Still clutching Tommy over his shoulder - who was utterly relaxed, grinning as his father carried him - Dick headed for the door to their bedroom, to start another day in paradise.
Chapter 54

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "if you could alec is beast at hide and seek because he never leaves the house could you write a hide and seek prompt when their around 13 and 15 years old?"

The rules had always been simple. Anywhere in the main house was fair game- outside the house, off limits. The garage and the basement were a no-go.

But anywhere else, why, it was fair.

Riley tapped his foot, sitting cross legged on his bed, his eyes closed. He’d been counting up, slowly- and by the time he hit sixty, his eyes were opening. He hopped of his bed, crossed the room, opened the door-

And then stood in the hallway for a moment, just thinking. Listening.

He walked towards towards the end of the hallway, away from the stairs. Paused at his parents’ door and simply listened. It didn’t look like someone had touched the door- and when he pressed his ear to it, he didn’t hear a thing.

He turned, made his way back down the hallway. Knew his room was clear- and there was no way one of the twins had slipped in there already. He paused at Alyssa’s door- and then Alec’s. Satisfied that they were empty, he left the doors untouched- that was always his strategy. Touch as little as possible. Easier to know if someone had moved later and disturbed something.

His last stop was the bathroom- and a moment after pressing to it he threw the door open, crossing the room and forcing the shower door open.

Nothing. He’d thought he’d heard breathing. Something. He shrugged, made his way out- left the door open, but at a certain angle. Remembered it.

Always remember those little details.

Riley headed down the stairs, trying to be quiet. It wasn’t the easiest thing- he’d shot up a few inches recently, and he felt almost awkward- even if he’d always been tall. The fact that he wasn’t much shorter than Jason now was pretty damn amusing.

He hit the ground and paused, listening. Waited, waited-

And then he heard it. In the kitchen. He took off running, his socked feet sliding across the floor as he grabbed the counter, forcing himself to stop before he crashed right into it. He turned, ran out the other doorway, into the living room-

And hurdled over the couch, narrowly missing the coffee table and pinning Alyssa down on the floor. She gave a loud cry, trying to roll off her belly, but Riley had enough bulk on her that he kept her firmly down.
“Gotcha,” he said with a grin, and she huffed, going limp on the floor. “Shouldn’t have gotten jumpy.”

“I wasn’t,” she said, “You were heading for the kitchen, I had to go.”

“You never actually hide. You always just drift.” Riley pushed off her, helped her stand up and tussled her now messy hair. “Get a new tactic sis.” Alyssa rolled her eyes. “And help me find Alec.”

That had her grinning. “You know, it’s supposed to be just you looking for him. Tht’d be cheating.” Riley stared at her, and after a minute, Alyssa laughed. “I know, I know. We’ll never find him if we don’t do this shit together.”

They split up, covered the entire first floor of the house. Riley even made a point to check the rooms Alyssa had- but nothing. Nothing.

Never anything, when it came to Alec.

They took to the upstairs again. Threw open every door, every closet- nothing.

Riley huffed sliding down the wall in the hallway and settling on the floor. Alyssa followed suit. “He’s not anywhere.”

“How the fuck does he do this every time,” Riley growled. And then, loudly, “Alec, I give up!”

And barely a breath later, he poked his head out of Riley’s room, smiling at them. “As always.”

“Oh what the fuck,” Riley muttered, “I tore my room apart.”

“I was in Alyssa’s when you did that.”

“I tore my own room apart,” Alyssa pointed out.

“Bathroom then.” Alyssa and Riley looked at each other. “And behind the curtains when you caught Alyssa. Honestly, sloppy work guys. I was right there. Tried to make it easy on you.”

“I couldn’t even hear you breathing. Couldn’t smell you.” Riley stood back up, looking his little brother over. “It’s like you’re a statue.” Alec only grinned more, before Riley rushed over, grabbing him and hoisting him up, over his shoulder. Alec gasped, smacked Riley’s back. “C’mon you, it’s revenge time.”

“You wouldn’t-”

“I’m tickling you so hard that daddy hears over at the office.” He grinned, and Alec squirmed, beating on Riley.

“Dammit put me down. Lys! Help!” Alyssa grinned, before she marched right behind Riley, heading into his room.

“Sorry Alec. But I want in on this.” Alec growled at her, before Riley tossed him down onto his bed and had his hands under his shirt, on his sides. Alec howled, ached, tried to get his knee into Riley’s abs and missed horribly. Alyssa grinned and hopped onto the bed, getting Alec’s calves through his jeans- and of course she would go for the spot barely anyone knew about.

Alec laughed, breathy, and shoved at Riley’s shoulders, muttering “I hate you both” and receiving grins from both his siblings.
“Oh, we know,” they said in unison. Knew because this had been the ending of far more than one match of hide and seek, over their many years in the house.
Chapter 55

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Hi! Sorry just being curious ... did you get my message about Alec and Owen first kiss :3 tumblr has been eating my messages! Thanks love your writing and that super post for the Omegaverse is just perfect"

An Anon said: "How was the first time Alec and Owen kissed? I think for Alec it may be a big thing, never being kissed before and even WANTING to kiss a person! 'Like where did this feeling came from!'

So there’s actually a lot more here than their first kiss. There’s that, and Alec dealing with trying to figure out his sexuality, and Alyssa and Alec bonding, and Owen and Alec figuring things out, and really getting to see that yeah, maybe Alec doesn’t talk much- but when he does talk, he doesn’t stop.
I really hope I portrayed this in a way that feels authentic.

“I’m just saying, it’s impractical.” Alec folded his arms, leaning back against the arm of the couch. He had his legs tossed up over Owen’s lap, who was watching the movie on the television.

“I know it is,” Owen said, “But you just have to look past it.” Alec rolled his eyes- but he didn’t ask Owen to turn the movie off. And any time he didn’t ask that, it meant he was enjoying it, somewhat.

And if Alec was honest, he was a little. He rather liked evenings like this- picking apart old SciFi movies, settled on the couch with Owen near.

Alec leaned back a little, sliding his legs further onto Owen’s lap. Tentatively, the blond reached down, rubbed his calf, and Alec hummed, liked the contact. That itself was a bit alarming- or had been, the first time Alec leaned against Owen while on the couch, and Owen had his arm up around his shoulders. Or when Alec had agreed to leave the house long enough to get coffee, and Owen had held his hand, from the car into the cafe, and then back out.

Little things. Little things he hated the idea of, with anyone outside the family. Didn’t care for being touched if it wasn’t his parents or siblings, or the rest of the mess he called a family. But this- Owen- he felt different. He was relaxing.

“You two enjoying yourselves?” Alec glanced up, watched as Tim walked into the living room. His father leaned his arms on the back of the couch, glancing at the television. “The usual tonight?”

Maybe Alec should have thought it strange, that somehow nights on the couch with Owen had become the usual. But all he could do was nod.

“Alright. Well, I’m running out to get some food. Your father and Alyssa are gone for the night.” Alec knew that meant on business- business that Owen didn’t need to know about. “If I pick up Thai, will you two eat it?”
“Yeah,” Alec said, and Owen nodded.

“You don’t need to do that,” Owen offered, and Tim reached over, ruffled his blond hair.

“Trust me, you do not want me to cook. Or Alec. And I’m not about to pull either of you away from… this.” Tim smiled, and there was something funny about it, if Alec was honest. A look in his father’s eyes that he’d have to ask him about, later.

“I’ll be back shortly. Don’t get into too much trouble.” Alec rolled his eyes, but did smile in goodbye. He turned back to the television, as Tim’s footsteps echoed through the large house- and then the opening and closing of the door.

“It’s still weird to think that your dad is…well… my boss,” Owen said, reaching up to brush his hair out of his eyes. “I feel like I need to say yes sir every time he talks to me.”

Alec laughed- once. “Please don’t. You’ll get another lecture on how he’s Tim or even Timmy.” Owen grinned, before Alec pushed off the arm of the couch. He swung his legs over the side of the couch, flopped over so he rested against Owen’s side, the man’s arm instinctively going around him. Owen gave him a gentle squeeze, before reaching up, gently playing with Alec’s short hair.

“...Is this okay?” he asked, and Alec nodded.

“Uh-huh.” He was sucked back into the movie, watching as two of the stars- stuck in space, mind you- embraced, before melting into a kiss. Alec rolled his eyes, because it was ridiculous- there were things to be done, and they were wasting time-

And, for the briefest of moments, he glanced over at Owen to see if he was equally frustrated- and stopped, right at his lips. Just looked at them.

They were sort of pretty. Owen was sort of pretty- and it made Alec feel weird. Made him want to fidget, made him want to grab Owen’s hands, feel his finger tips.

Made him feel like he did, in the pit of his belly, when his heats started. When he explored himself at night. Made him feel like there was some sort of pull there.

“You okay?” Owen was looking at him now. Alec blushed gently, nodded.

“Yeah. Just… thinking.”

“About?”

Alec wasn’t entirely sure about what. Just that Owen was pretty, and he had this strange way of smiling when he talked about the things he liked- that he listened when Alec spoke- that he could hold a conversation.

Alec shifted, got up on his knees, and without a word, put his hands on Owen’s shoulders. The alpha looked at him, furrowed his brow. “Alec?”

Alec didn’t know what he was doing. He didn’t know where it had come from- but he knew that he wanted it.

That itself was scary.

Alec leaned in, tilted his head, and very softly, let his mouth press against Owen’s. It was barley a kiss, no movement, and it was more as if Alec hovered there- but when he pulled back, Owen was
staring at him all the same.

“Did...did you just kiss me?” Alec frowned, the color remaining in his cheeks.

“Yes.”

“I didn’t think you’d...want to do that.” Alec shrugged a shoulder.

“I never have before.”

This time, Owen’s eyes went wide. “Wait...never kissed someone, or never wanted to?”

“Both.”

“So... so that was your first kiss?” Alec nodded, and Owen chewed at his lower lip for a moment. The movement caught Alec’s attention- and he could barely tear it back. “Can I...” Owen paused, swallowed. “Can I kiss you, Alec?”

“You want to?” Owen nodded, and Alec paused, let the idea wash over him- and then, with a nod, “Yeah.”

Owen reached up then, one hand brushing along Alec’s cheek, fingers curling into his hair, behind his head. He guided Alec in, and Owen gently tipped his head, before he pressed his mouth to Alec’s. Harder than Alec’s kiss, and Owen was moving his mouth, lips sliding along Alec’s in a way that was pleasant, that had Alec trying to push closer, reaching out and wrapping his arms around Owen’s neck. Alec let him kiss him, until his lungs were aching, until his lips felt like they were simply buzzing- and when Owen pulled back, Alec gave a tiny gasp.

“Was that okay?” Owen asked, and Alec just nodded- just stared at him, because he felt strange, felt alive and buzzing and he just wanted to kiss Owen again.

And before he could think on it, before he could let himself question it, Alec leaned in, pressed his mouth right back to Owen’s. Owen made a little sound, his other arm going around Alec, clutching him tightly, kissed him like he might want to devour Alec-

And Alec, he liked it. Liked it in a way he had never thought he might. He shivered, pushed back, began to get the hang of keeping a rhythm, of following Owen’s lead. When they pulled back this time, both breathless, Owen was just looking at him at smiling.

And Alec, he smiled back. Smiled back because Owen’s was infectious, and there was something about him that Alec simply couldn’t get enough of.

*

“Who are you texting?” Alyssa asked, leaning over the couch where her brother was laying. He had his hood pulled up, looked as if he was trying to let his hoodie swallow him whole.

“Owen.”

Alyssa whistled. “Is the hot blond coming over tonight?” Alec furrowed his brow, glanced at her. “What? I mean, he’s here like every other night at this point.” She leaned closer, reached out with one hand and managed to poke the tip of Alec’s nose. “You know, it’s sorta cute, you having a boyfriend.”

“I...what?” Alec sat up then, staring at his sister. “He’s not my boyfriend.”
She laughed. A sharp bark that broke the silence of the room. “Alec, honey. Listen to me. He’s here just about every other day. He shows up with coffee—exactly how you like it. You talk to him nonstop. I’ve seen his arm around you—and I know you. You don’t like anyone save Riley and I hanging off you.” She reached out, forced Alec’s hood off so she could ruffle his hair. “He’s sort of your boyfriend, Alec.”

Alec hesitated, before he let his phone drop into his lap. “I kissed him, Lys.”

Whatever smugness had been on Alyssa’s face fell away, and she simply stared. “You… you what?”

“I kissed him. He kissed me. I kissed him… again.” He shook his head. “I don’t get it. I’ve never wanted to do that… to anyone. And when he kissed me, it felt like… I felt like there was static under my skin. Like… Like I do…” he trailed off for a moment, before he took a deep breath. “Like I do when my heats are just starting. Like I needed something.”

Alyssa swallowed, took a moment to compose herself. “Alec… do you think you might be attracted to him?” Alec groaned then, slumping forward, pressing his face into his hands.

“I don’t know.” Alyssa reached out, squeezed his shoulder. “Lys, I don’t know.”

“It’s okay not to know. Alec…” she took her hand back, moved around the couch and sat down on it. She pulled him into a hug, rubbed his back as Alec nuzzled under her chin. “It’s okay.”

“I thought I… didn’t get like this,” he admitted, “Was I wrong?”

“No, maybe not,” Alyssa offered. “We’ll figure it out.”

Alec nodded, before pulling back. “Listen… will you help me?” Alyssa furrowed her brow, looking confused. “I have an idea.”

Alyssa smiled. “Say no more bro. You know I’m always up for getting into trouble with your ideas.”

*

“Okay, maybe I misjudged trouble,” Alyssa said, twenty minutes later as she clutched her coffee, settled on a bench in Gotham central park. “Pretty sure people watching is one of the least likely ways to get into trouble.”

Alec rolled his eyes, sipped at his coffee. “I just… I need to know if I feel it for other people.”

“Yeah, okay.” Alyssa nodded. She watched a few people pass before, before pointing to a guy. “Him Alec, with the glasses. Look at him.” Alec watched as he walked by. He was about their age, probably wasn’t unattractive— but when Alec thought it, he felt detached, didn’t feel anything at all, not like when Owen had kissed him.

He shook his head.

“Okay, try her.” Alyssa pointed to a girl, and Owen shook his head even quicker.

“No. I think… I think stick to guys.” Alyssa only nodded, continued to point them out. Over and over again. And each time, Alec could see where maybe the appeal was— it felt so separate from him, like it had no affect, no bearing on him. On and on, until their coffee was gone, and the tip of Alyssa’s nose was going pink from the afternoon chill.
“We’re striking out, Alec,” Alyssa offered. Alec sighed, nodding. She reached over, slipped her arm over his shoulders. “Listen, we’ll figure it out. Don’t stress yourself over it. Just… go with the flow.” She squeezed. “And don’t make yourself uncomfortable, okay?”

Alec only nodded, wringing his hands together.

He’d thought about it, though, the rest of the evening. Had kept it to himself, sure- but it was there. Nagging, at the back of his mind.

With a sigh, Alec settled back into his pillows, laptop on his lap. He head his headphones on as he typed into his web browser- and thought perhaps he was going crazy. But he felt desperate.

Just desperate to know.

The porn site was gaudy, and the home page alone had Alec frowning, only looking out of the corner of his eye. He wasn’t repulsed by sex, he knew that much- but this was a bit overwhelming, too in his face. He clicked on the categories- and god, where did he even start?

He tapped his fingers on his laptop, before settling on a category simply titled blowjobs. Tame enough, he figured. Anything weird and he knew he would be too off-put by it to focus.

Alec scrolled through a page, then two- before finally just clicking on a video at random. It started, and he inclined his head, trying to decide if he felt anything, watching as a guy on his knees licked very enthusiastically at the other guy’s cock. But a minute of it, and he felt bored, if anything.

He closed it, tried another. But the same thing- maybe one of the guys might be attractive, but it didn’t feel like it had and hold on him. It just felt detached from all of it. And watching two people he didn’t even know getting intimate did absolutely nothing to excite him.

Frustrated, he shut his laptop and tossed it away. He flopped back into his pillows, scrubbed his hands up over his face. It didn’t make sense, the way he’d felt when Owen’s mouth had been on his. That his hand on his back, Alec had almost wanted it to go lower, to grab at his ass, that if he thought about it, Owen’s hands anywhere didn’t sound like a bad thing-

Alec gasped, eyes going wide when he felt his cock twitch over the idea. He reached down, palmed himself through his sweat pants- had no idea what the hell was going on at all- and it was terrifying.

He groaned, rolled over onto his belly, willed himself to stay completely still, to not think about it. He breathed, slowly, until he felt calmer, until he wasn’t think about Owen and his smile and his hands. He ran over the new network plan he was working on for the company in his head, until he felt utterly detached from everything- but mostly, until he was sure that the hard on he’d nearly gotten was in fact gone.

And then he was up and out of his room, running downstairs. He found Alyssa on the couch, reading on her phone and ignoring the television, and he jumped onto the couch, nearly sitting on her feet.

“Sis,” he started, “Alyssa, look- I have to figure this out.” She held her hand up, silencing him, and Alec frowned. “It’s important Alyssa. I’m freaking out. This has never happened, I’ve been Ace as long as I can remember. Hell, Alyssa, I just watched porn. But it didn’t do anything, it was boring- but I thought about Owen and-”

“Okay,” she said, suddenly turning her phone and shoving it at him. “I need you to read this.” He frowned, but took her phone, looking at the screen.
“...Demisexual?” Alyssa nodded.

“Just read it over.” Alec scanned the screen, reading quickly. When he stopped moving his thumb over the screen to scroll, Alyssa asked, “When you think about Owen, what are you actually thinking about? Specifically?”

“Uh.” Alec swallowed. “I think about his smile. And how he looks at me. And that... I feel at peace with him? That he can hold a conversation,” Alec smiled then, tugging at the sleeves of his hoodie, “and sometimes when he looks at me, he gets this weird glint in his eye and he doesn’t look away. And when I kissed him, I felt like I was feeling it, whatever that was.”

Alyssa smiled then, plucking her phone back from her brother. “Alec, honey... you have feelings for him. And if the internet is right- and hey, you know, maybe it is- that’s what's helping here. You feel sexually attracted to him because you have a connection. Because maybe you’re crushing a little bit.” Alec just stared at her, and Alyssa kept her smile. “And you know, it’s part of the Ace spectrum, so don’t feel like your life just fell apart.”

“...How long were you reading about this?” he asked, and Alyssa shrugged a shoulder.

“Uh, an hour? Maybe more? Since whenever you disappeared after dinner.” Alec stared at her, before he threw himself on her, arms going around her. Alyssa fell back onto he back on the couch, gasping, before she laughed, tossed her arms around her brother.

“Thank you,” he whispered, resting his head on her shoulder. “Sometimes you’re the best sister.”

“I’m your only sister,” she reminded him, “so I better be the best.” She rubbed his back with one hand. “Feel better?” He nodded. “Good. Now... did you say you were watching porn?”

Alec laughed- laughed and honestly didn’t even care about how ridiculous it was- because honestly, he felt far less strange than he had when he first woke up that morning.

*

“Maybe we can watch a good movie tonight,” Owen offered, following Alec from the door into the house. “I mean, good by your standards. I’d like to see what you find interesting.”

Alec smiled to himself, didn’t glance back- and by passed the living room entirely. He reached back, took Owen’s hand, leading him upstairs.

“Where are we going?”

“My room.”

“Oh. Gonna show me something?” Owen was smiling. “I know you’re reworking half the damn network for Wayne Enterprises. Better security. Of course only you could do that.” Alec squeezed his wrist, gently, pushed his bedroom door open and tugged Owen inside. He closed it, and Owen stood there, for a minute, before Alec walked over to him, grabbed Owen by the front of his sweater and tugged him in. He kissed him, hasty and uncoordinated, but Owen didn’t seem to even care, pushing against Alec’s mouth and reaching out, gently gripping at his bicep.

Alec kept it short, before he pulled back, looking at Owen. “I like kissing you.” Owen stared.

“Uh... okay.”

“I’ve never wanted to kiss anyone before you.” Owen licked his lips, looked like he wasn’t sure
what to say- if he should even say anything. Alec shifted a little, feeling strange, feeling nervous. And then, bluntly, “Are we boyfriends?”

“Are we...uhm,” Owen pulled back, rubbed the back of his neck.

“Alyssa thinks we are. You’re here all the time, and I actually like talking to you, and you know how I like my coffee- and now I like kissing you…” He trailed off, before Owen looked back up at him.

“...Do you want to be my boyfriend?” he asked, plain and simple. Alec hesitated, before slowly nodding.

“I like you. I... I think I’m attracted to you... in ways I never thought I would be.” He frowned. “That sounds weird, Alyssa looked this thing up, and it’s demisexual, and it means that if I have a connection with you, then I might end up sexually attracted to you, and that’s... I think that’s happening…”

Owen smiled at him, and Alec blushed.

“I said too much, didn’t I?”

“No.” Owen shook his head, reached up and cupped Alec’s face gently in his hands. “No, you said just the right amount. And if you’re okay with it... I’d like to kiss you. Really kiss you.” Alec nodded, and Owen leaned in, pressed his mouth against Alec’s. He moved slowly, until he felt Alec gripping at his sweater, at his waist, and when he moved his hands back, into his hair. Tugged gently, deepened the kiss- and when Alec made a tiny sound, when he felt his belly going tight, Owen ran his tongue gently along his lower lip.

Alec felt his legs shaking. He pressed closer, until he was flush to Owen, tilted his head and opened his mouth when the alpha’s tongue was back- and then it was inside his mouth, against his own. Making him shake harder. When Owen tried to pull back he whined, chased his mouth, brought the kiss back to life, until both were breathless again.

“That was,” Alec started, licked his lips, “nice.” Owen laughed at that, leaned in and kissed Alec’s cheek.

“Glad you think so. Because any time you want me to kiss you, god, just say the word.” Alec nodded, let his arms slid around Owen’s waist.

“I... I don’t know what’s going to be okay,” Alec offered, “And what I’m going to be comfortable with.”

“That’s okay. Listen, we’ll just... take it slow. However you want.” Owen smiled- and it was that dazzling kind, the kind that had Alec’s heart seizing up in his chest. “You take the lead, and I’ll follow. And we can speed up or slow down however you want. I don’t really care- I like you, Alec. I just didn’t think you’d be interested in... anything.”

Alec shrugged a shoulder, before he leaned down, rested his head on Owen’s shoulder. The alpha hugged him tightly, and Alec inhaled, feeling warm, safe.

“When it comes to you,” Alec whispered, “I think I am. And I know that you’re not like everyone else. I... I really do like you, Owen.” Owen smiled, rubbed his hand down Alec’s back- and if, for the briefest of moments, Alec’s computer screen seemed to flicker, the omega never noticed. Never noticed the skip in Owen’s heart, when he saw it.
That was too much to lay on him, then. Owen was just happy that Alec was interested at all- to have him in his life. He’d never met anyone like him-

And if Alec was honest, he’d never met a single soul like Owen in all his life.
Chapter 56

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Omegaverse gives me life! What if after Tommy is born a heavily pregnant Tim makes such a fuss about not being there that he won't stop crying until Jason shows up and pleads for Dami to visit with the tiny baby. Ease the sadness in my mate, please!"

“Listen, Dick… I know things have gotta be… complicated. With everything, with the baby, with you and Damian but…” Jason sighed, leaning his head back against the back of the couch. “If you guys could come by, when Damian is ready- it’d mean a lot. Tim is beside himself that he couldn’t be at the hospital. He wants Damian. He wants to meet the baby.”

“Yeah,” Dick said, and Jason was trying to read his voice, but it was hard. He was tired- hadn’t been sleeping well. Too worried about Tim. “I’ll talk to Damian. He asked me about Tim.”

Jason smiled slightly. “It’s nice to see them, you know… not wanting to kill each other. I think this is good for them.” Dick didn’t say anything to that, just,

“I’ll call you, okay?”

“Yeah, alright wonder boy. Take care.” Jason tossed his phone to the couch, reached up and raked his hands over his face, back into his hair. He could almost pass out like that, as he was-

But he felt a set of little hands holding onto his leg, and the couch giving as Riley climbed up. He settled right in Jason’s lap, looking up at him, and when Jason lifted his head, he offered his son a very tired smile.

“What are you doing out of bed?” he asked.

“Couldn’t sleep,” he said, and Jason wrapped an arm around him, tugged Riley to his chest.

“Yeah buddy. I understand.” Riley settled in, resting his cheek against Jason’s chest. “You wanna stay here with dada? We just don’t tell daddy we’re sleeping on the couch.” Riley yawned, nodded, and Jason hummed, closed his eyes.

He was asleep before he even realized Riley’s breathing had evened out.

*

“And there’s the new dads!” Jason said, pulling the door to the penthouse open. Dick smiled at him- tentative, and Jason knew there was so much behind it, so much he was sure going on with Damian. Jason didn’t know where the two stood- and knew that Dick hadn’t been there, for the birth. He tried not to think about it as he stepped aside and they walked in. Damian looked good- maybe a little tired, around his eyes, but he was smiling as he held the little bundle to his chest. Smiled more every time he looked down. “Alright, let me meet this little cutie.”

Damian smiled at that, stepping closer to Jason and angling his arms so he could see the sleeping baby. And the moment he did, Jason felt his heart melting. He looked so peaceful, happy in his
father’s arms.

“I can absolutely see you in him, Dick,” he said, “but that skin is all Damian. He’s going to be pretty- you two are gonna have your hands full.”

Damian actually smiled over that, and then, “Do you want to hold him?”

Jason smiled, glancing at Damian. “If I hold him first, Tim will be pissed.” Damian laughed at that- and god, Jason thought it was a great sound. He carefully slid his arms under the baby, lifting him from Damian’s arms and cradling him, against his chest. Held him like he’d held Riley, when he was this small.

His chest felt like it was caving in, as his eyes softened. “Hey there,” he whispered, “Welcome to the world kiddo.” He rocked him gently, as Tommy gave a little sigh- and then Jason was leaning over, kissing Damian’s temple. “I’m proud of you, kid. You did good.” Damian smiled, leaning against Jason and reaching up, gently stroking his finger tips over Tommy’s head.

Jason passed the baby back, a minute later, led the two through the penthouse. “Riley is napping,” he said, “but Tim was awake when I last checked in. Reading.”

“Is he sleeping a lot?” Dick. Sounding worried. Jason nodded.

“The doctor prescribed a low dose sedative for him, at night. But it leaves him groggy and he hates it.” Jason sighed. “We’re just trying to keep those babies in there a little longer.” Jason knew Dick would’ve laughed over it, if not for the serious look on Jason’s face. Hell, Jason might have joined him.

But as it was, he was just too damn worried.

He opened their bedroom door, found Tim sitting up, reading on his tablet. He looked up the moment the door opened.

“Hi babygirl,” Jason said, “I’ve got someone here to see you. Or a few someones.” He stepped in, watched as Tim set the tablet aside, straightening up-

And the life return to his eyes, when Dick and Damian walked in. “Damian!” he said, excitedly, and the youngest smiled- warm, and Tim could feel something, in his chest. Jason knew, because he felt Tim reacting.

“We thought you might want to meet someone,” Dick offered. Damian walked over to the bed, sitting down carefully, and Tim reached out, brushed his fingers along his cheek.

“How are you?” he asked- and oh, Jason knew there was a lot there. That the question was best answered between just the two of them.

Damian answered with a smile. “I’m alright now,” he said, “Tommy makes sure of that.” He looked down, and Tim glanced down at the bundle in his arms. Neither needed to say a word- Damian simply passed the baby to Tim, who cradled him gently, rocking him and watching as the baby yawned, squirmed slightly.

“He’s beautiful,” Tim whispered, and Damian’s smile was so true that Jason wondered if the kid had ever been this happy.

“I know,” he said, and Tim laughed. It felt good to hear Tim laugh- Jason knew the bedrest was hard on him, had him depressed.
The sound had the baby squirming, and his eyes blinked open. He stared up at Tim with dark blue eyes like ink, and Tim smiled down at him.

“Hello angle,” Tim offered, “It’s good to meet you.” He leaned down, kissed the baby’s forehead, and Tommy squirmed again, little feet trying to kick beneath the bundle. But he smiled, and Tim’s heart was melting. “You might not getting him back, Damian,” Tim warned, and the youngest laughed.

“You have your own and two more coming,” he reasoned, “do not be greedy.” Tim smiled at that, glancing at Damian- and Jason felt it, felt what Tim wanted. It amazed him, how much better he got at that, every day.

“How about we take this bundle,” Jason said, “and give you two a minute?” Tim glanced up, nodding- and passed Tommy to Dick, who held him up, leaning over and pressing the tip of his nose to the baby’s. He got the smallest sound, followed by a yawn, and followed Jason out of the room.

The moment the door was locked, Tim’s smile fell away. “Now tell me, how are you really?”

Damian frowned. “It does not matter. We shouldn’t stress you-”

“Damian.”

Damian sighed. “I’m... bitter, still. He wasn’t there, Tim. And when he was... I didn’t want to give Tommy to him. I was angry and I wanted to keep our baby from him.”

“But you didn’t.”

“But I wanted to.”

“It doesn’t matter. You didn’t. Trust me, Damian, I’m not going to judge you on what you wanted to do. It doesn’t matter. What matters if what you did do.” Tim reached up, brushed some of Damian’s short hair back. “I’m proud of you. You did it all alone.”

Damian was quiet for a moment, before he gently slid his arms around Tim’s shoulders, slumped against him. Tim rubbed his back soothingly.

“Grayson has left my bed,” Damian whispered, “The night we came home from the hospital. He won’t come into my room now. And it is not that I want intimacy... I just... I would like him to hold me.”

Tim knew Damian wouldn’t say this to anyone else- that he was hearing Damian’s most inner thoughts.

“You two are going to figure it out,” Tim offered, “And whatever happens, you’ve got your baby. You’ll always have Tommy. And you have me.” He reached up, cupped Damian’s cheeks and kissed his forehead. “No matter what, you’ll never be alone, Damian.”

Damian was quiet, but Tim knew, knew that was it. Feel the strange tie between them- could understand Damian. After a moment, Damian only nodded, before carefully reaching out, placing both his hands on Tim’s belly.

“Enough about me,” he offered, “tell me, how are you?”
An Anon asked: "I don't know why, but I'm having a really bad day today. It started out terrible, then it got so much better! But then it became so much worse... Do you have any Dick, Jayson, Tim or Damian fic to brighten my day?"

Mine was pretty sucky too, so I opted for some super cute Omegaverse. Riley is 4.

“Daddy, where’s Alec and Alyssa?” Riley asked, for probably the fifth time, as Tim held his hand as they walked through the park.

“They’re with dada,” Tim said, giving Riley’s hand a little squeeze. “Remember? It’s just you and me today.”

Riley stuck his tongue out, seeming to think. “But it’s always all of us!”

“Yeah, well, maybe daddy thought you and me needed some time to ourselves.” Tim paused, could see the playground, across the grass. He crouched down, straightening up his son’s jacket, tugging the zipper up the Riley had pulled down somehow in the trip fro the car to their current point. “Sometimes it needs to be just you and me. Just like sometimes it needs to be just me and Alec, or me and Alyssa.” He reached up, straightened Riley’s hat.

Riley was quiet, before nodding, smiling. “I like that.”

“Good, because so do I.” Tim rested his hands on his son’s shoulders. “You’re always gonna be my boy, Riley.”

The boy smiled- big and toothy, before throwing his arms up over his dad’s shoulders. Tim wrapped his arms around him, hoisted him up and spun around once, got him to start giggling.

“Daddy is all mine!” Riley yelled, and Tim was laughing.

“I am. I’m all yours!” He kissed his son’s cheek, before setting him back down. “Now, how about that playground?” Riley turned on his heel, running towards it- and Tim had to run, to keep up. He watched Riley climb up onto it, heading with a very determined look for the slide. Tim was at the end before he was even close to it, and the moment he slid down scooped him up before his feet touched the ground, swinging him around before clutching him to his chest again.

This time, the laughter came in happy shrieks.

They kept it up- until Riley was tired of the slide, wanted to go on the monkey bars. Tim kept his hands on his waist- not supporting him but ready to catch him if he fell. Then back to the slide, before Riley was finally making a mad dash for the swings.

Tim followed- a little tired at this point, but ready to push Riley to his heart’s content. “Climb on up,” Tim said, grabbing one of the chains to the swing- but Riley shook his head.

“No.”
“No?”

“You sit daddy!” Tim quirked up a brow, but listened, plopping down on the swing—rather happily, if he was honest. He had barely settled before Riley was hopping up, trying to climb onto his lap. Tim pulled him up, until he was settled, back pressed against Tim’s chest. “Okay, now we swing!”

Tim smiled, taking Riley’s hands and putting them on the chains to the swing. “You hold on tight baby,” Tim whispered, as he dug his feet into the ground, pushed off. Riley squealed happily as they moved, following Tim’s body movements when he leaned back, forward. He was babbling happily, and Tim couldn’t keep the grin off his face.

He leaned forward, kissed the back of Riley’s head as they moved. “I love you, Ri-bean,” he teased, and Riley giggled.

“I’m not a bean anymore!” he yelled, “I’m not little like Alec or Alyssa!”

“Oh, my bad,” Tim offered, “What are you now?”

“I’m a big tree!” Tim laughed at that, tipping his head back.

“Alright, little tree-man,” he said, “does that mean you’re gonna be so tall you can touch the ceiling?”

“Oh-huh! So tall that someday I’ll carry you daddy!”

Tim grinned. “You know Riley? I don’t doubt it.”
Chapter 58

Chapter Notes

I’ve been thinking about Jason and Tim getting married in the omegaverse all day. I have it worked into their timeline when they do, but I think it’s definitely time we get to see the proposal and everything at least!

To help with the timeline a bit, Riley is 5, the twins are 3, and technically Tim and Jason have no been bonded like, 7 years.

"Dick, please, I really need you to take the kids tonight." Jason was standing in the kitchen, could hear the sounds of the television, of Alyssa's insistent giggling. He had all three kids plopped on the couch, in front of a movie. "I have to spring it on you on such short notice... but something has come up."

"Is everything okay?" He couldn't tell exactly where Dick was, from the echo of his voice- but he thought maybe the cave.

Jason inhaled, slowly, his free hand in his pocket. It moved over the small box there, before he pulled it out, managed to get it open with one hand. He looked at the ring- a pretty white gold, with a small set of diamonds cut in, following the entire shape of the ring.

"Yeah," he said, "Yeah, everything is fine. Better, Dick. I'm..." he paused, took another breath- and god, it felt so strange to admit, sent his belly up to burning butterflies. "I'm going to ask Tim to marry me."

Dick was quiet for a moment, then, "You're serious?"

Jason grinned. "Dead serious."


"So...?"
"Pack those monsters up and get your ass here right now," Dick said, "I think Tommy is over due for a sleep over anyway."

*

Tim opened the door, braced himself for the sounds of shrieking laughter, or yelling- or even crying, if the afternoon had gone poorly. The sounds of running feet, of the television playing some cartoon kid’s movie, the sound of toy’s clattering to the floor.

What he got was calm, no noise at all. The faint sounds of movement in the kitchen. He slipped out of his shoes and closed the door, heading for the kitchen- leaning in the doorway and folding his arms, watching Jason's back as he moved about.

"Where's the horde?" he asked, and Jason glanced over his shoulder- before setting his spatula down, walking over to Tim and kissing his cheek.

"We have a night kid-free," he said, "They're at the Manor."

Tim quirked up a brow. "Oh?" He reached out, rubbed his hands up Jason's chest. "And what's the reason behind that?"

"I just thought we needed a night," Jason offered, and Tim could feel a bit of nervousness in him. Still, he left it alone, leaning in and kissing Jason's slowly, teasingly. Reached up, wrapped an arm around his neck, gently traced his tongue over his lower lip-

Jason's hand was on his waist, squeezing, before gently pushing him away.

"You keep distracting me," Jason whispered, "And dinner will burn." Tim smiled, but pulled back, let Jason move back to the counter.

"So, no kids and you're making us dinner?" Tim asked. "You're spoiling me."

Jason hummed, moving away from the stove and popping open a bottle of wine, pouring a glass. He turned, held it out to Tim, who crossed the room, taking it and taking a sip.
"And now I'm wondering what you did," Tim teased, and Jason simply laughed.

"Maybe I just love you," he reasoned, "Maybe I thought it'd be nice to show it."

*

Jason would never get sick of watching Tim laugh. The way he tipped his head back when he felt free enough to truly laugh, the way his eyes squinted, and the blue you could see was a crystal, like the ocean, resting over white sand. The way his lips curved so perfectly. And now, added to that, his cheeks were flushed from the wine he'd been drinking. There was a lock of hair, falling into his face.

He looked endlessly young. Like he would never age a day. He looked like the absolute perfection he had been, when Jason first met him. He looked like everything Jason had ever wanted.

"Tim," he said, reaching out. He brushed his fingers along Tim's hand, watched as his mate leaned his shoulder into the back of the couch, smiling at him.

"Hmm?" Jason gently took his glass from him, turning and set it off on the side table, before looking back. And when he did, there were those eyes. Those eyes that saw everything, that had seen through him at his worst- had somehow kept looking, when Jason felt like there wasn't a soul in the world who could stand to look.

"I just... I want to say something." If there were butterflies in his belly, his chest, forcing their way up Jason's throat- well, he didn't need to admit it. "I want to thank you. For everything you've done for me." Tim straightened up, and Jason took both his hands in his. "You've done wonders for me, Tim. You've given me so much."

"Jay-"

"Just, let me get it off my chest." Tim nodded, slowly. "You saw me at my utter worst, and you didn't look away. Hell, you kept coming back to me, when I was pushing you away. You looked through it all, and actually tried to see me. You... you saved me, Tim." He inhaled, slowly. "You saved me, countless times over. You gave me a chance." He lifted Tim's hands, pressed their palms flat together, let their fingers tangle. Tim's eyes were so soft, were looking at him with such affection that Jason felt weak. And better, he could feel it, in his chest. Streaming through their
bond, his mate's love. "You've given me so much. You gave me the second chance I didn't deserve. You gave me my soulmate." He pulled Tim's hands to him, twisting so he could kiss his knuckles. "You gave me a family. You risked your life and you gave me the family I've always dreamed of. You gave me the three most beautiful babies this world will ever see."

Jason let go of Tim's hands, climbed off the couch- only to fall down to the floor, on his knee, in front of him. And Tim's eyes, they widened- so pretty, as his breath hitched. As Jason felt the excitement building in him, the disbelief.

"I can never thank you," Jason said, "for everything you've done for me. Given me. I could try every day of my life, and it would never be enough. And I know... I know it's not necessary, I know we've been bonded for so long- but I want everyone to know that I'm yours. In every way I could ever be." He reached into his pocket, pulled the tiny box out and opened it, presenting it to Tim like he wished it was the world he could give him. "I love you, Tim. With everything I am, could ever be." He paused, inhaled, and, with his voice shaking, "Will you marry me?"

Tim stared at him, for a moment. Barely a breath, and then he was moving leaning over the couch and throwing his arms around Jason. The movement knocked the alpha off balance, and Tim happily fell to the floor with him, sprawled on his chest. Before Jason could say another word, Tim was kissing him. Kissing him like it was their first and last time- and yet, like it was something they had practiced, for so many years.

Jason could feel everything rushing between them. Excitement, from Tim. Happiness and a deep seated joy that was bubbling up to the surface- hope, the hope he had held onto, every day he'd spent with Jason.

And love. Above it all, enough to drown Jason, love.

When Tim pulled back, his cheeks were flushed again, and he was smiling. Smiling like his face might split. Jason returned the smile. "Is that a yes?"

Tim laughed, as Jason plucked the ring from the box, gently took Tim's hand and slid it over his finger. It was a perfect fit- and Tim couldn't even be shocked, that Jason knew exactly how his fingers felt, enough to know the exact size. He was sure Jason have every inch of him memorized.

"As if I would ever say no," Tim whispered, leaning in and gently kissing Jason's mouth. "You're mine, Jason. You've been mine for so long- and I'm never letting go."
Tim tipped his head back, hands gripping Jason's shoulders as he moaned. Jason had his hands on his hips, helping to guide his movements. He didn't know where to let his eyes rest- of he wanted to stare at Tim's pretty face, or the bruises he'd left all over his mate's neck, shoulders- in an attempt to reclaim him, in an attempt to let Tim show just what sort of spell he had Jason under-

Or if he wanted to close them, to simply enjoy every breath Tim took, all his little sounds. And the perfectly sweet scent rolling off his skin.

If Jason was honest, Tim smelled exactly like he had, so many years ago, when they'd bonded for the first time. Even more honest if he admitted that his chest felt like static fire, reknitting itself together, just like it had that night.

"You're so beautiful," Jason whispered, as Tim lifted his head, bit at his lip. He was close, Jason knew. Knew from the look in his eyes, from the rushes of pure pleasure through their bond. "I'll never see anything else like you, babygirl."

"Jason," Tim whined, before he leaned forward, crashed their mouths together. It was desperate, needy- with Tim trying to take too much, and Jason giving it.

Because he could never deny Tim, not now. Not ever again.

"I love you," Tim whispered, into his mouth. Jason could feel the ring on his finger, pressing against his shoulder blade as Tim clutched at him. Wanted Tim to wear it forever, wanted to feel it every time his mate touched him.

Jason leaned in, whispered into Tim's ear, "I love you too," just as the omega let go, shaking with his orgasm as he grasped tighter at Jason. Jason locked his arms around him, held him through it, groaning in his own release, as Tim slumped into him, body soft, muscles relaxed.

Jason leaned back, against the arm of the couch- let it sink in that they had barely gotten off the floor before tearing into each other. And smiled over it.

"You're smiling," Tim whispered, resting his head on Jason's shoulder.
"How can I not?" Jason asked, rubbing his hand down Tim's spine. "Pretty sure you just agreed to marry me, and then we had some of the best sex we've had in a while."

Tim smiled, running one of his hands along the curve of Jason's other shoulder. "Are you complaining about the sex we've had lately?"

Jason laughed. "Hell no." He turned his head, kissed Tim's temple. "If there's one thing you'll always destroy me with, it's how you touch me, Tim." Tim shivered, as Jason continued to stroke his back. "But that..."

"I know," Tim whispered, "I know. Like when we bonded." He smiled, lifting up slowly- grabbing at Jason's shoulders again and slowly rocking his hips. Jason exhaled, and Tim's smile was playful. "You know baby, you're still hard."

Jason chuckled, leaned up and pressed his mouth to Tim's neck, kissed the scar there that had both their hearts racing. "What can I say? You just do something to me, Timmy."

Tim hummed in approval, rocking his hips again. "Good. Because we're not done."

"Oh?" Jason let his hands slid down Tim's sides, thumbs pushing into his hips bones. "We're not?"

"Oh no," Tim breathed, letting his hair fall into his face- and god, ever gorgeous. "You're mine all night, Jason. I plan to take advantage of that."

*

"Would you believe they're all sucked into some cartoon," Dick said, as Jason and Tim stepped into the manor. "Have been since breakfast."

"Well damn, which one? Because I might need to get my hands on it." Tim elbowed Jason, who only smiled. It was painfully obvious he was joking- Tim knew the day Jason didn't want his kids' attention would be the day he knew he had been replaced by a horrible impersonator.
Dick was glancing at them, and Tim could only wonder what he knew. Tim had his hands in the pockets of his jacket, kept there as Damian appeared, looking at them.

And the way he smiled at Tim, Tim knew he knew too.

"So are either of you going to ask?" Tim asked, "or a I just going to volunteer to show you the ring and gush about the fact that I have the best mate ever?"

Both Dick and Damian's faces brightened, and Tim pulled his hands free, offered one to Dick so he could look at the ring. Damian was right there, a moment later, as Dick ruffled Tim's hair.

"Little wing has nice taste," Dick offered, looking over at Jason, who shrugged a shoulder- but the smile on his face was unshakable. Tim nodded his agreement, before he was tugged forward, and Damian had his arms around him.

"I'm happy for you," he whispered, and Tim smiled- didn't shy away when Damian's mouth lightly brushed his in an affectionate kiss. Behind him, Dick had crossed over to Jason, tossed an arm around him, was squeezing him tightly.

"You really did alright," Dick said, "in the end." Jason was looking at Tim, at the pretty smile on his face as he excitedly spoke to Damian, as he gushed as if Jason wasn't there, couldn't see his excitement.

"Yeah," Jason said, feeling every moment of joy fro Tim, every tug of affection and excitement. And knowing he'd be feeling it, for the rest of his life. "I really did."
Chapter 59

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "The wedding pleaseeeeee? ^_^"

Oh you know it!

So Riley is now 5, and the twins are 3. And it’s a gorgeous fall day and everyone is happy. Also it’s at the Manor because I need everyone to get married at the Manor.

“Riley, little love, hold still.” The boy stilled as Damian worked at his suit, straightening it. “You want to look handsome for your babas, don’t you?” Riley nodded, and Damian stepped back, smiling down at him. “Perfect.”

Riley looked down at himself, before looking back up at Damian. “Really Dami?” Damian nodded.

“Of course. Come now.” He reached down, took Riley’s hand, guiding him out of the room. They headed up the stairs, pausing at Tim’s old bedroom. Damian knocked, heard Tim call him in, and opened the door, letting the boy run in first.

Riley ran over to his father, who turned from the mirror, where he was adjusting his tie. He bent over, lifted him up and gave him a hug, kissing his cheek. “Look at you! Did Dami get you all pretty just for me?” Riley nodded, and Tim smiled, turning back to Damian. “Thank you. The help’s really appreciated.” Tim set Riley down. “Go find dada, okay? He should be downstairs. Can you tell him I’ll be right there?” Riley nodded with a grin, hurrying off, Tim calling after him, “Don’t run on the stairs!”

Once Riley was gone, Damian crossed the space between them, reaching out and taking one of Tim’s hands. His fingers played over the ring Tim was wearing.

“You look good,” Damian said, and Tim smiled.

“So do you.” Damian returned the smile, squeezing Tim’s fingers.

“I am glad you are doing this. You and Todd.”

Tim nodded. “I know it’s really just for show. But... I a too. I really am. Especially now... that we can do it with the kids here... I think it means more to me.” He reached up, gently stroked his fingers over Damian’s cheek, his hair. Liked the contact between them. “I’m glad that it’s happening now that we’re friends.”

“Family,” Damian corrected, and then, “We should get your downstairs, before anyone thinks you ran off.”

Tim laughed. “Please.” He rolled his eyes, before his hand slid down, to the back of Damian’s neck. He felt a tinge of affection, in his chest- from himself, and a faint echo, from Damian. “Kiss me good luck?”
Damian smiled at that, leaned in, placed a very gentle, chaste kiss to Tim’s lips. Tim tangled their fingers together, and when the younger was pulling away, was tugging him towards the door.

“You might need to give Jason one as well,” Tim teased, as they left his old room- and Damian laughed. An honest laugh.

*

It wasn’t conventional- Tim knew that. He and Jason had discussed how they wanted to do this. They chose the Manor because it was home, it had been for both of them, once. It was the only place that felt worthy enough to see this, this little show of intimacy.

It was small. The family, the kids- Roy and Lian had come in. Tim had spent a good hour that morning just letting Roy hold him, listening to him talk about how happy he was for he and Jason.

He knew Jason and Roy had been up half the night before, talking about it. About everything. Tim had given them their space for that- even if he knew he was always welcome.

They had joked, oh, who walks down the aisle- and in the end, decided on what they were doing, in that moment. Walking side by side, with Riley between them. They each held one of his hands, while Jason held Alyssa in his other arm- Tim, Alec. Chose to do this as a family, because while it was a proclamation of Tim and Jason’s love, Tim knew it was more than that. It wasn’t just about them, not now, not ever again. It was about the family they had built, about the children they were holding.

About the lives they had created and would love, for the rest of their days.

When they reached the alter, they passed their children off. Riley went and sat with Damian, who was holding Tommy to keep him quiet. Roy took both the twins, keeping Alyssa on his lap, knowing she would be the one to squirm. Lian, nine now, and if Tim was honest, too tall, looked far too old- and oh, he couldn’t believe she was growing up so fast. She held Alec, who was quiet, content.

They had agreed, they wanted this brief. A few words, the feeling of Tim sliding a wedding band onto Jason’s finger- and Jason, sliding one on to rest against Tim’s other ring. Tim was more in tune with the feelings, with the cool metal as it warmed on his skin. With the floods of excitement, nerves, affection, all coming over the bond. He smiled, softly, glanced up at Jason fro beneath his lashes-

And felt Jason’s smile, before it reached his lips.

When they kissed, Tim let himself melt against Jason. Reached up and hooked an arm around his neck, smiled into it- knew Jason was crying, and oh, he’d point it out later. Because in that moment, his fingers were shaking.

He felt so in love, so at peace- for a single moment of his life. And he knew Jason would echo that sentiment.

And maybe Tim kissed him a minute too long- but no one would fault him for it. Maybe when Tim finally pulled away and let Jason take his hand, turning him to head back down the aisle- to the cheers from the family, maybe he simply wanted to turn and kiss him again. Maybe all he wanted to do was kiss him, for the rest of the night.

*
“You know, we could have stayed somewhere else for the night,” Roy said, standing in the kitchen late that night. Tim and Jason only smiled at him- Jason, watching the tea kettle. “You guys deserve a wedding night.”

“We’ve had a lot of nights,” Tim offered, “We had the night we bonded. We had each night we made our babies. We’ve had so many countless nights- we don’t need this one. Besides, it feels right... having family here.” Roy shook his head, before he walked over, wrapped his arms around Tim. He hugged him tight, and Tim melted into it, smiling.

“I could be here and not be here,” Roy said with a laugh, as Tim nestled into his chest, as Jason poured water into their cups. Too late for coffee, but none of the were ready to turn in, just yet. “You know?”

“Harper, we want you here,” Jason said, turning and handing him a cup. Tim pulled away from Roy then, accepted the other cup Jason handed him. “We miss you. It’s... it’s good to have you around.”

Roy only nodded, and once Jason had picked up his own cup, they moved into the living room. A living room now empty of children. A half hour earlier, and it had been littered with them, passed out all over the couch. Lian on her back with an arm up over her face, like Roy slept, with Alec snuggled up on her chest. And Riley sprawled back awkwardly over the arm of the couch, Alyssa flopped against his chest.

The three of them took up the couch, sat in silence, simply enjoying the company. Small talk, little memories- a strange calm that always fell, when the three of the were together. And by the time their tea was gone, and they had dissolved from sitting to the contact they so wanted- Jason, leaning against Roy’s shoulder, shifted so his back was awkwardly pressed to him, and Roy’s arm around him, so Jason could stroke his knuckles, up onto his wrist. And Tim, leaning in, kissing Jason’s hand, and then Roy’s.

*

Tim whimpered, into Jason’s mouth. Clutched at his back as they moved, slow and practiced rocks of their hips. Tim was on his back, had Jason bent over him, keeping him quiet with deep kisses, pinning him down and boxing him in.

Tim dug his nails in, felt his belly growing tighter and tighter. They had taken this so slow, with languid kisses, hands that simply wanted to remap scars, learn skin all over again. By the time Jason had finally pushed inside Tim, Tim was sure they had spent half the night up. That by the time they were done, it would be morning.

He didn’t care.

Maybe he had lied, a little bit. Maybe they did need this night too- but not in the way everyone seemed to think. There had been years, for that raw sort of intimate violence they had shared- there had been so many nights, once upon a time, where there was blood and bruises. Where the emotion was simply something raw and grating.

This, it was different. This was years of love, of learning each other. This was what Tim got for waking up to Jason nearly every morning, for squealing when his stubble brushed against his thighs, his shoulders- all because Jason knew it made him jump, first thing in the morning. This was Jason carrying Tim to bed, after he’d passed out on the couch with his laptop, trying to read just one more page of a case file.

This was both of them, waking up the feeling of their kids crawling onto the bed and demanding
their attention.

This was their life, culminated into a slow roll of physical intimacy, of pleasure that pulled up form their bellies and dragged heavy through them.

This was the both of them, whispering their *I love yous* into each other’s mouths, their skin. It was a reaffirmation of the life they had built.

And when Jason finally pulled off Tim’s mouth, pressed to his neck- mouth pressing against the scar there. It was the contact of his teeth again, pressing hard into scar tissue, that had Tim arching, had him *gasp*ing as he came. Had his mind and chest and belly open and flooded with every sensation in Jason’s mind.

He belonged to Jason. They never spoke it, never said it. It was archaic, but Tim knew it, in his soul.

But, more than that, he knew Jason *belonged to him*. And that, that was new, that broke whatever molds they might have once been forced into, about their roles.

It was a mutual hold- one that neither ever wanted to break. One that they couldn’t even fathom *could* break.

And, as they lay there, Jason sprawled on his back and Tim curling up into him, their hands lacing together, Tim felt very sure it never, ever would. A sureness he felt Jason echoing, as his mate- his husband- the love of his life- smiled, into the dark of their bedroom.

They had forever. *And it was enough.*
Chapter Notes

I just need some cute fluff with the Omegaverse babies to end my night!

Riley is 6, the twins are 4.

Jason sighed, tossing his arm out over the empty space next to him. The bed felt too large, with just him in it.

He didn’t like that Tim’s half felt cold.

It had been four days without him, now. Four. And Jason felt like a child, with how badly he missed him. How he was having trouble sleeping in his own bed.

It wasn’t as if they hadn’t spent time apart, since the bond. The family. Even the marriage. Jason disappeared for work with Roy, for longer intervals than this- but at least he had the distraction of work, of catching up with Roy.

And he didn’t have to sleep in an empty bed.

He didn’t know how Tim didn’t go crazy.

Jason pressed his face into his pillow, inhaling. Trying to calm his mind. Tim probably had a few more days with his old Titans friends- had gotten a call from Kon that they needed his help- and Tim had seen the light in his eyes. It had been so long, and how could he even think of trying to keep him from going?

Tim had never once tried to stop hi when he took off.

Jason leaned over, pressed his face into Tim’s pillow now. It still smelled like him, and it calmed Jason. He missed how Tim smelled when he slept, the mix of his shampoo and his soap and his skin and the pheromones he couldn’t keep in check, when he slept. How he was always a little sweeter, when Jason woke up first and pressed his face to the back of his neck, nuzzled into Tim however possible.

He reached an arm up, clutched at the pillow, thought maybe if he could clear his mind, find a little blank space, he could sleep like this.

That it, until the door clicked open. Jason lifted his head, caught sight of two little bodies in the dark, making their way for the bed- climbing up onto it.

“What are you two doing out of bed?” Jason asked, rolling over onto his side and letting Alyssa and Alec curl right up under his arm, squirming around so they tangled together and pressed to his chest.

“Lyss had a bad dream,” Alec whispered, voice slow, sleepy. “I don’t like when she has bad dreams.”
Jason nodded, squeezing his arms around both of them. “Good thing dada is bad dream repellent. They’re not allowed in this room.” In the dark, Alyssa smiled up at her father, and he leaned down, kissed both their foreheads. “You two just stay in here with me, I’ll make sure they don’t come back.”

Both the twins sighed, and Jason felt better, with his arms around them. Was half there, to sleep, when the door clicked open again, and he was opening his eyes.

“Hey Ri,” he said, around a yawn. “They wake you up?”

He nodded, moving into the room and hopping up on the bed. He stretched out in Tim’s spot, curling up around the twins’ backs, smiling happily when Jason reached out and ruffled his hair.

“Guess it’s a sleep over,” Jason said, and Riley nodded. Between them, the twins were asleep.

“Dada?”

“Hmm?”

“...I miss daddy.” Jason’s smile was sad.

“I know buddy. We all miss him. But daddy’s off saving the world. And when he comes home, he’ll have a good story to tell you.” Riley nodded, and Jason reached out, pulled him in closer, managed to get his arm partially around all of them.

It felt better, this way. The bed felt better with his babies there, with the twins and the fact that they smelled almost the same, mango shampoo and this little peachy undertone he could never explain. And Riley who liked to take Jason’s shampoo, his soap, but who underneath it all, despite looking like Jason, smelled like Tim. Cloves and a faint sweetness that had nothing to do with Tim being an omega, but simply being Tim.

*

Tim stood in the doorway, smiling at the sight on his bed. Jason with the twins curled up into his chest, Riley boxing them in like a little wall. He stood there for a minute, two- five, even, couldn’t get the little smile off his face, before he set his bag down and walked into the room. He settled on the edge of the bed, reached out and rubbed Riley’s back. His oldest stirred, blinked his eyes open and looked behind him, before offering an excited, albeit sleepy, grin.

“Daddy!” He sat up, threw his arms around Tim, and Tim hugged him tightly, rocking him slightly.

“Hi baby,” he whispered, kissing Riley’s hair. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too.” Riley settled right against Tim’s chest, sighing when he could hear his heart, and Tim took to stroking his back.

“What happened?”

“Alyssa had a nightmare,” Riley murmured, “Alec doesn’t sleep when she can’t. And they’re so loud when they’re walking around. Woke me up.” Tim chuckled, watched as the twins began to stir, Alec rolling over, before flailing, yelling daddy and managing to free himself from his sister. Riley sat back, so Alec could crawl up on Tim’s lap- followed by a sleepy Alyssa a minute later. He hugged them both, kissing their foreheads as they wrapped their little arms around him.
“There’s my monsters,” Tim said with a laugh, “I missed you.”

When he glanced up, he noticed Jason was looking at him. Tim smiled, mouthed *hey*, and Jason only mouthed back *hi*, and Tim felt a tug in his chest. The joy of having his mate close again, of being able to feel him.

Once the twins had finally moved off Tim’s lap, crawling up onto his pillows happily, Tim leaned over, stole a kiss from Jason. “Hi honey,” Tim offered, and Jason took another kiss.

“Hey babygirl. Welcome home.”

Tim smiled. “It’s good to be home. You keeping each other company?” Jason laughed, caught out of the corner of his eye Riley trying to stretch out and the twins constantly partially crawling on him.

“Couldn’t sleep alone,” Jason admitted, “This bed’s too big without you in it.”

“I’ll make sure not to leave very often then.” Tim reached out, brushed some of Jason’s hair back.

“How did it go? You have stories for us?”

“Maybe later.” Tim pulled himself onto the bed, stretching out on his back. The moment he did so Riley was there, curling up on one side, claiming the spot over Tim’s heart as his pillow. Tim knew it was his favorite spot.

Jason took up his other side, as Alec curled up on the pillow happily by Tim’s shoulder, his little hand clutching onto Tim’s shirt. Alyssa crawled above their heads, flopping down on her back so she was partially resting between Ti and Jason’s heads- her little legs bent up on the headboard. Jason and Tim bit back their laughter over the ridiculous positions she could sleep in.

“I think for now,” Tim said, “I just want to catch up on a little sleep. I don’t sleep that well away from you all.” Jason smiled, managed to kiss Tim’s shoulder through his shirt.

And, quietly, he whispered, “It’s really good to have you back.”

He knew he’d say it, every time Tim came back home. Knew he’d never get used to a bed without his husband in it.
Chapter 61

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "jason and tim dropping the twins off for their first day of pre school then picking them up at th end please"

So the twins are 4 (they could have started preschool earlier but Tim and Jason were all about keeping their babies home and teaching them themselves).

"Look at the both of you," Tim said, crouching down and straightening Alec’s little jacket. “You look so good.”

Alyssa made a face, tugging on her tiny tartan skirt. “I don’t like it,” she said, pouting. Next to Tim, Jason chuckled.

“I promise you can change after, okay?” She folded her arms but nodded, and Tim reached out, tucking her hair back.

“You both be good,” he said, “Remember your please and thank yous.”

In unison- in nearly the same voice, if Tim was honesty- they both said, “Yes daddy.”

“And make friends,” Tim added.

“Yes daddy.”

“Maybe get a reputation going,” Jason tossed in, and they both giggled as Tim turned, glaring at his husband. “What? You know these two. They’re bound to.”

Tim sighed, before reaching out, tugging both kids into a hug. He kissed their cheeks, before Jason was bending over, squeezing them and kissing the bridges of their noses.

“We love you,” Jason said, and the twins smiled.

“We love you too!” Tim stood back, took Jason’s arm and watched them turn, hands linked together, walking into the building with a stream of other kids.

“You okay?” Jason asked, and Tim laughed.

“Baby, you’re the one who nearly bawled in the bathroom this morning.”

“Yeah, well, I remember a certain someone clinging to Riley for ten minutes his first day of preschool.” Tim laughed, leaning against Jason’s shoulder. “They’ll be alright. They’ve got each other.”

“Oh, I know,” Tim offered, “I just worry how much hell they’ll raise.” Jason laughed, and Tim leaned up, kissing his jaw. “You know, we have a house that is kid free for a few hours.”

Jason grinned, sliding his arm free from Tim’s grasp to wrap around his waist, turning him towards the car. “Let’s get you home then, I wouldn’t want to waste a minute.” Tim giggled, clinging to
Jason happily.

“I was thinking I could get a head start in the car.”

“Oh, Timmy,” Jason said, pulling away to walk around to the driver’s side. “You’re filthy.”

*

A few hours later, Tim and Jason watched the stream of kids coming out of the school. The moment Alyssa and Alec saw them, they were running- Alyssa nearly dragging her brother as they both screamed dada! daddy! happily.

“Hey monsters,” Jason offered, scooping both of them up and hoisting them into his arms. They both clung to his neck, resting against his sides. “You have a good first day?”

They nodded. “Uh-huh,” Alyssa said, “Our teacher is nice and we went outside and she could name all these plants dada! And we saw a frog!”

“A frog!” Jason exclaimed, “Was he big and ugly?”

Alyssa giggled. “No silly! He was little! Toads are big and ugly!”

“Oh, my bad. You’ll have to teach me a little.” He leaned in, kissed her cheek, before glancing at Alec. “And you baby? Did you have fun?”

Alec nodded, and Alyssa cut in, “He didn’t want to tell the other kids his name but I made sure to tell them.”

“You’re such a good sister.” Alyssa grinned, as Alec rested his head down on Jason’s shoulder. “You tired?”

“It’s almost nap time,” Tim said, reaching out and taking Alyssa so Jason could keep a firm hold on Alec, who yawned. “How about we get some lunch into you two and have a nap?” Alyssa frowned.

“I don’t wanna nap.”

Tim laughed, as they began heading for the car. “You say that now- but when your tummy’s full you’ll change your mind.”

“Can we have mac and cheese?” Alyssa asked, “With shapes! Like rocket ships!” Jason grimaced, but Tim was laughing.

“You know, I think daddy can manage that.”

Alyssa cheered, as Tim opened the car door, settling her in. Opposite, Jason had Alec already strapped in- who seemed a little more awake now.

“We drew pictures,” he said, rubbing at his eyes.

“Oh?” Tim smiled. “You two can show daddy your pictures and tell him all about your day while I make lunch. And then after your nap, maybe we’ll draw some more?” The twins nodded, and Tim smiled, shutting the car door and straightening up. Over the roof, Jason was looking at him.

“You’re making lunch?”
Tim shrugged. “I think I can handle a box of macaroni and cheese, Jason.” Jason chuckled, and Tim rolled his eyes. “Besides, I know you want to hear all about their day.”

Jason couldn’t argue with that.
Chapter 62

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "I can't stop thinking about Dami and his tiny little baby and uuggghh. I hurt. What was it like leading up to Damian and Dick making the final decision to have more? Was there a lot of prodding and bugging on Damian's part? You're great. Even though your fics make me die."

So, Damian has like, just turned 24. Tommy is going to be 5 soon. Dick and Damian have been bonded for 4 years, and married for almost two.

“Tommy, habibi, do not climb on that.” Damian had his arms folded, watching his son as he tried to climb up onto the railing of the stairs. Tommy huffed, lowering his leg down and choosing instead to run down the stairs. Damian reached out, snagged an arm around him and kept him from running straight past him for the door, lifting him up. “Do I not get a kiss?”

“Baba!” Tommy laughed, squirming, “I’m gonna be late!” Damian laughed, peppering Tommy’s cheeks with kisses, until the boy turned and kissed the corner of his mouth. Damian set him down, taking a moment to adjust his little jacket. It seemed a nightmare to keep a four year old in a uniform, but the private school required it.

Damian had no idea how Tim and Jason did it for the twins.

“Your lunch?”

“Grandpa has it in the car!” Tommy tugged, even as Damian held onto his hand. He always loved when Bruce decided to drive him to school- seemed to think it was some sort of adventure.

“Alright. Be good.” Damian let him go, heard Tommy yelling back love you baba! as he ran out the door. Damian shook his head, watched as Dick walked back inside a moment later, heard the sounds of a car pulling away as the door was shut.

“You’d think he was Robin on his first night out,” Dick said, walking over to Damian and wrapping an arm around him. “At least he’s excited about school.”

“He’s excited about a car ride with father,” Damian pointed out, and Dick shook his head.

“He’s also excited to see Alec and Alyssa. You heard him last night at dinner- it was all well Alyssa does this at lunch and Alec drew this the other day.”

“He has friends.”

“Thank god he’s not like you in that respect.” Damian frowned, smacking Dick in the shoulder, who only laughed. “I’m playing, little prince.”

“I know. Were you not you might have a broken bone.” Dick hummed, didn’t doubt the threat, and wrapped both his arms around Damian, pulling him in. He kissed his temple, his cheek- leaned down and nuzzled into his neck, inhaling.
And then, softly, “Babybat.” He mouthed at Damian’s neck, and Damian seemed to melt under him, gave a little sigh. “You’re so sweet. Is it almost time already?”

Another sigh, and Damian let his eyes fall shut. He’d been ignoring the cramping in his belly that had begun the day before- had even ignored that, after Dick had gotten out of bed, Damian had pressed to his side, moaned over how his pillow smelled like him.

“Yes,” Damian admitted, “I was trying to ignore it but…” he sighed. “I guess I cannot.” Dick said nothing, hands sliding along Damian’s back now, acting as if he wanted nothing more than to strip Damian right there- which Damian was sure he did, and appreciated the self restraint. Instead, Dick simply held him, moved back to kiss his cheek again.

“I’ll make sure to let Bruce know we’re off patrol for a bit. Jason and Tim can help pick up if we need it- do you want me to ask them if Tommy can stay a night or two?”

Damian sucked on his lip, before reaching out, resting his hands on his husband’s waist. “Possibly. Grayson…” he paused again, swallowed. Had been mulling this over, as of late, what he was about to ask. In those moments when he realized how big Tommy had gotten, how much he had grown- when he missed having the little baby Tommy had once been in his arms. He inhaled, and then forced out, “Do you want to have another baby?”

Dick pulled back, staring at Damian with wide eyes. “What?”

“Do you?” Damian pulled away from his hold, absentmindedly reaching down and running a hand along his abs. “Because I do.”

“You mean like…right now?”

“You’re not getting any younger.” Dick huffed, folding his arms. “And you’re still a brat.” Damian smiled at that. “But…you’re serious?”

“You told me once we had to wait. Well…we waited. I’m not a child not, Dick.” Damian reached out, took his hand, ran his thumb over Dick’s wedding band. “Not anymore. It wouldn’t be like with Tommy. I have grown up- you allowed me my moments of childhood.” Dick studied him for a moment, before he smiled.

“I know you’re serious when you use my name,” he pointed out, keeping that same smile. “But you’re right. You’re not a kid now. You’re sure?”

Damian nodded. “I have been thinking about it, of late. I love you. I want to give you a family. I want us to have a family.” Dick pulled Damian back into his arms, rubbing the small of his back, knowing it always made Damian’s muscles go lax.

He could feel it working.

“You already did. We made Tommy, you gave me you. That’s a family.”

“Then maybe I am being selfish,” Damian whispered, “But I want another baby.”

Dick hummed. “Okay. If you’re sure- lord knows I rather like the idea. You’re cute when you’re pregnant.” Damian rolled his eyes, but smiled at Dick, before his husband was turning him, pulling Damian’s back tight up against his chest as he should press his mouth to the scar at the back of Damian’s neck. Damian gasped, as Dick’s arms went around him, his hands splaying on his belly. “Did you take your suppressant yet?”
Damian smirked, reaching up to cover one of Dick’s hands with his own. “No.”

Dick grinned. “Good. I hope your schedule is clear- because I think we should get a head start.” Damian laughed- the sound always enough to have Dick’s chest going tight.

And oh, Damian could feel it.

“You’re far more willing than I expected.”

“Maybe I’ve thought about it too,” Dick admitted, kissing the side of his neck now. “Now, c’mon little prince- let’s go make a baby.”

Damian shivered- and later he could think it was ridiculous to be aroused by Dick’s words, but in that moment he was more than willing- and the affection in his chest, streaming through their bond, was only proof of it.
tisi-white asked for a bit of JayTim and their babies, and I absolutely felt like we needed some cuteness today! <3

The twins are one, and Riley is three.

Jason grinned, tossing the toddler in his grasp, watching as Alec giggled before he landed back safely in his arms. Jason pulled him down, kissed his nose, before tossing him up again, repeating as the boy melted into such a fit of giggles he could barely breathe.

From around the doorway to the kitchen, Tim was watching, giggling to himself as he held his phone up, taking a video of it. Jason had no idea- continued to toss their son happily, before he pulled him down again and began covering his little baby cheeks in kisses.

The kisses dissolved into fake outlandish eating sounds, with Jason growling in his playful voice “dada is gonna eat you up.” Alec continued to giggle, before he reached out, smacked his little hands onto Jason’s cheeks and tried to push them together, distorting his mouth.

Tim lost it then, started laughing louder. Jason turned to him, managing to grin even as Alec continued to push his little hands all over his face. “Looks like we’ve got someone spying on us Alec.”

Tim ended the video, shoving it into one of the big pockets of his oversized sweater. Jason crossed the room, suddenly shoving Alec into Tim’s arms and shouting, “get ‘em Alec!”

The toddler squealed as Tim wrapped his arms around him, tugging at Tim’s hair. Tim winced, tilting his head, before Alec was pressing his hands to his cheeks, squirming around like he was trying to affectionately attack Tim.

Tim kept laughing, turned and kissed the tip of Alec’s nose. “You’re so dada’s little boy.” Jason grinned over that, as Tim shifted Alec so he rested better on his hip. “You know, our other terror is being way too quiet.”

Jason snorted. “Shit, you’re right.” He turned, heading back into the living room, for the playpen they had set up.

It was empty.

And the little gate was open.

“Uh, Tim...”

The moment Jason started, the large curtains to their windows bustled, and suddenly Riley was stumbling out, yelling loudly, Alyssa’s little hand held in his. She was mimicking his noises, gurgling and squealing as her big brother rushed them towards Jason. Both kids clutched at his legs, and Jason threw his arms up.
“Tim, babygirl, they’ve got me!” He grinned as Alyssa clung to his jeans, and Riley jumped up, clutching at his belt and actually hoisting himself up as his father like Jason was a jungle gym. “Tell the family I love them, I’m a goner!”

Tim had rushed out when he had, first, heard the concern in Jason’s voice- but he was laughing now. Laughing so hard he had to fall onto the couch, sitting and clutching Alec in his lap, who was clapping his little hands at his siblings.

Once Riley had himself clinging to his father’s hip, Jason hoisted him up, holding him against his side. Riley grinned, tossing his arms around his father’s neck. “Got you!”

“You absolutely did, Ri-bean,” Jason said, “You beat dada again.” He looked down at Alyssa, who was still clinging happily to his pants, and grinned at her. “And you little miss monster, did Riley set you up to this?” He set his son down, picking Alyssa up and kissing the tip of her nose, as their oldest ran to the couch, pulling himself up onto it and snuggling up to Tim’s side.

Alyssa giggled, and Jason kissed one cheek, then the other, then her chin- her forehead. She smacked at him with her hands, and he snuggled her into his chest.

“My crazy girl,” he offered, before turning, glancing at the couch. Tim had Alec up against his neck and shoulder- the toddler with his face pressed against Tim’s scar, seeming so content there, like it was a symbol of comfort. Riley had climbed into Tim’s lap, was resting back against his chest and knocking his little feet together happily. “My crazy family,” Jason corrected, heading over and plopping down right next to Tim, leaning in to kiss his cheek- then his lips, when Tim turned, smiling at him.

He wouldn’t trade it for the world.
I just wanted something short and ridiculous about the JayTim family.

Riley is 9, and the twins are 7.

Jason herded his children into Wayne Enterprises, eyes darting about to keep an eye on all three. Alyssa had that look to her that he knew meant she was trying to find trouble- as she liked to do so much.

“Alright monsters, everyone in,” Jason said, jogging in front of them to catch the elevator. All three climbed on, Riley hitting the correct button and stuffing his hands into the pockets of his jacket. His hair was all tussled from the wind, free of its ponytail for once. Alyssa was in similar state- even Alec’s shorter hair was a bit of a mess. All three sported cherry cheeks and noses from the cold- but they didn’t seem to care. “No remember, daddy doesn’t know we’re coming,” Jason warned.

“We know,” Alyssa said, grinning. “Surprise. You said so when you picked us up.” She shifted, tugging on the skirt of her uniform.

All three kids were still, for the most part, in their uniforms. Except all had changed their shirts- they now sported tshirts, black an embezzled in sparkling red writing.

Riley, Thing 3.

Alec, Thing 4.

And Alyssa, Thing 5.

Jason’s own tshirt, under his leather jacket, read Thing 1, and draped over his arm was one reading Thing 2, specifically for Tim.

The moment the elevator doors opened the kids took off running. Jason sighed, hurrying after them- barely managed a wave for the secretary as he watched Riley reach Tim’s door, throw it open.

He barely reached it as all three kids spilled in, yelling daddy! happily. Tim, at his desk, jerked his head up, eyes going a little wide before he grinned. He pushed his chair back, standing up, braced when all three kids ran at him, throwing their arms around him.

“Hey munchkins,” he said, hugging them all. “What are you doing here?”

“Dada wanted to surprise you!” Alyssa said, grinning. Tim glanced at the doorway, found Jason leaning in it. His husband raised one hand, waved his fingers, and Tim laughed.

“Oh he did, did he?” The three nodded, stepping back, and Tim got a glimpse of their shirts.

He burst out laughing before he could even stop himself.
“Did he give you those too?” he asked, and again, a round of nods.

“He’s thing one,” Alec said, “and he said you were thing two!”

“Oh did he now?” Tim looked at Jason again, who walked over, held out the tshirt.

“I thought a little matching attire was in order,” Jason offered, “For our family outing.”

“Family outing?”

“Dad’s taking us to see Rudolph!” Riley said, grinning. Tim quirked up his brow.

“They brought it back to theaters for the holidays. Double feature, Rudolph and Santa Claus is Coming to Town. I’ve got five tickets, and dinner reservations for after.” Jason leaned over the kids, kissed Tim’s nose. “So go put that ridiculous shirt on babygirl, so everyone knows you’re stuck with this mess.”

Tim laughed at that. “You know I was going to be here working for another few hours?”

“It can hold, Timmy. Come out with us.” Tim glanced down at the kids, before he smiled.

“I’ve got some spare clothes tossed around here somewhere. Meet you in the car in five?” The kids cheered, Alec rambling about how he wanted hot chocolate for the movie, and Alyssa instantly screaming about marshmallows. Jason reached out as the kids ran back for the door, tugged Tim in and kissed the corner of his mouth.

Because he knew that Tim knew how much these silly little things meant to him- how much Jason liked to be seen as a family. And that Tim always pushed his own schedule around to indulge him- to keep the kids happy.

And he’d be forever thankful for it.
Tim rubbed his hand down his son’s back, watched as Alec clung to his pillow, his face buried in it. His tshirt was damp from sweat, and he was trembling, slightly.

“You’re okay,” Tim whispered, even as Alec shook his head.

“Never... felt like- like this.” He pressed his face tighter to his pillow as Tim continued in soothing strokes.

“I know baby, I know. The first is always so weird. Mine was. You’re not alone. I’m right here.” He moved his hand back up, began threading his fingers through Alec’s hair. His son nearly purred, began to relax. “You’re going to be okay.”

Tim had known this was coming- he’d seen the signs coming. Alec complaining of cramps, that he felt like he had a fever- and was he getting sick? The biggest sign had been the spike in his scent- and Tim had known, in that moment. Known that it was all starting for Alec- and he had been so far from prepared.

“Just wish it’d stop,” Alec admitted, turning his head and inhaling, slowly.

“It will,” Tim said, “Tomorrow probably. Maybe even in the morning. My first heat was very short.” Alec nodded, and Tim moved his hand back down his back, along his spine. “How are you feeling? Can you eat? Because you should.” Alec thought for a second, before he nodded.

“I think so. I don’t... I don’t feel...” he cut off, blushing, and Tim didn’t make him continue.

“Okay. I’ll be right back.” He leaned over, kissed Alec’s temple, before he stood up, made his way out of his room. Down the long hallway and the stairs, and Tim was walking into the kitchen.

He fumbled around, trying to think of what he always wanted to eat, during his heats. Except his were different, and he knew it. Different because he had an alpha- different because he had a bond.

Different because anything he ever wanted to eat, he wanted Jason to feed him, so he had an excuse to lick and suck on his fingers.

Tim sighed, gripped the counter and hung his head. Part of him hurt, over his baby growing up. Couldn’t believe he was at the point where Alec was going through this now- couldn’t believe how big all of his babies were now. He swore just a day ago he could have them all sprawled on top of him and managed to get his arms around all three.

“You okay?” Tim lifted his head, glanced over his shoulder. Riley was standing in the doorway, hands stuffed into his pockets. Tim forced a nod, and his oldest crossed the room, wrapping his
arms around his dad and hugging him tightly. “You’re a terrible liar dad.”

“Just stop growing up and I’ll be fine.” Riley laughed at that, pulling back and leaning against the counter.

“If this is about how I’m taller than you- take it up with dad. It’s his genetic’s fault.” Tim smiled at that, opened his mouth- and before he spoke, Riley was answering, “And they’re out, like you suggested. Jason said he’d have Alyssa out most of the night. Didn’t really want to leave though.”

Tim nodded. He’d thought it best to give Alec as much privacy as possible- even if Alyssa had seemed rather distressed that her twin was so uncomfortable. The outing was as much a distraction for her as it was for Alec’s privacy.

“How is he?” Riley looked concerned- and Tim could just feel it.

“Uncomfortable,” Tim admitted, “but he’s... in a lull. I wanted him to eat.”

“I’ll make him something.”

“Ri, you don’t need to-” Riley held his hand up, shaking his head.

“Just let me dad. I’ll make him a sandwich and then I’ll be gone for the night too.” Tim nodded after a moment. He stepped back and idly watched as Riley moved, until his oldest was passing him the plate and kissing his temple. “Call me if you need something.”

Tim nodded, watched as Riley headed out of the kitchen. He turned, left through the other doorway, heading back upstairs. When he walked back into Alec’s room, the omega had changed his shirt and was sitting up now.

“You look better,” Tim offered, closing the door. He settled on the bed, passed Alec the plate.

Alec shrugged a shoulder, took a bite. His eyes lit up, and he swallowed. “Oh my god, I’m starving now.” Tim laughed, pulled his legs up onto the bed so he could wrap his arms around them.

“You will be. It’s like your body uses all the energy you’ve ever had. Your father used to have what he called his heat rations when I was younger.” Tim grinned. “I used to eat a lot.”

Alec laughed- and it was good to hear him laugh. He took another bite, managed to swallow before, “You so didn’t make this.”

“Are you really saying I can’t even make a sandwich?” Alec gave him this look that simply screamed you know what I mean and Tim smiled. “Your brother did. He was on his way out. The house is empty.”

Alec nodded, was quiet as he finished the last few bites. He set the plate aside, licked his lips. “Remind me to thank him. And maybe have him just make me a thousand and leave them in the fridge every time this happens.”

Tim laughed. “Baby you won’t eat that much.” Alec shrugged a shoulder, before he reached up, tried to stifle a yawn. “Tired?” He nodded and Tim unfolded. He stood up, only to bend over, kiss his forehead, the bridge of his nose. “I’m going to let you get some sleep. You’ll need it. But... when you wake up...” Tim paused, sighed softly, “You’ll have another wave.”

Alec nodded. “Yeah, I figured.” He reached out, took Tim’s hand, and Tim squeezed his
fingers. “When it’s done...will you come back?” Alec sucked on his lip, and he looked so young in that moment, was the child Tim had carried and given birth to and raised- and he swore he could still lift him up if he wanted. Swore he could fall asleep with Alec’s face pressed to the scar on his neck like they used to, on the couch because Tim never seemed to make it to the bed.

“Of course I will.” Another squeeze to his fingers, another kiss to Alec’s forehead. “If you need me, if you’re scared- I’m here. I’m not leaving you.” Alec nodded, and Tim wrapped his arms around him. Alec leaned up- pressed his face into Tim’s neck, right against his scar from he and Jason’s bond- and Tim could feel him relaxing.

Like he was a child all over again.

“Thank you,” Alec whispered, and Tim rubbed his back.

“Don’t even thank me. I’m always here.” Another squeeze, and as Alec sighed against his neck, Tim added, “I love you.”

Alec mumbled into his neck- sleepy now that he was relaxing more, but Tim knew what he was saying, and it made hi smile fondly. I love you too.
Chapter 66

Chapter Notes

The twins are a little over a year, and Riley is thus three.

I just wanted some Tim showing off his genderfluidity and being fabulous with his family <3

Tim leaned over the stroller as Jason paused, pulling the bag out from beneath it.

"Hi babies," he cooed, reaching in and tapping Alec's nose. He giggled, before Alyssa reached up and took his hand, smiling. He returned the smile, managed to get his hand back to adjust the canopy over the stroller. It was rather warm and he didn't want the sun blinding either of the twins.

"Alright Ri," Jason said, digging through the diaper bag and finally locating the bag of lolipops he had tossed in there before they left the house. "What color do we want?"

"Blue!" he said excitedly, jumping up. Jason grinned.

"Blue it is kiddo." He pulled one out, tugged the wrapping off and leaned down, handing it to his son. Riley popped it happily into his mouth as Jason closed the bag and stowed it under the stroller. They began moving again, Tim reaching into his bag- his designer purse if he was honest, but he didn't feel the need to show it off- which hung on the stroller's handle. He pulled his phone out, sunglasses slipping down his nose as they walked along the path in the park.

"Do you want to do dinner tonight with Damian?" he asked, not looking up from his phone. He walked in perfect step with Jason, the small heels of Tim's booties clicking on the pavement. "He wants to try this new place that opened up."

"With four kids in tow?" Jason asked, glancing over at Riley who was happily walking next to him, distracted by all the dogs out being walked in the nice weather.

"He said Bruce is leaving patrol to Steph and Cass tonight and offered to watch them."
Jason laughed at that. "Trying to earn good grandpa points?" Tim shrugged a shoulder, smiling. "Alright. But on the condition you don't change- you look so cute it's killing me."

Tim's smile grew, and he gave an extra sway to his hips for a few steps, his grey cotton dress swishing around his thighs. Jason hadn't seen him embrace this side of himself in quite a while, and it was nice to see Tim so confident while they were out. And the fact that he'd actually had to call to Tim a good three times before they had left the house, trying to get him to hurry up.

"Whatever you want, honey," Tim said, reaching over and resting his hand on Jason's, as the alpha pushed the stroller. Then glancing over at his son. "Ri-bean, you wanna spend time with grandpa tonight?"

"Grandpa!" Riley yelled, running around behind Jason to come up on Tim's other side. Tim grinned and stopped, scooping him up and resting him on his hip as he unlocked his phone in his other hand.

"I'm telling Damian yes," Tim said, "Besides, he needs to get out. It'll be good for him and Dick."

"It's just good to see Dick got his head out of his ass."

"Dada!" Riley yelled around his candy. "Bad!" Jason laughed at that.

"You're right Riley, that was terrible. Bad words are bad."

"Sorry kiss," Riley said, pouting, and Jason and Tim stopped moving so Jason could lean over and kiss Riley's cheek. Riley beamed, and Jason chuckled. They'd implemented the apology kiss for any time someone was bad, as a way to remind Riley he needs to apologize and be nice.

He'd taken to demanding one every time Jason cursed after hearing Tim jokingly demand one once for his language.

"Forgiven?" Jason asked, and Riley nodded. They began walking again, as Tim typed one handed on his phone.
"You're not wrong though," Tim admitted, "he loved Damian so much and just wouldn't deal with it. I'm glad they're together. It's good for Tommy too."

"Will Tommy be with grandpa?!" Riley was nearly screaming, and Tim laughed.

"Yes Ri-bean. You and the twins will get to see Riley too." Riley squirmed happily, before he plucked his lolipop from his mouth and held it out to Tim. Tim glanced at him and giggled, opening his mouth and stealing it. "Thanks baby," he said around it, and Riley giggled and reached up, tossing his little arms around Tim's neck and clinging happily.

"How come you get the candy?" Jason asked, and Tim just winked at him.

"I'm the cool dad," he said, before Jason stopped and leaned over, grabbing the little stick and pulling it from Tim's mouth. The way his mouth moved around the candy seemed obscene- and Jason had a moment of wondering if he could get them a whole night kid free.

"Sure," Jason said, popping it in his mouth. "Pretty sure I'm the cool dad. You're the pretty one."

Tim hummed, wrapping both arms around Riley, still clutching his phone, and looking at his oldest. "What do you think Riley? Is daddy the pretty one?"

Riley leaned back, nodding excitedly. "Daddy is the prettiest!" Tim grinned at that, glancing over at Jason.

"You hear that? The prettiest. Count your lucky stars Jason Todd." Jason pulled the lolipop fro his mouth, handing it back to Riley- who took it with a grin- and leaned in, kissing Tim quickly.

"Trust me babygirl, I do every night."

* 

"I feel under dressed," Jason admitted, as he and Tim walked towards Dick and Damian, seated across the restaurant. Tim had his arm linked in Jason's.
"Why? No one is in a suit or anything. It's not *that* kind of restaurant."

Jason glanced down at his jeans, his leather jacket, and shrugged. "Maybe just because you look like a *starlet* and I... don't."

Tim giggled, squeezing his arm. "Hush Jay. You're the nicest arm candy I could ever have."

They reached the table at that point, had Damian and Dick both looking up at them. With a grin, Dick said, "Arm candy, huh?"

"What can I say? Rich boy has to accessorize." Tim said it with a grin, as he and Jason sat down. Sometimes Tim could have fun, teasing himself over his social standing thanks to Bruce.

"Sounds like something I just read." Tim quirked his brow, as Dick slid his phone across the table. Tim picked it up, as Damian leaned over, kissed his cheek in greeting.

"*Tim Drake has outing with family,*" Tim read, before he rolled his eyes. "Of course the paparazzi saw us. God forbid we take a walk in the damn park."

"Keep reading babybird," Dick said, and Tim sighed, looking back down at the screen.

"*Drake was seen today with mate Jason and their three children enjoying the unusually warm weather.*" He sighed. "Do I really need to read this? Same shit, different day."

"Skim down," Dick said, and Damian reached over, scrolled the article lower. Tim glanced over it, before he rolled his eyes and set the phone down, laughing to himself.

"What?" Jason took the phone from Tim, reading over it himself. *Drake was looking better than ever in a dress- something we haven't seen from him in a while! And with no sign of any baby weight hanging around, maybe we're in for a real fashionable fall from the young CEO-*

Jason snorted, passing the phone back to Dick. "Did you ever even *have* baby weight Timmy?"
"You know I did," Tim said, tapping his fingers on the table.

"We did eat a lot of ice cream," Damian pointed out, and Tim reached over, playfully swatting his thigh.

"And we deserved it and looks gorgeous," Tim added, leaning over into his space. Damian laughed and slipped a hand behind his back, to curl around his waist.

"Damn right you did," Jason pointed out, "You were both adorable."

"Are adorable," Dick corrected, looking rather enthralled as he eyed Damian. Jason glanced at him, before he looked back at Tim and Damian. He caught Tim's glance- knew he could see how Dick was looking at the youngest- and they both smiled.

Through the bond, Jason felt a little rush of heat, buzzing affection. Tim reached out, took Jason's hand as they rested on the table, Jason's thumb rubbing his fingers. And silently, Tim mouthed *I love you.*

Jason gave his fingers another squeeze.

He didn't need to respond, Tim could feel his reaction in his own chest.
Chapter 67

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "could you write dami or timmy's baby shower (or combined!)? like do they have it when poor tim is on bed rest? and he takes the teensie baby clothes and lays it over half his belly like it fits! and dami is just like ??? why presents i am rich"

I went a different direction and wrote about Tim's baby shower when he was pregnant with Riley :3

“Oh my god Tim you just look so cute!” Stephanie squealed, tossing her arms around him. Tim smiled, hugging her back from where he was settled on the couch, in the manor. Before she even pulled away she had her hand on his belly, rubbing gently. “Look at this little guy growing!”

“Oh he’s growing alright,” Tim said with a laugh, “To the point where it’s getting hard to sleep.” Stephanie smiled, kissed his forehead.

“He’ll be here soon. Then you can complain about how much beauty sleep you lost to him.” Tim giggled with her, as Dick swept into the room. He had two large gift bags in each hand, and another wrapped box under his arm.

“There’s my little brother!” he yelled, and Tim had to cover his mouth to try and contain his laughter. Stephanie turned, eyeing the gifts Dick was holding.

“Did you buy them a whole nursery?” she asked, as Dick set the gifts down in the quickly growing pile. There were gifts from various family friends that had been sent in, along with some from business associates that Bruce had been forced to shuffle in, as Tim had blissfully not been into the office for three days now.

He was trying to rest, as much as he didn’t care for it.

He figured he might convince Jason to calm down enough for him to sneak back for a few hours in another day or two.

“Would have if Jason would let me,” Dick offered, walking over. He leaned down, kissed Tim’s forehead, then his cheeks, the tip of his nose. Tim laughed, batting his hands at Dick, who reached down, placed both of his on Tim’s belly. “How’s our baby?”

“My baby is fine,” Jason said, leaning in the doorway, watching. “You’ll have to go make your own, Dickiebird.”

“Don’t listen to him,” Dick said in a rather loud whisper to Tim’s belly. “He seems to think he’s your dad or something.” Stephanie laughed, walking off and over to Jason, patting his shoulder.

“Better Dick-proof your penthouse now, because otherwise he is stealing that baby.”

“Oh, I’d like to see him try.” Still, Jason was grinning as Dick showered Tim in little kisses again, the omega leaning back happily and loving the attention. “Shall we go help Alfred finish setting up?”
“You mean attempt to sample everything before he has it on the table?” Jason grinned, and Stephanie punched his arm. “You fucking know it.”

The two took off, leaving Dick alone to fawn over Tim- who was more than happy for the attention and affection. And when Dick finally gave Tim room, to breathe, saying he’d better go make sure Jason and Stephanie had left food for the actual party- he was alone.

Tim leaned back, sighing, closing his eyes. He rubbed one hand along his belly, felt the baby kicking gently at his hand. He smiled to himself, hushing his son. “Relax a little, daddy needs a little peace before you get here.”

“-tt- talking to yourself?” Tim’s eyes snapped open and he sat up slowly, turning towards the doorway. Damian was standing in it, watching him.

“Not myself,” Tim corrected, glancing down at his belly. “Just the baby.” If Damian had some sort of smart-ass remark, he kept it to himself. He stepped into the room, walking around the couch and awkwardly holding out a small, wrapped box. Tim glanced at it, before he looked back up at Damian. “Is that for me?”

“No, it’s for Pennyworth.” Damian rolled his eyes. “Of course it’s for you… and the child.” Tim took the box carefully, settling it in his lap. Damian waited a moment, before he finally asked, “Aren’t you going to open it?”

“There’s usually a whole gift opening moment to these things. Everyone watches.” Damian sighed.

“…Would you open it?” Tim nodded, running his fingers along the silver paper, before pulling at the seam. The tape gave and he worked it off the simple black box, lifting the top off and setting it aside.

Inside were a number of small drawings, all framed in simple black. Tim lifted one, staring.

It was him. Or, more specifically- it was him years ago, as Robin.

They all were.

“Damian-”

“Any child in this family deserves to know their father’s time as Robin,” Damian offered, “Especially yours. You… carried the legacy well, Drake.” Damian looked away, stuffing his hands into his pockets.

“How did you draw these?” Tim asked, lifting up another one.

“Pennyworth has a collection of photos of the entire family. There were a number of you when you were younger.” Damian licked his lips. “I heard father and Grayson discussing decorating the nursery and I thought… perhaps you may want a little reminder there of exactly who brought your child into this world.”

Tim gave another glance to one of the drawings, before he settled them in the box and set them aside. He stood up, reaching for the teen- who, damn him, was taller than Tim and had easily been so for some time. He wrapped his arms around Damian, pulling him into a loose hug.

“Thank you,” he whispered. For a moment Damian simply stood there, before he carefully wrapped his arms around Tim.
Tim wanted to thank him for the gift, yes. But more so, the fact that he had \textit{complimented} Tim, that he had recognized his time as Robin as \textit{worthwhile}. That he’d taken the time to stare at old photographs of him and recreate them-

That he thought Tim was something worthy for his son to look up to.

Things might have been \textit{better} with Damian as he grew up, but this was still shocking to Tim- enough that he could only cling to Damian, hugging him silently. After a moment, Damian rubbed his hand along Tim’s spine, settling his cheek against his hair.

“You will make a good father. You and Todd.”

Tim smiled, felt strangely comfortable in the other omega’s embrace. “I hope so.”

Damian smiled, even though Tim couldn’t see it. “I \textit{know} so.”
Chapter 68

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "I love the idea of Tommy and Riley playing house when they are little, using the twins as their babies and stuff. Maybe one or both of them becomes obsessed with marrying the other and proudly proclaims the other is their bride. Neither of them remember it when they are older but their parents have pictures for proof."

Riley’s 5, Tommy and the twins are 3!

“Tommy you can’t leave the baby like that!” Riley had his hands thrown up in the air, watching as Tommy left Alyssa sitting amid a pile of toy food as he tried to drag Alec from the pile towards a mess of stuffed animals. His bedroom was a mess- but that seemed to always be the case, when Riley and the twins came over.

Tommy looked back at Alyssa, before he let go of Alec and made his way over. He grabbed her under her arms, dragging her from the toy food. Alyssa squirmed letting out a loud wail, that had Tommy stopped and reaching up, covering his ears. Once free, Alyssa grinned and reached for a small plastic frying pan, as Riley huffed.

“Lys you haf’ta let Tommy carry you!” Alyssa looked at Riley, before tossing the frying pan at him, hitting him in the shoulder. She giggled while her older brother scowled at her. “Bad baby!”

“Bad daddy!” she yelled, throwing another toy- this time, a hard clump of plastic grapes. Riley pouted, stalking over as Tommy moved back to Alec, trying to drag him towards the stuffed animals. Alec was limp, slouching as Tommy grunted and dragged him across the carpet, just as Riley reached Alyssa and pulled at her hair. She pounded her little fists into his chest, kicking at him until they were both on the floor.

“What’s going on in here?” Dick asked, leaning in the doorway just to see the two little alphas sprawled on the floor, and his son attempting to drag the other omega half way across the room. He walked over towards Alyssa and Riley, plucking the little girl off him and up into his arms to rest up by his shoulder. “Woah, what happened?”

“Lys was bad baby!” Tommy said, still dragging Alec.

“Oh?” Dick asked, bouncing her slightly and looking at her. “What did you do pretty girl?”

“Riley is a bad daddy!” she yelled, tossing her arms around Dick’s neck and clinging to him.

“Are you playing house?” he asked, chuckling and Riley nodded, sitting on the floor. His hair was a mess form where his sister had been pulling on it.

“Tommy and I are daddies and the twins are our babies,” he said, “But Lys can’t play right.” Alyssa stuck her tongue out at Riley before turning back to nuzzle Dick- very happy for the attention. Off to the side, Tommy finally gave up on dragging Alec and flopped over, the younger omega partially crawling on him and sprawling happily.
“Gonna get married!” Tommy yelled, even with Alec acting like happy dead weight on him.

“Oh? Are you now? You and Riley?” Tommy nodded, squirming a bit- but Alec refused to let him up. Riley pushed himself up, walking over and grabbing his brother, dragging him off Alec and hugging him happily.

“Oh-huh. Tommy and me are gonna get married and be daddies and the twins are our babies.” He grinned, and Dick couldn’t help but laugh.

“Well, how about you guys tell me all about this wedding over lunch. I’m sure you’ve got to be hungry, taking care of these two?” Riley and Tommy nodded, and Dick bent over, scooping Alec up and holding him to his other shoulder. “Can my two little grooms hold hands on the stairs?”

“Yeah!” Riley and Tommy both yelled. Riley took Tommy’s hand as they followed Dick out of his room and towards the stairs. The twins seemed content in his hold, as Dick started first, glancing back to see Riley grabbing the railing and holding onto it as he gripped Tommy’s hand tightly in his other.

“Good job,” he said with a smile, “So, is it a spring wedding?”

“With lots of flowers!” Tommy yelled excitedly. “And cake! Big cake!”

Dick laughed. He couldn’t wait to tell Damian about this, when he got home. And Tim and Jason, when they came for the kids later.
Chapter 69

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "The first time Owen blowjobs Alec he is trying to go slow and easy and Alec appreciates it ... Until he is going nuts with the pleasure and wants more"

Alec had his head tipped back, resting in his pillows. Between his legs, Owen was peppering kisses all over his naked thighs, nuzzling one before nipping at the pale, soft inner skin gently. Alec inhaled sharply, his cock throbbing, leaking precum all over his belly.

“Okay?” Owen asked, turning to kiss the other thigh. Alec groaned in response, felt slick and wet like he never had before, around someone else.

“Yeah,” he managed, licking his lips. Owen smiled, kissed up over his thigh, towards his hip. He hadn’t touched Alec’s cock once yet, and it was driving him mad- he was nearly panting, fisting his sheets in his hands.

Owen nipped at his hip, before finally sliding back down between his thighs. Alec felt his breath, a gentle exhale over his skin, before Owen’s mouth was at the base of his cock. Open mouthed kisses led him up along his shaft, to the head- and when his tongue swept up over it, Alec let out a choked sob.

“Shhh,” Owen whispered, hands moving up to soothingly grasp at Alec’s hips. “Too much?”

“N-no,” Alec managed, sucking in a breath. Owen lapped over the head again, before he opened his mouth, slowly sucking it in. The omega whined, and Owen sucked gently, barely moved as his thumbs traced little circles into Alec’s hips.

Owen’s mouth was so warm, a sort of wet silk that had Alec unable to breathe. He hadn’t dreamed it’d feel this good- hadn’t even bothered to ever think about it, until recently. Until he’d started to get so utterly excited around Owen- Not until Owen was getting him off and kissing him, and he just wondered what that perfect mouth might feel like elsewhere.

Owen finally took more of him in, slowly- so slowly there was almost a pain behind the pleasure. He swallowed half of Alec’s shaft, eased his way up, teased the head with his tongue, before easing back down.

It felt like hours of this, eons of Alec teetering so close to the edge from the anticipation alone- and then he was groaning, reaching up to tug at his own hair. “Owen, Owen, please,” he whined, “fuck, god- something, more, baby-”

Owen pulled off, and Alec let out a loud, frustrated whine. “Are you sure-”

“Please!” Alec cried, his thighs trembling. Owen sucked on his tongue for half a second, before he had him back in his mouth, this time moving quickly along his shaft. Alec let out a broken sob, thrusting up into his mouth, the corners of his eyes wet. Owen’s tongue pressed tight to the underside of his cock, and Alec saw stars as it flexed just below his glans, before he was crying out
loudly, coming in his boyfriend’s mouth.

Owen slowed his movements, sucked gently until Alec was sagging back into the bed, feeling boneless. Only then did Owen pull off, swallow and lick his lips as he crawled over Alec—meant to ask if he was alright—

But instead his boyfriend was pushing him, hooking an arm around his neck and holding tightly as he kissed him desperately. Owen groaned, Alec licking into his mouth, tasting himself, bitter and somehow so enjoyable, while his other hand was pressing between them, fighting with the button and zipper to Owen’s jeans.

“Alec,” Owen started, managed before his boyfriend shoved his tongue into his mouth—and whatever words he had were gone. Alec managed to get his jeans open, reached a hand inside and pulled Owen’s cock free. He wrapped his hand tight around him stroked quickly and had the alpha giving a sharp gasp, a pretty moan, around his tongue.

Alec refused to pull his mouth away—dizzy from his euphoric high. He clung tightly to Owen, who was having his own trouble keeping his mind from blacking out on him—the kisses making it hard to breathe but so glorious he didn’t want to stop. His hips were chasing Alec’s hand, any resolve and control gone—and in what felt like far too little time he was moaning into Alec’s mouth, coming over his knuckles, onto his boyfriend’s belly.

Owen finally pulled back, panting and staring with large, brown eyes at Alec, who smirked up at him. His cheeks were flushed, his dark hair tussled—and he looked so pretty and adorable and devilish that Owen didn’t even know what to do.

“I think I get the hype,” Alec finally offered. And Owen laughed. He laughed and leaned his forehead down on his boyfriend’s shoulder, shaking with it. Alec quirked up a brow, before he let himself flop back down onto his bed. Owen braced himself so he couldn’t land on top of him, wary of the mess he’d left on Alec’s abs.

Without much thought, he bent down, lapped it up, and Alec gasped. He felt his belly going tight, and suddenly tried to press his thighs together—a flood of wetness over the fact that Owen was licking his own cum off his belly.

“You okay?” Owen asked, glancing up, and Alec nodded.

“Uh-huh. Y-yeah.” He swallowed thickly—still felt almost strange over the heat, the heaviness it caused in him. Still felt a little awkward that it happened at all—but he still had yet to feel even a sliver of the attraction he felt for Owen towards anyone else—and that was honestly comforting.

“How about we call it a day with that,” Owen offered, stretching out next to him. He tucked himself back into his underwear, closed his jeans, before he tossed an arm over his naked boyfriend, nuzzling his neck. Alec nodded—part of him didn’t want to stop—part of him was aching suddenly for something to be inside him, for Owen to keep touching him—

But this was so much, and Alec was grateful his boyfriend understood that.

Owen hummed, kissed Alec’s jaw, as the omega squirmed his toes under his blanket. Owen reached down, grabbed it and tugged it up to his belly, before he returned to peppering little kisses along his cheek. And Alec relaxed, closing his eyes and inhaling, enjoying the warmth that rolled off the alpha—the faint scent of his pheromones, a light calm that he didn’t have any desire to fight.
Chapter 70

Chapter Notes

It’s time to get more holiday cheer in the form of the omegaverse!

Riley is 5, the twins and Tommy are 3, and this is a few months after Jason and Tim’s wedding.

Tim fought with his key in the door, trying to keep all the bags he had looped around his arms and wrists from falling. He managed to get the door open and took his key, shutting it with his foot. The house was blissfully silent, and he paused just long enough to kick his shoes off- didn’t need Jason complaining about the snow on the bottoms ruining his nice hardwood floors- before he hurried through the empty house. He made it up the stairs without falling over- which was a feat- and shoved his bedroom door open with his shoulder. Once inside, Tim dropped the bags on his bed, heaving a sigh and plopping down next to them, before falling back and staring at the ceiling.

He needed to get the toys hidden, before the kids came home. He figured he didn’t have long- but he knew the closet was a lost cause. He and Jason had filled that long ago. Under the bed might work- but damn, he knew play kitchen they had bought Riley was boxed up under there.

He glanced at the bags, before he reached down, pulled his phone from his pocket and clicked on Jason’s name. The phone rang a few times, before he got a “’yello?” from his husband.

“We need a new hiding place.”

Jason laughed, and Tim heard little voices in the background. “I take it you’re home?”

“Just got here. The closet is full. The you know what is under the bed.” Tim couldn’t be sure exactly where Jason was, or how well the kids could hear him through the phone.

Suddenly the background noise changed to singing, and Tim frowned.

“Are you in the van?”

“Yeah, I just turned their movie up. They won’t hear a thing.”

“Are you driving?”

“Yeah, but you know those cool volume controls in the steering wheel-”

“Jay you can’t be on your phone and driving!”

Jason laughed. “Really babygirl? This is what’s going to upset you? Not our whole vigilante thing? Relax. Eyes on the road, babies are all safe and strapped in. We’ll be fast. Shove everything in the basement.”

“Yeah, because our own personal cave is a great place to hide everything Big Bird.” Jason laughed, and Tim glanced over at the bags. Alec had recently become obsessed with the character- mostly because Jason had jokingly called Dick big bird in front of their son, and Alec was
very fond of his uncle. To the point that most times when Dick watched the kids, Alec was simply glued to his side.

“He’s going to flip,” Jason said with a grin. “Are we done shopping?”

“Also. Christmas pajamas still. I figured I’d do that later this week.”

“I want in on that.”

“I’m not bringing the three kids with us Jay. You’ve gotta monster-sit.” Tim grinned, sitting up and brushing his hair back.

“I’ll just pawn them off on Dick and Damian. They won’t mind.” Jason paused, before adding, “Oh, by the way, Tommy’s spending the night.”

Tim rolled his eyes. “Did they ask, or did you volunteer?” Jason was quiet, and Tim knew it was the latter. “Don’t forget I’ve got patrol tonight. It’s just you and the four munchkins.”

“Oh whatever shall I do.” Jason was grinning, and Tim knew it.

Tim also knew that the night was going to go exactly how Jason wanted. He lived for nights with his kids- and adding Tommy into the mix always only seemed to make him happier.

“Maybe I should call Cass and see if Avery wants to join the fun.”

Tim laughed, standing up off the bed and looking at the pile of bags. “Babe, I think you’ll have your hands plenty full without that little girl thrown into the mess. How about next time, when we’re both home.”

“You’re no fun Timmy.”

Tim laughed. “You know, if you’re trying to rival Bruce with the whole kid thing-”

“Don’t even go there!” Tim just grinned.

“Alright, alright. How long until you’re home?”

“Twenty minutes, we just left the Manor when you called. Enough time to hide everything?” Tim sighed.

“I think so.”

“Great. Do me a favor and put the giant pot on the stove? With water, obviously.” Tim rolled his eyes.

“Gee Jay, I thought boiling an empty pot would be a better idea.” Jason snorted. “Ass, I can figure out I need to put water in it.”

“Alright alright. I’ve got four kids who damn near demanded mac and cheese when we got in this van. I’d hate to disappoint.”

Tim shook his head, grabbing one of the bags and managing to cram it under the bed. “Alright, I’ll get on that. You go focus on not crashing your mom van.”

“Hey, my cool mom van, thank you very much.” Tim giggled, and he could almost feel Jason smiling, even though he knew his mate wasn’t close enough for that. “I’ll see you soon babygirl.”
“Okay sweetheart. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

Tim ended the call and tossed his phone on the bed, grabbing the next bag and shoving it under the bed as well. If he was lucky, he might be able to make everything fit under here- but they’d have to get to wrapping soon if they didn’t want to have to start piling the kids’ presents in their mini-cave.

Tim really didn’t want to do that. The last thing he needed when he was trying to gear up was having a ton of stuffed animals fall off a shelf and onto him. And he didn’t doubt it’d happen.
Chapter 71

Chapter Notes

Continuing from earlier! Riley is still 5, and Tommy and the twins are still 3!

“Woah, c’mere you!” Jason said, reaching out and scooping his daughter up as she tried to run past the couch. He wrangled her into his lap as she squirmed, giggling and kicking her little bare feet. Towards the other end of the couch, Alec watched, pouting as Jason peppered Alyssa’s head with little kisses before she squirmed away. Jason looked over at his youngest son and grinned, holding his arms open. “C’mon kiddo.”

Alec happily crawled across the couch, over his sister and right into Jason’s lap. Jason wrapped his arms around him, snuggling him as Alyssa propped up against Jason’s side digging her little feet up under the back cushion of the couch. Off in a large plush chair, next to the couch, Riley and Tommy were happily tucked into a large blanket, munching away on rather large cookies Jason had just given them.

Attempting to bake with four little runs running around had been an adventure.

“Okay, are we ready?” he asked, clicking the play button on the remote. There was a chorus of happy giggles, and Jason managed to lean around Alec, grabbing the plate of cookies he’d left on the coffee table and getting one for each of the twins. While they munched happily, eyes glued to the screen, he pulled another blanket off the back of the couch, wrapping the three of them up in it. Alec stayed happily snuggled in his lap, and he hooked an arm around Alyssa, keeping her close as well as the movie flashed colors through the dark room.

*

Tim let himself up into the house from the basement, setting the lock and security code. He raked his hands through his hair, sighing. It was late, the night had gone longer than he’d expected and it had to be three AM now. It might have gone faster, but with just he, Bruce, and Stephanie, patrol took some time- especially when the city was acting up.

He knew they could have asked Dick or Damian for help- but the fact that they had a night free of patrol and their kid was something Tim didn’t want to take form them. Besides, he knew they had wedding plans to finalize.

Why they wanted a winter wedding, he had no clue.

Tim heard the faint sounds of the television, and furrowing his brow, headed for the living room. He found the television stuck on a title screen, looping a song-

And on the furniture, five very asleep cuties.

Tim smiled to himself, glancing at Riley and Tommy, passed out in the chair. Riley had his little arms tight around Tommy, who was tucked up against him like Riley was a giant teddy bear. On the couch, Jason had stretched out, had both the twins on his chest, snuggled up together.

Tim walked over, crouching down and reaching out, stroking Jason’s hair back. He leaned in,
kissed his temple, and his mate made a little sound, eyes fluttering open. For a moment he just lay there, staring up into the dark, before he turned, caught a glimpse of Tim.

“Hey gorgeous,” Tim whispered. “They tire you out?” Jason smiled, before he yawned. He reached up, wrapped both his arms tightly around the twins and slowly sat up.

“Must’ve fallen asleep during the movie,” he mumbled, as Tim guided the blanket away from him. Jason’s hair was a mess from how he’d been sleeping on the couch, and Tim had to bite his lip to keep from giggling. “What time-“ Jason’s speech broke for another yawn, “-is it?”

“After three.” Jason groaned, and Tim stood up, heading over to the chair. “Think you can get them up to bed?” he asked, and Jason nodded.

“Yeah. Can you handle Romeo and Juliet over there?” Tim did giggle at that as he pulled the blanket off the sleeping children.

“Of course.” Jason moved past him, towards the stairs, and Tim managed to get Tommy and Riley to untangle. He picked Riley up first, his oldest wrapping his arms around Tim’s neck in his sleep, pressing his face into his neck, and the scar there from his bonding with Jason. Tim smiled, rubbed Riley’s back once and kissed his head, before leaning in, scooping Tommy up next. Thankfully, the little omega was happy to curl up into Tim’s chest and Riley’s side.

Tim made his way upstairs, a light on in the twin’s room. They had tried to give them each a room- but so far, they consistently both ended up in their original room- Alec’s room. To the point that most nights they simply tucked them in together.

Tim managed to get Riley’s door open and headed for the bed. He sat down, leaning over and getting both boys to let go of him and snuggle down into the mattress. They were quick to cling to each other again, had Tim giggling under his breath as he tucked the blanket up around them. He leaned in, kissed his oldest’s cheek, whispered his love to his baby, before turning and doing the same to Tommy.

Tim loved Tommy like the boy was his own- loved him like the miracle he was. After all, Tim was sure that if it weren’t for Tommy’s existence that Dick and Damian would not have ended up as they currently were.

Happy.

Tim left the room quietly, shut the door to see Jason heading up from the twins’ room. “They asleep?”

“Out for the night,” Jason said, tossing his arm around Tim’s shoulders as they headed for their room. “Our other two?”

Tim laughed at that, covering his mouth as they slipped into their room. “Out for the count. Snuggling like their lives depend on it.”

“It’s cute,” Jason admitted, as Tim flicked on the light, shutting the door. Jason pulled away, heading for the bed. “The two of them.” He pulled his shirt off, tossing it to the floor- but opted to leave his sweatpants on, simply because he was very sure they’d have four little snuggling alarm clocks, in the morning, demanding breakfast. “We’ll have to watch them when they’re older.”

“Jason!” Tim stripped of his own shirt, flicking off the light and heading for the bed. Jason was already crawling into it.
“What? Just stating facts. You know, Dick said they were playing *house* and that the twins were their babies.”

“He told me.” Tim crawled into bed, snuggling right up into Jason’s arms, pressing against his chest. “It’s cute. Don’t rush things. I’m not ready to have to think about any of our kids being old enough that I need to worry.”

Jason kissed the top of his head. “I know babygirl. Me neither.” Tim tipped his head up, got a quick kiss on his mouth from Jason. When his mate tried to pull away he chased him, a quite *mmm one more* mumbled before Jason was kissing him again. Tim melted into it, before Jason’s head dropped down to the pillows, and Tim curled back up into his chest, enjoying the rhythm of his heart.

“You know,” Tim mumbled, his eyelids growing heavy. “Maybe one of us can distract the kids long enough tomorrow to get some of these presents wrapped.”

Jason chuckled, the rumble from it vibrating in his chest, in Tim’s ear. “Still on that?”

“It has to get *done* Jason. We could put stuff under the tree!”

Jason yawned. “How about we discuss it after some sleep? Over coffee while they’re watching cartoons.” He squeezed Tim tighter, and Tim sighed, relaxing and dropping the subject. He supposed it could wait until morning.

But he knew the moment Jason came home with another present to hide and realized they literally had *no where else to hide them* that he’d be changing his tune.
Tim stretched out on the couch of the penthouse, his tablet settled on the coffee table. His eyes were heavy, he’d been up late working details on a case as much as everyone tried to get him to sleep, and had gotten up early with Jason when his mate headed off to meet with Roy about observation for a job they were taking.

Tim stretched his legs a second time, curling his toes. He could get up and head to bed, but the couch was so comfortable in that moment that he truly didn’t want to. He’d just rest his eyes for a moment.

But the moment they were closed, everything stopped, until he heard the door to the penthouse closing, and Jason’s footsteps through the house. He let his eyes flutter open, just in time for Jason to walk in and around the couch, peering down at him.

“Hi,” Tim offered, giving Jason a sleepy smile. He felt a rush of affection through their bond. “You’re back already?”

Jason arched a brow. “Baby, it’s nearly seven.” Tim sighed, reaching up to rub his eyes. “Dammit, I meant to just nap for a minute.” He stretched, arching his back, the swell of his belly rising. Jason chuckled, reached for the back of the couch and leaned over, his other hand pushing Tim’s tshirt up. He kissed his stomach affectionately, smiling-

And at that same moment, felt the baby kicking right beneath his lips. Tim pushed himself up on his elbows, feeling it too. He stared down at Jason, who just looked at Tim’s belly for a moment, before he burst out laughing.

“Little shit kicked me right in the mouth,” he said, grinning- placing another kiss to Tim’s belly. “Let’s not start those habits yet kiddo.” Tim giggled. “In fact, dad gets kicked in the mouth plenty. Let’s just leave that to the bad guys.”

Tim flopped back down, covering his mouth as he laughed, and Jason moved, leaning down over him, reaching with one hand to gently grab his wrist and guide his hand away.

“Hey now pretty bird,” he whispered, “don’t cover up that laugh. You know what it does to me.” And Tim did, because he could feel the rush of emotions through their bond. The fuzzy feeling in his chest from Jason’s love, the giddiness his own laugh caused in his mate. He laughed again, and Jason leaned closer, covered his cheeks in kisses, before settling on his mouth.
Tim sighed into it, reached up and wrapped his arms around Jason’s neck, holding him close as Jason sweetly kissed his mouth. He tipped his head back when Jason begged it of him, begged with a flick of his tongue, until the kiss deepened and there were different feelings rushing into Tim’s chest.

Tim gently dug his fingers into Jason’s back, clutched at his jacket until his mate pulled off, breathed against his wet mouth. “You know, the bed is a far better place for sleeping, babygirl.”

“Are you just trying to get me in bed?” Tim asked, smiling up so sweetly that Jason’s chest felt like it was caving in.

He grinned. “Guilty.” Another laugh, and Tim leaned up, kissed the corner of his mouth.

“Well,” he whispered, pulling himself up enough that Jason could hook an arm under him, “What are you waiting for?”

Jason had Tim in his arms before he could say another word, carried his mate towards their room as Tim pressed loving kisses to his neck.
Riley is 8, Tommy and the twins are 6! And Damian is currently pregnant with his third baby (Masira!) so Nadya is less than a year old (probably about 9 months old or so).

This also means this is after the mayhem that is Tim getting pregnant and having to abort the baby for his own health, which happens when Damian is pregnant with Nadya.

There’s not much point to this other than the family being cute and showing some Tim and Tommy bonding!

“Okay, you know the game plan,” Jason said as he pulled the cart free from a line of them. “In and out, quick trip.”

“Right,” Tim said, one hand on his hip. His other was holding Alec’s, as the boy looked around the store. “Tell me again why you didn’t come alone?”

“Not as fun?” Tim sighed, looking at the other three children who looked about ready to bolt away from the cart and into the store.

“If you wanted fun, bringing four kids to a grocery store is not the way to go about it.” Jason shrugged a shoulder, before leaning over the cart and announcing,

“Alright monsters, here’s the plan! The faster we do this, the sooner we get home and get baking! Riley, grab a cart for daddy, you, he, and Tommy are going to hit the perimeter, while the twins and I hit the inner aisles.” Riley was moving already, grinning as he grabbed a cart and tugged back with his whole body. He stumbled a little, before awkwardly turning it. Tim leaned down, kissed the top of Alec’s head before taking his hand back and heading over, taking the cart and ruffling Riley’s hair. “Let’s be quick, we’ve got a lot of cookies to make!”

There was a round of cheers, and before Tim could say a word, Jason was running with his cart into the store, the twins following. He sighed, reaching over and taking Tommy’s hand and holding it tightly. “Alright boys, let’s get this over with.”

They headed into the store. Tim released Tommy’s hand so he could look at the list Jason had written on his phone, pausing in the refrigerated section ans frowning.

“Three dozen eggs,” he said, “Jesus Jason we’re not baking for all of the north pole.” Next to him, Tommy giggled.

“Jay wants to make cookies for elves?” He asked, and Tim smiled down at him.

“I’m starting to think he does. Now let’s- Riley?” He glanced up, saw Riley was already down at the other end of the aisle, looking wide eyed at everything. “Riley, get back here!”

“Daddy can we make cinnamon rolls?” He asked, looking at the packaged dough. Tim sighed.
“We’re making cookies sweetie, now come back over here. You know the rule, you don’t run off.” Riley huffed, but listened, running back over as Tim began opening egg cartons, checking for cracks, before loading them into the cart. “We need butter. Riley, can you take Tommy’s hand and get that for me?” Riley beamed at that, taking the boy’s hand and pulling him down the aisle. Tim took a moment to edit his list, before his phone began to ring.

Damian’s name flashed, and he smiled, accepting the call.

“Hi gorgeous,” he said, pushing the cart and heading for Tommy and Riley. “How are you feeling?”

“-tt-” He heard Damian sigh. “I want to sleep for the rest of eternity. But Nadya has made sure I cannot.” Tim heard the vague sound of the baby, figured she was in Damian’s lap.

“Where’s Dick?”

“Father has stolen him from me. He promised to return him before the night is over though.” Tim smiled. He knew Damian didn’t sleep well without someone in his bed- and since Tim had stolen his otherwise number one snuggle partner by letting Tommy spend the night, Dick was it. “How is my little love?”

“Being an angel, as always,” Tim offered, leaving the cart to bend over Tommy and Riley, point to the butter he wanted. Riley picked it up, held the round container against his chest. “Which is a miracle, considering who his dads are.” Tim smiled as he knew Damian was frowning. “Tommy, come say hi to your baba.” Tim held the phone down against Tommy’s ear, and the boy excitedly said, “Hi baba!”

“Hello habibi,” Damian said, and Tim could hear him smiling. “Are you having fun?”

“Yes! We’re shopping and we’re gonna make cookies and we’re gonna feed all the elves!” Damian laughed as Tim bit his lip to hold in his giggles. “I’ll make sure there’s cookies for you!”

“You are the sweetest. You’re being good?” Tommy offered a happy mhm and Damian smiled. “Good. Daddy sends his love too.”

“Where is daddy? Can I talk to daddy?”

“He is with your grandfather. But Nadya misses her big brother.” Tommy giggled and Tim grinned- felt his heart just expanding for the little boy that he sometimes felt was simply his own. “I will see you tomorrow, okay? I love you, Tommy.”

“I love you too baba!” Tim pulled the phone back, taking the butter from Riley with his other hand and setting it in the cart.

“I’ll make sure we save you guys some.” He reached down, ruffled his oldest’s hair in thanks, before he began pushing the cart.

“Grayson will make sure they do not last a single night.” Tim laughed over that, covering his mouth as they paused so he could walk to the coolers and open them, hunting for the milk Jason asked for.

“We’ll send extra then. He put another baby in you, he can sit back and let you eat the damn cookies.” Damian was laughing over that, and Tim could picture him, on the couch with little
Nadya happily pressed to the gentle swell of his belly. How he’d lean down and kiss her hair. “Guilt tripping him does work, you know.”

“You are cruel, Drake.” But Damian had to be grinning. “And I know.” Tim laughed. “Continue your shopping, I missed Tommy’s voice. And perhaps yours.”

“I’m touched. Love you gorgeous.”

A softer smile. Tim just knew. “I love you too.” Tim set his phone back in the cart, looking down at his two helpers.

“How about we track down daddy and the twins and see how they’re doing?” He asked, and got two excited shouts in response.

*

If Tim thought shopping could be a headache, he wasn’t braced for the actual baking portion. Their house had a large kitchen- back when they had been house hunting all those years ago, that had been damn near at the top of Jason’s list. But two adults and four kids crammed in there trying to help was a recipe for disaster.

Tack on the loud Christmas music Jason had chosen to blare, and it was a loud possible disaster.

Jason had Riley stirring a bowl of dough, while he was rolling out more dough onto the floured table. The twins were on their knees on chairs, cookie cutters ready, while Tommy was already frosting the first batch that Jason had got going while Tim ordered pizza and made sure the kids ate.

“Okay munchkins, it’s all you!” Jason stepped back and both the twins were quick to slam their cookie cutters down, giggling as Jason helped to lift them and move the cut shapes onto a cooking sheet.

“You’re doing a good job Tommy,” Tim said, sitting down next to him and leaning over, kissing his hair. The boy grinned, was sticking little colored M&Ms on a green frosted tree shaped cookie.

“Will baba and daddy like this one?” he asked, and Tim grinned.

“They are going to love whatever cookies you give them. But your daddy is going to love it.” Tommy squirmed in excitement, and Tim saw so much of Dick in him in his happy smiles and those pretty eyes.

Tommy set it down, reaching for a star shaped cookie. He pointed to the pink frosting and Tim gathered some up on a plastic knife, handing it to Tommy to spread on the cookie. “Timmy?”

“Yes baby?”

“Can I make this one for you?” Tommy looked up at him, behind his bangs like he was trying to hide. “It’s pretty like you.”

Tim smiled leaning down to kiss his hair a second time. He gave the boy a squeeze. “Tommy, I’d love it.”
Dick adjusted the squirming child on his hip, as Nadya reached excitedly towards the counter, attempting to grasp the sandwich he was making Tommy for lunch. “Hold on princess,” Dick said, before having to set down the knife and shift her so he had both arms around her, pressing her to his chest. He sighed, abandoning his mission and heading towards the sounds of the television, found Tommy sitting on the couch with his feet tucked up under one of the cushions, staring at it intently.

Dick set Nadya down on the couch, watched her crawl directly towards Tommy, tugging at his pant leg.

“Can you watch your sister for a minute?” Dick asked, and Tommy nodded, untucking his feet and letting her crawl right onto his lap. She settled on his lap, pointing excitemently at the television as something exploded, and Dick frowned- wondered what the hell his eight-year-old was watching.

A minute later and he realized the explosion had given way to a large monster on screen, and-

“Is that Godzilla?” Tommy nodded, and Nadya giggled, chanting lizard over and over again. “This is old.”

“Jay and Timmy have a collection of them.” He leaned back, looked up at his father. “Riley and I stayed up until midnight watching them.”

“Midnight huh?” Dick asked, planting his hands on his hips. “Pretty sure that’s past bedtime.”

“Bedtime doesn’t count there,” Tommy said, “you know that.”

“Do I now? Because I’m pretty sure Tim has a bedtime for all his little monsters.”

Tommy grinned at the mere mention of Tim. “He tucks us in when were sleepy. But it was Saturday dad.”

“Uh-huh. That’s still late for you.”

“Am I gonna have a bedtime when I’m Robin too?” Tommy was looking at Dick now with those big blue eyes, his hair flopping across his forehead. Dick sighed.

“We’re not talking about that right now.”

“I can keep up! You know it! Riley went out with Jay!”

“What Riley does with his dads does not dictate what you do, Thomas.” Tommy grimaced at the use of his full name, and Dick’s eyes softened. “You, baba, and I will discuss this later. You’re too young.”
“I’m eight.”

“Yeah, so go enjoy being eight.” Tommy frowned, as Nadya sprawled out on his chest, her dark waves splaying along her back and her brother’s chest. Dick swore there had been a bow in her hair, an hour prior. It wouldn’t be alike her to lose it- and then cry, when she realized.

He figured he better find it before she did.

“Have I missed something?” Damian strolled into the room, bouncing Masira happily in her arms. She was clapping excitedly, squealing when she saw her siblings. Damian barely made it to the couch before she was escaping his hold, crawling on the couch and pushing Nadya so there was room on Tommy’s chest for her as well. Nadya pouted, before Masira was reaching out, gently tugging at Nadya’s hair.

“Discussing Robin things,” Dick admitted, and Damian quirked up a brow. Tommy seemed distracted in that moment, attempting to get his arms around both his sister’s and complaining that he couldn’t breathe with all their squirming. Dick turned to face his husband, speaking in a lower tone, “Did Jason take Riley out?”

Damian nodded. “Tim said he took him out for a ride around the city in costume. Nothing more.”

“Well, Tommy’s got ideas now.” Damian shrugged a shoulder, and Dick reached up, raked a hand through his hair. “He’s young, Damian.”

“We all were.”

“He is eight.”

“I’m not saying take him on a raid,” Damian replied, folding his arms, “I’m saying let him start some real training. The suit waits until he is ten. We agreed on that.”

Dick frowned, glanced back at his children- at his oldest, who was laughing and grinning as both his sister’s pressed their little hands on his cheeks, tugged at his hair. “...That’s not far enough away,” Dick admitted. Damian sighed, reached out and took his hand- could feel his apprehension, building in his own chest. “I know, beloved.” He reached out, took one of Dick’s hands, squeezed it in his own. “He shouldn’t be so big yet.” Dick nodded, tugged Damian in, wrapped an arm around his shoulders and kissed his temple. “But if we do not take him out, you know he will sneak out. He is our son, after all.”

Dick nodded. He knew it was true- he figured that had to be way Tim had caved, allowed Riley to go with Jason. And even though they had been training Tommy, even though the boy could probably drop someone twice his size- granted, with how small he was, that wasn’t saying too much- it still terrified Dick, the idea of him being out on the those streets.

Better he get a good year and a half to two of good, solid training, before he ever hit those streets. Better it be controlled. Better it be a fixed point in the future, than in inevitable surprise that could come too soon.

“We can discuss it properly later,” Damian said, leaning in to kiss Dick’s cheek. He nodded, gave Damian a final squeeze, before pulling off.

“Yeah, alright. So I guess if you’re here maybe I can finish making these little munchkins lunch.”

“Lunch lunch lunch!” The cheer went up from Nadya, and Masira tried to mimic her, fragmenting
the word to unch as Tommy sat up, his sisters spilling to the couch.

“Are you still making peanut butter and bananas?” he asked, excitedly, and Dick laughed.

“Of course,” he said, shoot Damian a glance, “It is your favorite, after all.”

Tommy gave an excited yes, and Dick let it sink in that, despite how much Tommy looked like him, he was Damian’s son, through and through.
And he remembered Damian as Robin- and he knew there was nothing on earth that would ever keep Tommy from it, no matter when he first put the suit on.
Chapter 75

Chapter Notes

Once again, Tommy is 8, Nadya is 3, and Masira is 2. And this was bound to happen. A lot.

Dick gasped, arching his back as he gripped tightly at Damian’s hips, his mate wrapping his hands around the alpha’s wrists, keeping them there as he lifted himself with his thighs, before driving down hard on his cock.

“Shit,” Dick breathed, watching Damian’s pretty mouth drop open, watching the way his eyelids fluttered and that jade disappeared behind thick eyelashes. “Little prince, you’re so gorgeous.”

Damian smiled over that, keeping such a steady, well practiced rhythm that Dick could barely focus on anything. Anything other than how good his body felt, how wet Damian was for him, how perfect each angle was-

“You’re so tight,” he breathed, squeezing his hips, and Damian rolled them, had Dick gritting his teeth, his cock pulsing. God, if Damian wasn’t careful, this would be quick-

Damian let his head roll along his neck, and Dick almost wished he was facing to opposite way, so he could see the scar on the back of his neck. Loved the visual reminder that Damian was his, all his, no one else’s-

And that he was eternally Damian’s.

But nothing compared to see Damian’s pretty face, that flush on his cheeks, the way his mouth moved when he moaned. The blanket was still pooled around his thighs, bunched up behind him, on Dick’s thighs, but neither could seem to care. Dick ran his hands up, lifting himself slightly as he grasped at Damian’s waist now, one thumb stroking an old scar as he groaned out, “Talk to me, Damian.”

“About...what...” his words were fractured with each lift of his body, each time he drove down on Dick’s cock. His own was hard, ignored for the moment, as his hands now gripped at Dick’s forearms, since the shift of his hands up to Damian’s waist. “How good... your... cock feels?” Dick groaned, baring his teeth for a moment and almost wanting to tear Damian down to him, to sink them into his neck and feel him writhe against him.

“Yeah, that,” he managed, and Damian grinned, shoved Dick’s hands off him so the man fell back to his back and arched himself, curving his spine as he rode him, Dick gasping because Damian was gorgeous and he had no idea how he’d ever gotten lucky enough to end up here-

The sound of their bedroom door broke his thoughts, as light from the hallway flooded the room, over powering the lamp they had left on, on Dick’s side of the bed.

Damian lurched forward at the sudden change, grasping the blanket behind him and tugging it up. Dick didn’t even get a chance to move before his husband was off him, turning on his hip on the bed and glancing at the door, both of them expertly covered by the blanket.
“Daddy Nadya woke up and-” Tommy paused in the doorway, looking confused at his parents. “...Baba, what were you doing?”

Damian was still flushed, his pretty eyes dilated, chest moving quickly, but somehow he managed to speak- and if Dick was honest, sound rather controlled.

“Daddy was helping me stretch,” he said, and Dick bit at his tongue, told himself not to laugh. He must have made a sound because Damian shot a very quick glare at him, before looking back at his son.

“Did you hurt your back?” Tommy sounded concerned, as he gripped to doorknob with both hands and leaned further into the room. Damian smiled sweetly at him.

“I’m fine, habibi. Now what has Nadya done?”

Tommy huffed, looking annoyed- “She woke up and won’t leave my room.”

“I didn’t hear the monitor,” Dick said, glancing at the two monitors on his nightstand. One for Nadya, one more Masira.

“Daddy will come get her,” Damian said, still smiling, “Can you go read her a story for a few minutes?” Tommy nodded, turning and tugging the door shut. He was gone barely a moment before Damian said, “Of course we didn’t hear anything. We were not quiet, Grayson.”

Dick rolled his eyes. “A few nights without an incident and the one time we decide to fuck.” He shook his head, raking a hand back through his hair. “Stretching, babe?”

Damian reached over, smacked his arm. “It was all that came to mind!” Dick chuckled.

“You’re a terrible liar when it comes to the kids. But I’ll give you credit, you were pretty fast when that door opened.” Damian grinned, before he pushed at Dick’s shoulders, forcing him back onto his back. He ripped the blanket back, crawling back on top of him. “Damian, what-”

“I can’t send you anywhere in the state you’re in,” Damian pointed out, settling on Dick’s hips, the alpha’s cock still hard, brushing against him. “Tommy can handle her for a few minutes. Let me take care of you.”

Dick opened his mouth to protest, but Damian was sliding back onto his cock, and the words simply died. Dick bit his lip, watched as Damian rolled his hips, moving quickly, his breathing come back in pants as one hand reached up, tangled in his own hair and tugged.

It was like a display, the way Damian bared himself for Dick, and Dick could feel the pulse of his mate’s arousal, deep in his chest. He groaned, thrusting up into Damian, a beautifully obscene moan falling from that mouth Dick loved so much, before Damian rocked his hips, purposefully clenching tightly around him.

Dick gasped, grasping at his thighs, feeling the muscles flex with each movement. “Dami- shit, baby- don’t-”

“Why not?” he asked, glancing down, looking like sin incarnate. He was a god, Dick was convinced. A god and a sin and an agonizing terror to his sanity. Everything he could ever need. “Do you not want to come, beloved?”

“Not- without you,” Dick forced out, as Damian rolled his hips again, in that way he knew Dick loved, that had the alpha biting back a shout. “Fuck, I can’t-”
“You can.” Damian did it again, smirking now. “Come now, darling, I know you want to.” Dick groaned, the sound ending in a whine that had Damian’s smirk turning into a grin. He tossed his head back as he continued to ride Dick, relentlessly, every perfect rock of his hips bringing Dick so close he could scream. “Grayson- Dick- please.” Damian reached for his wrists again, squeezed them, found Dick’s stare and held it. “I want you to.”

Dick gave in then, holding onto Damian’s thighs and thrusting up into him a few more times, before his back arched and he let his head tip back, moaning out Damian’s name as he came inside his mate. Damian echoed his moan, riding him through it, until Dick collapsed back onto the bed, and Damian stilled, smiling to himself- smug.

Dick stared up at the ceiling, working to catch his breath- hating when Damian lifted off of him, missed the perfect heat of his body-, looked over to see his mate stretching out next to him. Dick reached up, brushed at his hair, ran his knuckles along Damian’s cheek.

“You didn’t need to do that,” Dick whispered, as Damian turned, kissed his knuckles. He sat up, Damian sprawling out into his space the moment he stood up from the bed.

“It was faster than you attempting to contain yourself,” Damian pointed out, and Dick laughed.

“Okay, true.” He grabbed his sweatpants and underwear off the floor, redressing before walking across the room to pull a tshirt from his dresser. “I’ll be quick, then it’s your turn.”

“-tt- I can take care of this myself,” Damian said, very matter-of-factly, and Dick whirled around, crossing back to the bed. He leaned over it, rolling Damian onto his back and capturing his mouth in a kiss. The omega whined, hips rolling as he reached up, sank a hand into his husband’s hair.

“Oh, I know,” Dick whispered, “But it’s so much more fun when I get to.” Damian bit at his own lip, hips rolling again, and Dick grasped for his mate’s hand, guiding it down between his wet thighs. He nuzzled Damian’s neck, nipping at his ear lobe before he whispered, “Keep yourself worked up. I’ll make sure it’s worth the wait.” He pulled away, hurrying for the door and not looking back to see if Damian was doing as he asked or not.

He hurried down the hallway, found Tommy’s door was half open. He peeked in, found his oldest laying back in his pillows with a book, looking at it with very sleepy eyes. Nadya was curled up against him, sleeping soundly. When Dick stepped in, Tommy looked over at him, offering a very tired smile.

“She fell asleep,” she said, and Dick nodded, taking the book from him and setting it aside. He sat down on the bed, gently rubbing his daughter’s back and smiling at his son.

“She feels safe around you, that’s why,” Dick offered. Carefully, he picked her up, turned her so her face was pressed into the crock of his neck. In her sleep she clutched at his shirt, sighing contently. “You’re a very good big brother, Tommy.”

Tommy grinned at the praise, his eyes falling closed, and Dick leaned in, kissed his forehead.

“Now c’mon, bedtime.” He stood up, helped to pull the blankets back with one hand- the other arm locked around Nadya. Tommy squirmed under them, grabbing one of his stuffed animals and snuggling it against his chest as he rolled onto his side. Dick kissed his temple now. “Sweet dreams kiddo.”

“G’night daddy.” Dick smiled at him, before straightening up and crossing the room. He flipped
the light off and slipped back into the hallway, closing the door tightly behind him.

Directly across the hall was Nadya’s room, and Dick let himself in. He walked over to her bed, managing to get her blanket back and carefully stooped over, settling her into it. She squirmed around, until she was on her belly, facing away from him, her little hand reaching out to grasp at one of her own stuffed animals. Dick tucked her in, kissing the back of her head.

“Good night princess,” he whispered, and then, added, “Let your brother get some sleep.” Nadya sighed, and Dick almost laughed over it. He double checked her nightlight, before heading out himself, leaving her door closed.

He stopped in Masira’s room, on his way back to Damian- and found her sound asleep, sprawled on her back. She’d tossed half her blanket off her tiny bed, and he attempt to wrap it around her again, only to get her squirming in response, kicking it off immediately. He sighed, shaking his head, and simply brushed her dark hair back, before leaving her be. She may have the strangest sleeping habits- but she slept better than either of his older children, and Dick couldn’t complain about that.

He paused at his bedroom door, closing his eyes and smiling. He knew that Damian would be crawling from his bedroom, heading down for the cave. Suiting up for another night in Gotham. Another night where he might never come back.

Dick tried not to swell on those thoughts- but they ate at him, when Damian left and he remained. They ate at him when he kissed his children goodnight and knew that, leaving the cave might mean neither of them coming home.

Some nights, it was too much. Some nights, Dick wished it all away. And tonight- it felt like one of those.

He opened the bedroom door, slipping back inside. As it clicked shut, he heard Damian moan, watched him arching, his thighs spread wide. Even from where he stood, Dick could see the two fingers he had buried in himself.

“I did... as you asked,” he whined, as Dick crossed the room, crawling onto the bed. Damian’s cock was flushed, swollen, leaking all over his belly, and he was so wet Dick could smell how aroused he was. He smiled, gently guided Damian’s fingers out of his body to replace them with two of his own- watched as his mate grasped desperately at the sheets, his thighs trembling.

“You’re so good, little prince,” Dick praised, leaning down to kiss his hip. He knew this wouldn’t take long, could feel from just the heat of Damian’s body how close he was. He turned his head, sucking his cock into his mouth and moving slowly, ripping the sweetest shout from Damian’s mouth.

He’d still drag it out as much as possible. He’d keep Damian to himself for just a few extra seconds. If only to quell the fear, for a moment, that he might not come home.
Damian pinched the bridge of his nose, the sound of the television echoing inside his skull to the point that his head ached. Whatever cartoon Tommy was watching was far too loud, and was promising to split his skull in two within five minutes.

He closed the file he was trying to read through, looking up. Tommy was sitting on the floor, snuggling a large plush elephant his father had given him years ago, little Nadya sitting up against him. He gave her enough support that she was able to hold the position comfortably.

“Habibi,” Damian offered, “Can we perhaps watch something else?”

“At least turn it down to a reasonable volume,” he said, lowering the television’s sound. The moment he did Nadya began to wail, acting as if the entire world were disappearing with the sound. Damian jerked, dropping the remote. He reached for it, grabbing it off the floor, before he turned it back up slightly- not to the volume it was at originally, but enough that Nadya calmed down.

“Is the world ending in here?” Dick had popped his head in, still had his jacket on. Over the sounds of the television and his daughter crying, Damian hadn’t even heard the front door open.

“It is about to,” Damian muttered, reaching up to rub at his temples again. Dick frowned, stripping of his jacket and tossing it over a chair. He walked over to hid kids, reaching down to ruffle Tommy’s hair, the boy smiling but not taking his eyes off the television. Dick stroked back Nadya’s baby-thin hair next, and she squirmed, her little hands clutching at Tommy’s elephant, too enthralled by the bright colors of the cartoon to be bothered with anything else.

Dick walked back over, grabbing the file Damian had been reading and tossing it to the chair where head thrown his jacket. He settled just as his mate began to protest, leaning over and kissing Damian’s temple.

“Headache?”

“Like you would not believe,” Damian said. Dick leaned back, gently easing Damian down, patting his thigh.

“Lay down,” he said, and Damian stared at him for a moment, before stretching out on the couch, on his back, letting his head rest in Dick’s lap. His alpha brushed his hair back with one hand, hushing him, as Damian let his eyes fall shut, enjoying the sweet comfort of the darkness, behind his eyelids. Dick reached out, rubbed his other hand along Damian’s belly, the subtle swell there.
The omega sighed, mumbling, “This is *your* fault, Grayson.”

Dick chuckled. “I know, I know. You haven’t let me forget that this is all my fault for the past four months.”

“And I will not, for the next five.”

Dick laughed. He couldn’t help it- he felt *bad* that Damian seemed to have more frequent miserable days with this pregnancy- but he was still *adorable*, even when he was grumpy.

Dick just wished he was more comfortable. But it wasn’t like they *planned* for Damian to be pregnant again- at least, not this fast. Maybe down the road, maybe another year-

But Dick couldn’t bring himself to really believe anything with this family would ever go *as planned*.

“Helping a little?” Dick asked, and Damian only sighed. The sound from the television had begun to fade, and Dick’s warm palm was chasing the ache from his skull, the hand on his belly easing the subtle cramping he’d been getting from the stress of feeling so ungodly miserable.

And while he might have blamed Dick for all of this, Damian knew he wouldn’t be able to survive it without him.
Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "So, when you have the time, can we get a short fic on Tim, Jason, Dick, and Damian finding out about Tommy and Riley dating? I just really want some reactions to their utter adorableness."

This has been sitting around forever! I’m sorry! But Riley is 21, and Tommy is 19, and they’ve only been dating quietly a few weeks.

“You’re fidgeting,” Riley whispered, glancing back at Tommy. They were standing in the living room- and could hear Jason’s voice, in the kitchen, singing along with whatever music he had stolen from one of Alyssa’s playlists.

“I’m nervous,” Tommy admitted, reaching up to fiddle with his hair.

“Why? It’s just my dad.”

“Yeah well... you know. I don’t know.” He shrugged a shoulder, folding his arms- before they heard the front door opening, heard Tim calling out as it closed. He appeared a minute later, shaking rain water from his hair and loosening his tie. He paused when he caught sight of the two, smiling at them.

“Oh, hi Tommy. Didn’t know you were over.” Tommy gave a little wave, shifting, and Tim frowned. “What’s wrong?”

Riley sighed. Of course his father knew something was up after less than ten seconds. He glanced at Tommy, before shrugging a shoulder.

They could start here.

“Uh, dad. Can we talk to you? Just for a second.” Tim nodded, sliding his hands into the pockets of his tight, grey pants, looking young as he watched the two. “We’re uh... it’s just that...” Riley reached up, rubbed the back of his neck, and Tommy blurted out,

“We’re dating.”

Tim stared at them for a moment, before grinning. “Yeah? Well. Took you two long enough.” Riley gawked, Tommy’s arms falling to his sides, as Tim turned, yelled towards the kitchen, “Jay! Come out here babe!”

“Huh?” The music suddenly stopped, and Tim rolled his eyes.

“Come out here!” Jason appeared a moment later, walking up to Tim’s side and slipping an arm around his waist.

“What’s up?”

“Guess what finally happened.”
Jason took one look at Riley and Tommy before he grinned. “Finally a thing?”

“Jay!” Riley said, and Jason frowned.

“Would dad kill you?” He pulled from Tim’s side, walked over to his son and tossed his arm over his shoulders. “Listen, we’ve been waiting for this since you two basically could look at each other. If you’re going for shock value, you failed kid.” He squeezed his shoulder, and Tommy asked,

“So you’re not... mad or anything?”

“Mad?” Tim now, shaking his head. He walked over to Tommy, reached up and squeezed his shoulders. “Tommy, I adore you. I always have. Damian just thinks your his- we all know you’re really my baby.” He pulled him into a hug, and Tommy smiled, nuzzling into Tim happily. Tim had always been comfort, from as far back as he could remember. Tim had always loved him, always treated him like his own son-

And the actual thought that he might have aggravated him in any way really did weigh heavy on his mind.

Jason steered Riley away for a moment, pausing to look him in the eye. “Let me just say something,” he said, quietly, and Riley nodded. His father’s voice had dropped low, serious-something he only heard when he was putting on his helmet and becoming the Red Hood. “I like Tommy. He’s part of this family too. You two have been attached since you were babies.”

Riley nodded. It wasn’t a lie.

“And you’ve always been happy around him- and lately you have seemed even happier. Just don’t mess this up, kid. Tommy’s the best thing that’s walking into your life.” Riley quirked up a brow, and Jason smiled at him. “And you deserve the world, Ri. Just make sure you recognize it when it’s right in front of you.”

Riley glanced back over his shoulder, smiling when he saw Tommy laughing, leaning onto Tim’s shoulder happily.

“Trust me dad,” he said, his heart rate picking up. “I recognize it.”

* 

“I’m just saying, let me take it for a spin.” Tommy was grinning, looking at the Batmobile which his baba was working on. Damian’s tank top was smeared with grease from his hands, and currently he had goggles lowered over his eyes as he re-soldered some of the wiring.

“Wait until it is operational habibi,” Damian said, not looking at his oldest. Tommy huffed, as he heard the sound of someone dropping on the mats.

He knew from the volume of it that it was Riley.

“You’re not focusing!” Dick, chiding the other alpha as Riley stood back up. Tommy glanced over at them, smiling. Damian lowered his soldering gun, lifting his goggles as he stood, looked over at them.

He smiled, saying to himself, “He is gorgeous when he moves.”

Without even thinking, Tommy said, as Riley dodged one of his father’s punches and delivered his
shoulder right into Dick’s ribs, “God he is.”

Damian glanced over at his son, frowning, but Tommy didn’t even notice. He was staring, and when Riley caught his stare, he paused to smile as well-

Long enough for Dick to charge him, knock him down to the mats again. Riley crashed with a groan, and Tommy reached up, covering his mouth as he snorted, giggling.

When he looked back at Damian, his father was still watching him. “What?”

“Is something-” he was cut off as Dick raised his voice again, even as he bent over, pulling Riley up.

“Head in the game, Riley! Wanna get your ass handed to you out there?” Riley shook his head, shooting another glance at Tommy-

And then Damian was exhaling. “You two are...” he looked between them, and Tommy flushed.

“What? Baba- that’s- I mean. We’re not...well...” he trailed off, before looking down, and Damian was suddenly yelling Grayson!

“What is it little prince?” he asked, turning and folding his arms. “You want to go a round?”

Damian glanced over at Tommy, looking at him expectantly, who sighed, lowering his shoulders. “Dad,” he said, looking at Dick, “Uh... I’ve sort got a boyfriend.”

Riley, realizing what was happened, tensed a little. And Tommy wondered if the stress his boyfriend was feeling was worse than his own-

After all, Riley had reminded him that his father was Batman after all.

“Yeah?” Dick was eyeing his son, before glancing at his mate.

“Yeah. And uh... you’re sorta standing next to him.”

Dick glanced over at Riley, who offered a sheepish smile. And then, with a little grin, offered up, “Well, you could do worse.”

Damian chuckled, as Tommy frowned, fisting his hands. “Dad!”

“He is being his usual ass of a self,” Damian pointed out, before adding, “Do not take him seriously, Riley. You know Grayson.”

“Yeah,” he mumbled, reaching back to pull his hair free. He shook his head, and Tommy stared, always loved when Riley freed his mane. Damian recognized that stare, and suddenly added,

“Tommy, perhaps we should have a... discussion.”

He snapped back to himself as his father suddenly went back at Riley, pulling him back into sparring. “Huh? About what- oh.” He recognized the look in his father’s eyes. “Baba relax. I’m not- we haven’t- listen. Listen. I know that I’ve... said things before. But Riley and I... we haven’t-you know. Done anything yet. Slow.” He was blushing, glancing away.

There were too many memories of horrible intimacy, too many times spent crying to his father. He didn’t blame Damian one bit for his concern.
But what came next hadn’t been expected. “I do not want you making the same mistake I did.”

Tommy jerked his head up, staring at his father, whose eyes had softened. “Baba?”

“I know what it’s like to be young. And in love.” He reached out, took Tommy’s hand in his own, gave it a squeeze. “Infatuation will make you lose your mind.”

“You never worried before-”

“I did, but... you have always had Riley. He means something to you, he always has. And when someone means something... sometimes you can forget to think. I was lucky. My misjudgment gave me you.” Another squeeze. “I was lucky.”

Tommy smiled softly, taking a step towards his father and lifting his arms, wrapping them around his neck. He hugged him tightly, smiling to himself.

“Don’t worry baba,” he whispered, “I’m perfectly fine. Riley... Riley’s always taken care of me. Nothing can go wrong with him around.”

Damian rubbed his son’s back, whispering, quietly in Arabic, and Tommy ached a little, over it.

*I pray you are right.*

Against it, there was the sound of Riley hitting the mats again, and very clearly, Dick, “Just remember that I can still drop you, Riley.”

And it was the momentary distraction Tommy need, bursting into laughter as he turned his head, watched his father pulling Riley back up again- and despite the threat, smiling at him.
Chapter 78

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "17. With Alec/Owen ( Alen?Owec, I like Owec, I'm from now on using that as a ship name for them; Owec.)

"Hungry kisses on every bit of newly visible skin as clothing is slowly peeled away"

Alec dragged his lips along the alpha pressed into his bed, his hands fisted in his sheets. Owen arched up, moaned as Alec’s teeth found his shoulder, as he bit gently.

The blond had his hand on Alec’s back, blunt nails digging in as the omega rocked down against him. His dark hair tickled, and when he leaned up and kissed Owen’s mouth, he tasted like mint and chocolate.

Owen hummed into his boyfriends mouth, as Alec worked himself up Owen’s body until he was straddling his waist, bent over and curved so divinely to continue kissing him. Owen reached for his pants, worked his jeans open and let them inch off the omega’s hips. When Alec pulled back from the kiss. Owen grabbed his thighs, pulling him up higher onto his chest, so that when he leaned up, he could kissed at his lower stomach, down to the waistband of his underwear.

Alec tipped his head back, touch drunk already as his boyfriend tugged his jeans down further, before he hooked his fingers into the waistband of his underwear.

“Sure you’re okay with this?” he asked, glancing up with those brown eyes that were so gorgeous, so completely dark they could have been black.

They made Alec’s heart stutter.

He nodded, smiling, his stomach full of butterflies. Always was, when Owen looked at him like that. Like he was pretty and special and so full of something good that the alpha just couldn’t look away. Looked at him like he just wanted him to feel good.

“Yeah,” Alec whispered, reaching down to brush his feather hair back, unable to even put to words the affection he had for this man- and the strange attraction it brought up in him, like he’d never felt before.

Owen nodded, kissing his stomach again, and Alec tipped his head back, stuck on the sweet way Owenalways asked him, always made sure he was comfortable, he was happy, he was ready-

Made him feel safe, down in his bones.
Chapter 79

Chapter Notes

Lian is 16, Riley is 12, and the twins are 10 (and so is Tommy, even if he’s only mentioned). And who thought babysitting was a good idea? Featuring mentions of Riley’s mantle for like, the second time ever, intended sex jokes no one needs to make regarding their parent, and the fact that for a long time Riley and Lian didn’t actually get along very well.

“I promise I’ll keep tonight short,” Tim said, as he adjusted his cape. Lian waved him off, leaning back in the chair in front of his command station, situated in the rather extensive basement of their home. His own personal, albeit much smaller than the original, Cave.

“No worries Timmy,” she offered, swiveling herself from side to side. “You stay out all ya want, I can handle the monsters. Not like they’re tiny now.”

“Still, you’re supposed to be staying so you’re not alone while your father and Jason work. Not so you can babysit my gaggle of brats.” He was smiling affectionately as he said it, and Lian snorted.

“Pah-lease, I know I’m here so that when Jayjay and dad are done with whatever trouble they’re getting into over in France they don’t have to rush back to the states. And then dad and I don’t have to rush home.” She raised her brows, and Tim knew exactly what she was insinuating.

He flushed and glanced away, because as always, she was absolutely right.

“Just keep them from tearing the house or each other apart. Make sure they’re in bed before they turn into Gremlins.”

“Yeah yeah. Don’t get ‘em wet or feed ‘em after midnight either, right?” Tim laughed, and Lian tipped her head back to stare up at the ceiling. “Easy as pie Timmy. Don’t worry.”

He adjusted his mask, heading for the stairs. “I appreciate it,” he said, not glancing back as he entered in the security code. The door lifted up and he walked up the stairs, heard Lian shuffling out of her chair and following him. Another security code, and he was pushing open the basement door to the house, stepping out in full costume.

“Guys?” he called, “I’m leaving!” There was a rush of feet, and Riley was there first, skidding in his socked feet over the polished wood floor.

“Whycan’tIcomewithyou?” It came out in a rushed, single breath, and Tim huffed, folding his arms.

“We’ve been over this Ri. Tommy’s out tonight- and you know the rules. Right now, only one of you at a time.” It was a rule Tim was fairly happy about- Tommy was still fresh to the streets, the Robin suit still new and completely untatttered for him. The last thing he needed was Riley as a distraction- and the last thing any of them needed was to worry about more than one kid vigilante at a time.

“C’mon dad,” Riley said, walking over, staring up at Tim. Tim hated that in another year or two
this kid would be *his height*-

And when had he grown up at all?

“I promise, soon.” He reached out, tugged Riley in and wrapped both arms around him. “Dad and I will take you out again, when he’s home.” Riley huffed, and Tim rolled his eyes. “Now hug me in case Croc eats me and I never see you ever again.”

Riley pouted- but Tim saw he nearly laughed, and a minute later he was hugging him tightly. Tim squeezed, before letting him go.

“Now, where are the twins?” The moment he said it, Alyssa finally came into view, dragging Alec by his arm as the slightly smaller one tried to escape.

“Lys I was *almost done*.”

“Daddy’s leaving!” she yelled, and before Tim could move she was hugging him, thrusting her brother into the embrace as well. He wrapped his arms around the twins, squeezing, kissing both their foreheads, before he stepped back.

“I want you guys to *listen* to Lian tonight,” he reminded them, glancing over at the teen, who had her arms folded, was staring at the kids. “I *mean* it. What she says goes, okay?” There was a round of glancing eyes and shuffling of feet, and Tim sighed, saying louder, “*Okay?*”

“Yes daddy.” Three voices, all three kids glancing up at him. Tim nodded.

“Good. I’ll see you all in the morning.”

*

Lian leaned back on the couch, typing furiously on her phone, when the cushions behind her dipped. She glanced to the side, found Riley sitting on the top next her, peering over at her phone.

“Whatcha doing?”

“Nothing,” she said, tugging her phone away and turning it from him.

“Uh-huh. You’re talkin’ to someone.” He leaned closer, his hair falling over his shoulders in a wild mess. “Do you have a *boyfriend, Lian*?”

She rolled her eyes. “Can it kiddo, and get your butt off the back of the couch. Bet Timmy wouldn’t like that.”

“Dad let’s me sit here all the time.”

“No he *doesn’t*.” The twins chimed it in together from where they sat, curled up together in a large plush chair, each staring at the television and gripping their controllers tightly. Lian smirked, smug, as Riley huffed and let himself flop down to the cushions, sticking his legs up against the back.

“You didn’t answer my question,” he pointed out, as Lian started typing again.

“Don’t have to,” she reminded him, “I’m in charge here.”

“Does Roy know you have a *boyfriend*?” He kept saying the word in a sing-song like voice, and Lian gritted her teeth. “That means *no*.”
“You are the most annoying brat ever,” she said, turning to Riley. “Just shut up for five minutes. And get a haircut.”

The twins both burst out into laughter from their chair, and Riley scowled, folding his arms.

“Jealous ‘cause it looks better than yours?” Lian glanced at him, before she looked back at her phone, trying to ignore him. Riley fidgeted, was quiet for about thirty seconds, before he burst out, “Dad should’ve taken me with him.”

“Why? Wanna go on a moonlight date with your boyfriend?” Lian sneered, loved the way Riley blushed and huffed.

“Tommy is not my boyfriend.”

“Tommy’s our boyfriend!” the twins yelled, and Lian snorted.

“Nuh-uh,” Riley called, “I saw him first!”

“You just said he wasn’t your boyfriend,” Lian reminded Riley, who pouted.

“He’s not. But he’s my best friend! He’s Robin and he gets to go out- I don’t see why I can’t go out! I’ve been Aryeh longer than he’s been Robin!”

Lian sighed, setting her phone aside and looking at the television screen. Whatever zombie shooter game the kids were playing looked pretty damn graphic, and she wondered if Tim even knew about it.

Then she remembered he was Tim, and of course he knew- he damn near knew everything ever.

“Kitty cats belong indoors,” Lian teased, and Riley squirmed around, sitting up properly and reaching up to ruffle his hands into his longer hair.

“I’m not a cat. I’m a lion. It’s Hebrew for lion-”

“I know what the word means, dipshit.” Lian folded her arms, pushing back into the couch. “And trust me, you’re a kitty cat. I know cats. My mom’s a real scary cat.”

Riley let his hands fall to his lap, looking at Lian in a way that was way too serious for a kid of twelve. “Are you talking to your mom?” Lian said nothing, glancing away from Riley- because those eyes were too grey and too serious and reminded her of Jayjay’s and it always made her want to talk way more than she should. “Lian?”

“Drop it,” she said, watching the twins as Alec cheered in victory and Alyssa smacked him in the arm with hers, before they both settled to stare at the screen for another round.

“Does Roy know?”

Lian huffed, pushing herself off the couch and turning to glare at Riley. “My dad doesn’t have to know everything okay? Now just fucking drop it and leave me the hell alone for five goddamn minutes!”

She stormed out of the room, not looking back as she made her way into the kitchen. She dropped her phone on the counter, gripping it and closing her eyes for a minute, gritting her teeth. Stupid kid didn’t know what he was talking about and he didn’t need to pry and-

Roy didn’t need to know everything.
Lian sighed, glanced at her phone. Thought about all the stupid messages she’d written out because she couldn’t just look her dad in the eye and tell him what she wanted to say. So she typed it up like a coward and then deleted it all the moment she was done. Deleted it and pushed it back down again and smiled and acted like she wasn’t upset.

Like her mom hadn’t reached out, after years of silence. Like her mom hadn’t commented that she’d seen Lian, out with Roy- Arsenal with his very own Speedy and that she hadn’t been impressed with Lian- but she needed some refinement. Some work.

She offered that, if Lian ever wanted to take a trip away from home.

Lian shook her head. She didn’t want to- at least, mostly. She loved her dad- he’d been there for so long for her. Roy had fixed himself to make sure she had a good life. He talked to her not like she was a kid, like she was his partner, and he was way more understanding than he had any right to be-

She loved him more than anything. She’d die for her dad if it came to it- but... but this was something new. And what could Chesire teach her? What did Jade- mom- have to offer? A whole new slew of weapons and thinking and training, and Lian was sure it’d make her better, make her more useful.

And more than anything, this was her mom.

She reached for her phone, turning so she was leaning against the counter, unlocking it and opening her last conversation with her dad. Just checking in to make sure he was alive, asking for a picture of the Eiffel Tower- and knowing she had typed it out, at least a dozen times.

Mom’s talking to me. Mom wants me to go visit her. Mom wants to train me.

Lian sighed, hung her head. Terrified, because even if it was only a sliver of her that wanted it, that sliver was enough. And what if she turned out just like her mom? What if she had the same vices as her dad? What if she was everything bad they’d ever been, and none of the good-

“Lian?” She whipped her head to the kitchen doorway. Riley was leaning in, one hand on the wall, looking at her. Just looking.

“Buzz off,” she muttered, without any real push behind it. She sniffled, realized her cheeks were wet, and quickly wiped at them with one hand. She didn’t look up when she heard Riley’s footsteps, didn’t really bother until he was wrapping his arms around her waist and leaning his cheek against her arm. She glanced over at him- but he wasn’t looking.

He wasn’t saying anything at all.

Lian lifted her arms, let him rest on her chest now, and wrapped her own arms around him, hugging tightly. He was still quiet, and she appreciated it, appreciated the silence as she squeezed, like Riley might have an answer in him, somewhere.

*

Lian sat awake, late that night, on the couch. The television was on, casting light on her in flashing, muted blues. It was well past midnight- the kids had been in bed for quite some time, and she knew she should sleep too-

But every time she closed her eyes, it was just endless questions. Endless what-ifs that left her feeling sick, in her belly.
She juggled her phone between her hands, had typed out another message to her dad- and then deleted it. *Again.* “Too chicken shit to even say we need to talk,” she mumbled to herself, looking at the phone in her hands.

“So talk.” She jerked her head up, looked over at the large opening into the hallway- found Riley standing there, bed tussled hair, pajamas top slightly askew, one of the buttons open at the bottom.

“What are you doing out of bed?” she asked, as he padded over in bare feet. He climbed onto the couch, pulled his legs up and crossed them, looking at her.

“What are you still doing up?” A question for a question, and never an answer. That was how they talked, Lian knew- They *didn’t.* They screamed and pulled hair, for as long as she could remember. He was *annoying* and a kid and half the time she just wanted to push him off things in the hopes he’d cry and shut up.

But she *didn’t* want to not talk. Someone had to know, someone had to get it-

“My mom wants to see me,” she blurted, glancing up through her own hair, her fringe free from behind her ear now. “She wants to *work* with me.”

Riley was watching her, all grey eyes, all *Jason’s* eyes, and Lian sighed.

“All her confusion, her fears- how she hated that little part that wanted it, that she was so scared of what she could be, that inside her was everything her parents had done wrong. All the worst of them- and none of the *best.*”

By the time she was done her hands were shaking, but Lian felt *lighter,* like someone else was shouldering half of her burden. She glanced up, just in time to see Riley crawling over her legs, sprawling out on top of her and wrapping his arms around her waist again. The breath was knocked out of her as she flopped back, her phone *thudding* to the floor, but she didn’t push him off.

“You’re not like that,” he mumbled, pressing his cheek against her chest and looking at the television blankly. “You know, *bad.* You’re... not.” He swallowed. “You’re *good* at what you do and you’re everything your dad wished he was, I bet. Doesn’t matter who your parents are anyway, you’re good or bad without them and what they did.” He huffed, frowning. “You know?”

Lian tentatively reached up, threaded her fingers into his wild hair. She smiled to herself, her eyes stinging, and *dammit* she wouldn’t cry- she didn’t *do* that anymore. “Yeah,” she whispered, “Yeah, I do.”

“You’re who you make yourself to be,” Riley continued, “Grandpa says that. You get handed the stuff to make a person and you pick the parts you keep and how they fit. And when you’re done, it doesn’t matter what anyone else did, because *you* made you.” He sighed again, snuggling a little closer, and Lian’s other arm reached up, her hand pressing to his back. “He says the same thing about family,” Riley added. “You make your family, doesn’t matter what anyone says your family is. It’s who you choose.”

Riley lifted his head, looked up at Lian. And then, a little quieter,

“You’re my *family,* you know. Because I know you’re *good* and that you’re not gonna mess up. You’re my sister.” Riley hugged her a little tighter, glancing away, his cheeks flushed a little.
And where was the kid that annoyed the hell out of her? Where was the kid that shoved her off the
couch and once drew all over her *favorite* shirt with sharpie for no reason? Where was the kid that
made her want to grind her nails against a chalk board?

This wasn’t him.

Lian smiled softly, wrapped both her arms around Riley, pressed her face down into his hair. It was
stupidly soft and smelled like Tim’s shampoo, and when she exhaled into it, it felt like her tension
was melting away.

“Where’s my brat?” she mumbled, and Riley huffed.

“Maybe he’s still sleepin’. Maybe he wants you to know he loves you and all.” She squirmed, like
he wanted to get away- but Lian hugged him tighter.

“Yeah well, remind him I love him too.” She flopped back, and then a minute later, “You really
think I won’t mess up?”

“You’re perfect,” Riley admitted, “I... sorta wish I was like you, sometimes.” Lian felt her heart
tugging then, caught a glimpse of Riley shifting around, glancing away.

“You’re alright, kid,” she mumbled, fighting down a yawn. “Just don’t mention I said it, in the
morning.”

“Yeah, okay.” Riley yawned, shifting about more. “Lian?”

“Hmm?”

“Can I stay up with you for a bit?”

She smiled to herself, rubbing her hand along his back. “Yeah. Keep me company for a while. I
think I need it.”

*

Tim sighed, exhausted as he shut the basement door. He meant to turn directly for the stairs, to
collapse in his bed- but he heard the television, a quiet noise in the background, and frowned. It
was after two AM, no one should be up.

He headed for the living room, pausing when he caught a glimpse of the couch- of Lian stretched
out, sound asleep, with Riley sprawled on top of her, dead to the world. He folded his arms, smiling
at them for a minute, before he quietly walked over. He grabbed the blanket off the back of the
couch, pulling it down and covering them up, before scooping Lian’s phone off the floor and
setting it on the side table. He clicked the TV off, before he stooped over them and kissed the back
of Riley’s head. He stroked his oldest’s hair gently, and Riley sighed, content- before Tim leaned
closer, kissed Lian’s forehead softly, like he did every night she was there.

He’d kissed her goodnight since she was small enough for him to carry. Kissed her like she was
one of his own- and knew in his heart she was. That she’d forever be a part of his family- just like
her father.

Tim straightened up, heading for the stairs- but paused one more time to glance back at them, to
smile over how peaceful they were. How this was a stark white to their usual harsh black- the
annoyance he always saw on Lian’s face around Riley melted away.
He sighed to himself, before turning, leaving them to their dreams.
Chapter 80

Based off the @otpprompts: "Imagine your OTP’s child doesn’t want to sleep in their bedroom. They try to sneak every night in your OTP’s bed and most of the time, B ends up accepting. A starts to get tired of the uncomfortableness and the lack of intimacy for having the child between them. A tries to convince the child that they are old enough to sleep alone, but the kid complains, asking why A still sleeps with B, then."

Tommy is almost five, and this is just before Dick and Damian decide to try and have more kids. (So Damian’s 23 and Dick’s 35)

Dick stretched his arms up over his head as he climbed the manor stairs, feeling his muscles aching. He looked forward to curling up around Damian, figured his mate’s heat might ease the tension in his muscles from patrol that evening.

Maybe Damian would wake up, when Dick crawled into bed. Maybe Dick could drag a few lazy kisses out of him. He was always so pliant in the middle of the night, so easy to melt over Dick-

He sighed, raking a hand back through his drying hair as he turned at the top of the stairs towards their bedroom. They’d been busy enough with life, between patrol at night and their daytime personas that it felt like forever since he’d had Damian- especially for more than a quick round.

Dick missed taking his time with his lover.

He opened their bedroom door very quietly, thought about how nice it’d be to get to work Damian up from his sleepy state, to make him feel good like he always claimed Dick could. How sweet Damian would smell and how good it felt to have that heavy pulse of arousal from his mate in his chest, through their bond-

The thoughts died when he reached the bed, and in the dark he could see, snuggled up in the rumpled blankets, was Tommy, pressed tightly to his father’s chest. Dick sighed, realizing that once again, those thoughts were most definitely not coming to life. He pulled the blanket back, crawling into bed. The shifting had Tommy stirring, rolling from his side onto his back, one of his little arms stretching up onto the pillows.

Damian mumbled something, his arm around their son tightening, as Tommy opened his eyes, looked over- and grinned.

“Daddy!”

“Shhhhh,” Dick whispered, reaching up to tussle Tommy’s already messy hair. “We don’t want to wake baba.” He leaned over, kissed Tommy’s warm temple. “Hey kiddo.”

Tommy squirmed, as Damian opened his eyes, blinking back sleep. “Baba is awake,” he offered, yawning. “Hello beloved. Was your night well?” Dick nodded, and Damian squirmed closer,
forcing Tommy to turn back onto his side, now curling up against Dick, as the omega’s arm reached out over both of them, a warm hand sliding under Dick’s shirt to rest on his side.

“You know you have your own bed,” Dick teased, looking down at Tommy as the boy grasped at the blankets, trying to tug them away from Dick and wrap himself up in them. “Aren’t you a little old to be sleeping with baba?”

Damian frowned over Tommy, shooting Dick a glance— but Tommy only shrugged a tired shoulder, curling his legs up and pressing his feet against Dick’s belly because it was warm.

“Aren’t you too old to sleep with baba?” he asked back, before yawning and contorting himself to be snuggled up to Dick’s chest. Behind him, Damian stifled his laughter, and Dick only sighed—having absolutely no answer for his son. He glanced over at Damian, who gave him a knowing smile—like he knew exactly why Dick thought Tommy was too big to be sleeping in bed with them.

And mouthed, silently, later.

Dick smiled at that, let his head flop down into the pillows and closed his eyes, settling his hand on Tommy’s back as his son mumbled something, already asleep between them.

And maybe Dick didn’t really think Tommy was too old to be in their bed— because he knew, come morning, waking up with Tommy tugging at his hair and sitting on his chest and asking for Dick to help him with that flip he’d been learning because he’d been practicing real hard was exactly what he’d want.
Chapter 81

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "omega verse where Tim is out with his babies and trying not to wipe the floor with an obnoxious alpha who keeps trying to hit on him, only to hold back Riley and Alyssa from tackling the man's ankles bc they're just so confused and mad at that this guy is making their daddy upset?? Even Alec glares at him and tries to get a kick in. They scare him off and Tim has to fight back laughter-When Jason finds out later he's so proud of all his babies despite knowing Tim could wipe that guy out cold."

The kids are a bit older, Riley is 8ish and the twins are 6ish. This is set after Tim’s failed pregnancy, and Damian having Nadya. Tim and Jason have a bit of a rough patch, after Tim has to have the abortion in order to save his life, but we’re catching them back when they’ve been good for quite some time (over 6 months). That also puts Tim at around 31. Sorry that was a hefty intro!

Tim watched with a smile on his face as Riley walked under Alyssa, as she hung from the monkey bars, ready to catch her should she fall. Behind them, still on the large playset, Alec was watching with large, intrigued eyes- but happy to keep his feet firmly planted on something.

He glanced back down at his phone in his hand, opening up an email from Bruce with bullets from an earlier meeting Tim had missed. He should have gone, he knew- but the weather was so nice, and honestly- he hadn’t taken a day and said fuck the company to be with his kids in too long. Besides, it had been nice to stay in bed late with Jason- far too nice-

“Tell me you’re not sitting here alone, beautiful.”

Tim glanced up, caught sight of a man staring him down. Dark eyes, messy blond hair tied into an attempt at a bun- fairly young, a few years younger than himself, he judged. Mid to late twenties, probably.

And one single inhale told him alpha with burning red flags.

“I’m not,” Tim pointed out, because it was true. He had three lovely babies to keep him company. Still, the statement fell on deaf ears as the man sat down next to him- far too close, more so than the rather large bench warranted. Tim frowned.

“I could keep you company,” the man offered, his voice rough, from his chest. A little too husky for Tim’s liking- like the man was already imagining what it’d be like to be buried inside him. Tim knew that tone of voice, he’d backhanded enough alphas for using it on him.

Except Jason, Jason could use it all he desired, and Tim would always melt for it- and then make him beg in it.

“Maybe some place a little more private,” the alpha continued, leaning in closer, making a blatant show of inhaling Tim’s subtly sweet scent. “I’d show you a good time.”

Tim wasn’t sure if the man was simply an idiot, or if he was choosing to ignore the way Jason’s
scent lingered in Tim’s hair, on his skin. So many years together, through their bond and sharing a bed, being so physically close, had left Tim aware that Jason was always on him in some soft way—but that morning had been anything but soft, and Tim knew he smelled as much Jason as his mate probably did.

Another positive bit to choosing to take a day to himself—Jason had fucked him in a way Tim felt like hadn’t happened in so damn long. Teeth digging into the back of his neck, pushing into Tim so hard that Tim could still feel a hum in his body, sitting there. He’d had to bite into his pillow, scream into it to keep from waking the kids.

It had been heaven.

“I bet you’ve never had a man like me.” The alpha reached out, jarring Tim from his memories, and dared to twirl some of Tim’s hair around one of his fingers. Tim reached up, smacked his hand away angrily, glaring fiercely.

“Do you have any idea who I am?” Because if he did, he’d also know Tim was taken, mated, married— and so far off the market it was laughable.

“You’re beautiful, that’s all I need to know.” Okay, he had no clue. “And you’d look so good under me. Bet I could make you scream like a whore.”

Tim clenched his fist, and was honest-to-god two seconds from connecting it with this man’s jaw, when he felt a pair of arms folding in his lap, a body leaning into him.

And suddenly Riley was there, glaring at the man. “Are you bothering my daddy?”

The alpha turned his stare down to Riley, and Tim felt the smallest wave of something off his son. The beginnings of his pheromones that he was slowly growing into. The protective kind, like when Jason felt the need to cover any of his loved ones, wanted to wrap them up.

A moment later, and Alyssa was there too, grabbing at her brother’s shirt and leaning around him, giving the strange alpha her best glare. Which was too damn good, if Tim was honest.

Tim almost laughed when, adding to the mix, Alec pulled himself up onto the bench and half crawled into his lap, adding his own glare. The alpha’s eyes darted around all of them, before returning to Tim—

He gave him a smirk. “I said I wasn’t alone,” he offered, “You chose not to hear it. Now, as you can see, I have plenty of company. So I’d recommend you remove yourself from my sight, before I kick your ass far worse than my mate ever could.” Tim leveled his own glare, the one he’d perfected under Bruce, the damn bat stare, and the alpha was up and walking away, muttering a few obscene comments about Tim under his breath.

Tim could ignore them.

“Did we help daddy?” Riley asked, grinning, and Tim smiled, ruffling his long hair.

“You sure did Ri-bean.”

“You coulda kicked his ass daddy!” Alyssa, excitedly, bouncing on her feet. Tim winced.

“Yes, daddy could have. But it’s better to use words— and that word, missy, is for grown-ups.”

“Ass?”
“Yes, that one.”

“Dada says it all the time. You just said it.”

“We’re grown ups,” Tim said, reaching down and hoisting her up onto the bench. She squirmed next to him, and Riley plopped down on his other side, Alec still content on his lap, now spilling onto his twin’s. “We’re allowed to.”

Alyssa folded her arms, pouting, and Tim only smiled. He scooped Alec up into his arms so he could stand, positioning him against his hip.

“Let’s keep this our little secret,” Tim said, “The last thing I need is for dad to get mad at me for saying bad words in front of you.”

“He does it all the time.” Riley now, kicking his legs, still full of energy.

“Right, and I scold him every time. So, secret?” All three kids nodded, and Tim smiled more. “Alright. Now, who wants to go down the slide?”

“Me me me me me!” Alyssa was up and running for the playground again before Tim could say another word, Riley chasing after her quickly. Tim hurried to keep up, Alec excitedly giggling in his arms.

*

The moment Tim got the door open to their home the kids were spilling inside, all breathy laughs and screaming voices. Tim managed to close the door behind him, calling after them, “Shoes! Off!”

No one listened, and a moment later Jason was appearing from within their large, fairly open kitchen, scooping up Alyssa as she tried to run and hoisting her over his shoulder. She squealed, kicking and beating at his back, and he only grinned.

“Pretty sure your daddy said no shoes.”

“Only ‘cause you hate when we mess the floor up,” Riley pointed out, even as he kicked his sneakers off. Alec had plopped right down on the ground and was tugging at his, Tim crouching down to help him.

“Damn right I do,” Jason said, tugging one of Alyssa’s shoes off without putting her down. He tossed it towards the almost neat pile of shoes by the door.

“Dada that’s a bad word!” Jason chuckled, tugging her other shoe off, as Riley walked past him to drop his shoes in the pile.

“You’re right, it is. You sound just like your father.” Tim stood up at that, Alec’s shoes in hand, and Jason turned his grin on him, the kind that had their bond tugging with affection.

“Nuh-uh, I’m not allowed to say the words daddy says so I can’t sound like him!” Jason quirked up a brow at that, setting his daughter down and turning his stare to her now.

“Oh? And what did daddy say?”

“Daddy said—”

“Alyssa shhh!” Riley ran over, clamped his hand over her mouth. “It’s a secret!” There were some
muffled words, before Riley gave a tiny shriek and pulled his hand back, shaking it. “Gross she licked me!”

“I can’t tell you what daddy said to the weird man because he said we had to keep it a secret,” Alyssa said, all in one breath. Tim reached up, pinching the bridge of his nose- and he felt Jason’s eyes glance back up at him.

“ Weird man?”

“The one saying things to daddy. He looked annoyed.”

Jason nodded. “How about you guys go play for a while. I’ve still got to get dinner going.” Riley was off at that, released to his room, and Alyssa took Alec’s hand, running after him. For once, no one yelled at them to run on the stairs. Jason instead took a few steps closer to his mate. “Wanna fill me in?”

Tim sighed, following Jason as he headed for the kitchen. “It was just some cocky ass of an alpha. You know how they are. Exactly how you’re not.” Tim walked past Jason, turned and leaned back against the counter to face him. “I don’t think he knew who I was, and he either was an idiot and couldn’t smell you on me, or he just didn’t care. But he was about two seconds from breaking his jaw when the kids came over and tried to defend me.”

Jason grinned at that. “You’ve got a defense squad. Not that you’d ever need one. Hell, I think I need one more than you.”

“You do,” Tim said, his own smile cocky. “I might have said I could kick his ass, in front of the kids.”

“And decided they needed to not clue me in?”

“Well, I didn’t need you getting all jealous on me.” Jason quirked up a brow, and in a few steps was suddenly pinning Tim into the counter, one of his hands reaching up, tangling into his hair.

“Jealous? Please. I know you’re not looking at anyone but me.” He leaned in, gently eased Tim’s head back by the hold in his hair, skimmed his lips over the scar on Tim’s neck. His mate shuddered, reaching out to grip onto his arms- and his scent was driving Jason to madness, making his thoughts swim.

Whoever thought that an alpha was the one who got into the omega’s head, messed with them with just a glance or a single wave of pheromones, had never seen what Tim could do to Jason. Did to do Jason.

Jason pressed his mouth harder to it, loved the tight grip Tim had on him. He released his hair just to get both his hands on his hips, and he was lifting him up, settling him on the counter, giving himself better access to his neck as he fit perfectly between Tim’s thighs.

“You know, maybe he really didn’t smell me on you,” Jason mumbled, kissing up along his pulse. “You know it’s subtle.”

Tim hummed, rubbing his hands along Jason’s chest. “Baby, after this morning, I smelled more like you than you did.”

Jason chuckled, and it was so warm, had Tim vibrating with it as Jason nipped at his earlobe. “Careful, so much as remind me of that and we might have to repeat it.”
Tim smiled blissfully, hooked his legs around Jason’s waist as Jason reached to cup the back of his neck, pressed his thumb into the bite mark hidden mostly by his hair. Tim gasped, squirming, and Jason lost his breath.

“Let’s,” Tim whispered, “Let’s blow off the whole city tonight. Let someone else babysit Gotham.” He leaned in close, had his mouth over Jason’s when the alpha looked up at him, so close that each breath mingled. “I want to make sure that anyone who gets within sight of you knows you belong to me, Jason.”

Jason shuddered, tugged Tim in closer to kiss him. It was electric, had Tim’s fingers flexing- as good as it had been the first time they’d kissed. It was nice to have that current back, to have the fire in his belly again. To feel so good when Jason so much as looked at him. To feel like they were good again.

“Everyone already does,” Jason mumbled into his mouth, before Tim pinched his lower lip between his teeth.

“Yeah? Well, then remind me. And let me show you how much of me you have.” He tightened his legs around Jason’s waist, gave a gentle squeeze, and his alpha looked about ready to lift him up and slam him down on their kitchen table, right there.

Maybe if the kids weren’t home.

“Okay,” he managed, his voice husky and a little shaking, and Tim loved it, lived for pulling his husband apart at the seams. “Anything you want, babygirl.”

“All I want,” Tim whispered, pressing a kiss to Jason’s jaw, “Is you.”
An Anon asked: "If u still in the mood for TimJay I would pay to read that morning sex ' I needed to bite them pillow ' scene *wink*"

Tim groaned when he heard his phone vibrating and chirping at him from the nightstand. He pressed his face into his pillow, felt Jason rolling over and slinging an arm over him, pulling him back against his warm, bare chest.

“Make it go way,” Jason mumbled, nuzzling into his hair, and Tim gave a whine, before he blindly reached towards his phone. He nearly dropped it as it pulled it- still plugged in- into the bed and turned his head, looking through heavy lidded eyes as he turned his alarm off. He flopped it back on the nightstand, before squirming, shifting around so he could face Jason.

The alpha hadn’t even opened his eyes yet. Still, he tugged Tim closer, until his mate’s head was tucked up under his chin.

“Jay, I have to get up,” Tim nearly whined, hating it. It was too damn early, it was 5:30 and frankly, this bed was too warm and Jason was snuggling him too well for him to want to leave it. Especially to go sit in on an early morning meeting.

“Not sure you do,” Jason mumbled, nuzzling into his hair, the top of his head. Tim squirmed again, only to get his legs tangled with Jason’s.

“The meeting,” Tim sighed, forcing his eyes to open. “I still have to shower, and get dressed-goddamn.” He huffed, and Jason finally opened those gorgeous eyes. He yawned, before rolling them over, pinning Tim down beneath his body weight as he simply lay on top of him.

“Don’t think you can go,” he said, nuzzling Tim’s neck affectionately. Tim reached up, swatted his shoulder, before pushing at them.

“Jay get off me, you’re going to crush me.”

I’m not. Besides, we both know you can push me off. Use those muscles I love babygirl.” He pressed a lazy kiss to Tim’s pulse- and yeah, Tim wasn’t really trying. He rather liked Jason’s solid weight on top of him, how warm he was- how he smelled so good and unguarded in the morning. His pheromones were always just a bit stronger before he fully woke up.

Tim tipped his head back, let his eyes fall shut as Jason mouthed over the scar on his neck. He fought down the full body shiver it always caused, instead only sighed as Jason’s warm mouth covered it- wasn’t even sure he could call whatever Jason was doing kissing but he truly didn’t care. When he hummed, Jason chuckled, pulled back- and Tim took advantage of it. He grasped Jason’s shoulders, rolling them both until he was sprawled on top of the alpha, grinning triumphantly down at him.

Jason kept chuckling, let his head flop back down into the pillows. “Go shower,” he said, “I’ll try to not pass back out while you’re in there.”
Tim leaned up, kissed Jason’s chin - got a snort from his alpha- before he slipped off him, sitting up and stretching, twisting the blankets off them both. He glanced down, pleased when Jason didn’t tug them back up and simply stayed stretched out, chest and stomach fully visible. Tim bit at his lip, loved the way Jason’s abdomen flexed as he breathed.

Without much thought he leaned over him, let his hair dust along his belly as he brushed his lips along his abs. He felt them flex, the muscle contract, and Tim smiled to him, followed the ridges of muscle, the fine trail of dark hair that lead down into his low hanging sweat pants. Above him, Jason’s breath had hitched, before he had pushed himself up on his elbows, watching with intrigued, still waking eyes as Tim nosed at the waistband of his sweatpants.

Tim reached one hand up, curled his fingers around the waistband - and then tugged, guiding them down until he could lean over, drag his tongue along Jason’s still soft cock.

A gasp, and then, “Babygirl, what-”

“I’m waking up,” Tim reasoned, dragging his tongue along it again, feeling it twitch and smiling to himself.

“You’re about to wake something else up,” Jason teased, before his hips lifted and he groaned as Tim swirled his tongue around the head, before sucking on it gently. “God babe, c’mon don’t-”

“Tease you?” Tim finished, pulling off and turning to look up at him. Jason’s skin was so hot, smelled like his pheromones and musk and the faint after breath of his cologne still. And the salt, it made Tim thirsty for more. And suddenly, he wasn’t thinking about his shower, or his meeting- or anything, really, other than the man in front of him.

Tim licked his lips, and his eyes must have gone dark, must have shown something, because Jason shivered.

“I’m not teasing,” he stated, before turning back, wrapping a hand around Jason and sucking him back into his mouth. Jason gave a breathy aw fuck as his hips lifted to meet the motion, his cock swelling in Tim’s mouth. The omega tried to giggle but it was muffled, and he sucked harder, until Jason whined and tossed his head back.

He squirmed, felt himself getting wet. His own cock was aching- and fuck, fuck, when had he gotten hard? Did it take so little with Jason to work him up?

The answer was yes. Of course it was. Despite what they’d been through, despite losing the baby, despite the rough patch- things were good again, and all Jason had to do was look at Tim the right way, and Tim knew he’d be so eager it was embarrassing.

Tim got up on his knees, rocked as he hunched over Jason, taking his now hard cock deeper towards his throat. He could have been content with this, to get a taste of Jason in the morning- but his mate was sitting up, grabbing for the small shorts Tim was wearing and dragging them down his thighs. Tim pulled off, an obscene, wet pop filling the room.

“Off,” Jason growled, and Tim managed to squirm out of his shorts. He was still wearing one of Jason’s old tshirts, too big and too long on him- but his cock pushed at the fabric, stood free- and Jason groaned. “Babygirl I can smell you,” he breathed, and Tim shivered.

He felt like he was suddenly on fire- but not a heat fever, the kind of fire that started in his core and he wanted to fan, that bloomed and consumed because he could feel how aroused Jason was, through their bond. Because he knew Tim was suddenly interested.
“Come here.” Jason barely managed the words, and Tim watched him lick his lips. He pulled at Tim’s hips, dragging them closer- and Tim took the hint. Jason laid back and Tim swung one leg over him, settled his hips back towards his face, before he leaned back down, happily taking him back in his mouth. His fingers curled around Jason’s cock, holding him in place as he bobbed his head, as he felt Jason’s large hands grasping at his ass, pulling him apart- and then the flat of his tongue, traveling in heavy, hot laps along his nearly dripping hole.

When the fuck had he gotten so wet?

Tim shivered, pulled off and gave a loud, obscene moan. Jason shuddered, lot his breath, gave a broke, “fuck Timmy, do that again and I’ll be gone.” Tim smiled, sucked at his bottom lip as Jason resumed licking him, making him rock his ass back, gyrate his hips until he was nearly riding Jason’s face.

His alpha dug his fingers into his ass, gripping hard- and Tim could have drowned in the pheromones rolling off him. He reacted like he knew he would, like he wanted to- like his body did to no one else. Tim shivered and felt his cock throb, dripping precum down onto Jason’s chest. His tshirt was brushing down against Jason’s abs as he moved, pushing back against Jason’s mouth as his tongue speared into his body now, before leaning back down to whine as he mouthed at his cock.

“Jay,” he whispered, sucking at the base for a moment, getting a sharp breath as Jason’s hips bucked. “Babe, I’m- I’m gonna come if you don’t stop.”

“Isn’t that the point?” Jason paused, gave Tim’s ass a firm squeeze, before Tim was shaking his head.

“No. Wanna… can we…” he licked his lips, inhaled slowly to try to find his resolve, to get himself back in check. “Fuck let me ride you babe.”

Jason groaned, turned and nipped at one of Tim’s ass cheeks, before he let go of his hips. Tim was quick to get off of him- barely let Jason sit up and shove a couple pillows behind him before he was swinging one leg over his hips, grasping the base of Jason’s cock just as he sat up properly, and easing down onto him. He was so wet, so worked up, that Jason slid in with ease, had the alpha tossing his head back and gasping.

Tim smiled, relieved to feel so full, and arched his back as he felt Jason’s hands sliding up under his shirt, grasping at his waist.

“Need this,” Tim whispered, and god, it was true. He’d spent too long not having Jason, spent too long feeling almost hollow when he had nearly destroyed himself, over having to give up the baby they wanted so badly. Didn’t matter that it was months, month since then, since they had been in such a bad place- he still felt the urge to need Jason, so suddenly that it knocked the breath from his lungs. “Need you.”

“Okay,” Jason whispered, leaning in to kiss his throat, his jaw. “Whatever you want, babygirl. You have me. I’m right here.” Tim squirmed, gyrating his hips slowly, and Jason groaned. “You’ve always got me.”

“Yeah?” It came out breathy, and Tim lifted himself, the muscles in his thighs working as he carried his body up, before shoving back down onto Jason’s cock. Jason moaned, squeezing his waist, before choosing instead to wrap both his arms tight around Tim, burying his face into his neck and inhaling sharply.
“Yeah.” He kept Tim from riding him too hard with his grip- but Tim rocked his hips, dragged his blunt nails along Jason’s sides, wanted something else but god he couldn’t put words to it. But Jason, he could feel it- could feel every emotion waking up in Tim then. Every twinge in the omega’s chest was in his own, and he lived for it, couldn’t thank the damn stars enough for their bond.

Jason nuzzled the scar on Tim’s neck, kissing it softly, before laving his tongue along it. The omega whined, before Tim managed, “fuck, fuck me like you’re taking me all over again.”

Jason growled at the request, finally released his hold on Tim. He grasped the oversized tshirt Tim was still wearing, tugging it up over his head and shoving it away, before he reached down and grasped his hips, lifting him off his cock. Tim was so wet that Jason’s cock was soaked, and it made him shudder.

He playfully tossed his mate onto the bed, and Tim giggled, dug his knees into the bed and raised his ass like a damn welcoming, letting his cheek rest on a pillow.

“C’mon Jay,” Tim breathed, “Remind me that I’m yours.”

It was almost ridiculous, because Tim didn’t need a reminder- and if anything, the way Jason stared at him with hungry, enthralled eyes- it was proof that Jason was his more than anything. That no one else in this life time or any other would have him, that this alpha was so wrapped around Tim’s finger, so deep in his ribs and in his blood and in his head that he swore sometimes they were just one existence.

Jason shuffled behind him, grasped at his hips and with one hard thrust was back into his head. Tim arched, lifted his head, gave a sharp moan, and heard his mate chuckle.

“Shhh babygirl, you’ll wake the whole house up.” Tim bit at his lip, squirming when Jason didn’t move. “Not until you promise you can be quiet.”

“Only if you promise to make it impossible,” Tim countered, looking over his shoulder and offering a smirk. Jason returned it- and there was a tug in Tim’s chest, from his mate’s affection. Jason’s fingers were still tight on his hips as he held him still, easing back- before slamming in, so hard that Tim nearly broke into his lip as he stifled a shout.

Tim spread his thighs wider, arched his back and tried to bare his ass for Jason, choking on his breaths with each brutal thrust. Jason was fucking him like he had something to prove, hard in just the right way- everything Tim had asked for. He tossed his head back, babbling out yes yes yes Jay fuck yes more in a single breath, not even realizing he was talking. And when Jason found that spot inside him, angled his thrusts so he hit it with each movement, Tim had to bow his head, press his face into the pillows and dig his teeth in as he tried to scream.

Jason was panting, each breath sounded like heaven and hell to Tim. He kept his mouth and teeth tight to the pillow, stifling each shout, each sob, his body on fire in ways he swore it never could be.

He couldn’t be sure if, as Jason leaned over him, he was simply following through on Tim’s earlier request- that he take him, all over again. Make him his like they’d never done this- or if his need had spiked through the bond- but Jason’s body was bracketing him, his hips still moving as he opened his mouth, bit at the back of Tim’s neck. Bit until teeth popped skin, and Tim’s screamed was once again swallowed by the pillow.

The sharp contrast to the aching pleasure in his body had his cock leaking so badly, pulsing s his
body screamed for release. Jason dug his teeth in again, growled into Tim’s skin, before he pulled back, nuzzling his hair, the sweat along his hairline.

“C’mon babygirl,” he breathed, “you’re right there. Come for me, I want you to- need you to- Timmy, baby-” Tim lifted his head, gasping, letting his mouth fall open.

“Jason, Jay- love, I-” he gasped, shaking, and he was right there, but his body refused to let him snap. “I love you,” he sobbed, felt the corners of his eyes so wet- and when had the tears streaked down his face? Why was his chest aching? “I love you so much.”

Jason nuzzled into him again, kissing at the dip of his shoulder. “I know, I know, I love you too. Always have, always- ah,” Jason broke, his hips stuttering, and he barely managed to keep from giving into how good Tim’s body felt. “Always will Tim.”

Tim shivered, closed his eyes and let him drown in everything that was Jason, in that moment. His scent and the rush of his breaths, the sounds of his groans, the feel of his sweat slicked skin, each break of a scar, each ridge of muscle. His damn scent pooling in Tim’s pores, making it feel like Jason never end, like Tim never began- like they were one being.

And it was lost in that, babbling over and over again how he loved him, that Tim came. His body tightened and held onto Jason, and the pure burst of good in his body and mind had him forgetting how to breath, had him seeing nothing but white, even when he opened his eyes. Jason stayed over him- and Tim heard his groans, heard his name on his mate’s lips and felt the rush of heat, inside his body.

Tim collapsed down onto his belly, squirming and pushing his hot face into the pillows. Jason pulled out of him- left Tim mewling over the loss- so he could flop down behind him, get an arm around his waist and lean over his body, nuzzle between his shoulders.

“You’re okay,” he mumbled, and Tim nodded, even as he continued to shake. Jason kissed higher, until his mouth was brushing along the fresh bite at the back of Tim’s neck-

And the omega gave a cry into the pillows, shaking- suddenly so acutely aware of not having Jason in him, and his body was clenching up like he needed it-

“Jay,” he gasped, lifting his head. “Jay, baby, get your fingers in me.”

Jason lifted his head, looked at Tim confused for a moment, before he reached down, pressed two fingers with ease into Tim’s slick, messy body. Tim trembled, leaning into one of the pillows and biting again to stifle his sounds as Jason curled them, rubbed his prostate-

And it was like his orgasm had never stopped suddenly, his body damn near convulsing around Jason’s fingers, gripping to tightly that the alpha even gasped. Tim’s cock had nothing left to give, but his body flooded around Jason’s fingers, until he went lax and limp.

“Baby,” Jason breathed, kissing Tim’s shoulder as he carefully pulled his fingers out. “God you came again.”

“Trust me,” Tim managed, panting, barely able to see still. “I know.” Jason chuckled, nuzzling the back of his neck, kissing the new mark- one that wouldn’t last, but for the moment seemed an angry, hateful red against Tim’s skin.

“Did I hurt you?”

“Fuck no.” Tim shook his head, sinking back against Jason as the alpha hooked his arm around
him, rolled him onto his side. “That was god that was exactly what I wanted.”

Another chuckle, an affectionate squeeze - a burst in Tim’s chest that was all Jason’s affection. “Mm, good. That was definitely a pleasant wake up.” Tim smiled, tipped his head back, fitting beneath Jason’s chin perfectly. “But you’re going to be so late now.”

Tim hummed, debated for a moment if he cared, and then- “What if I didn’t go?”

Jason quirked up a brow, but didn’t shift or look down yet. Instead he gave another squeeze. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. We can stay in bed until the monsters parade in, and you spoil us all with breakfast.” Tim reached down, rested his hand over Jason’s. “I’d much rather go spend the day with them than be stuck in a stuffy conference room.”

“Do it.” Jason nearly laughed, “Call B and tell him he can deal with it all. You need a day, babybird.”

Tim smiled, before he squirmed, just enough to reach his phone on his nightstand. It was well after six now- and god how long had they fucked? He felt stupidly giddy over it, had to try and pull himself in as he unlocked his phone and hit Bruce’s name.

It rang a few times before the alpha picked up. “Tim?”

“Hey Bruce. Listen, I hate to do this to you on such short notice, but something’s come up- you’re gonna have to handle the meeting without me.” He felt Jason’s hand splay on his belly, rubbing gently- soothingly.

“Is everything alright?” There was real concern there, and Tim knew Bruce assumed it was one of the kids- that he was concerned about his grandbabies.

“Yeah,” Tim said, and then- “I just... I need today.”

Maybe once, that wouldn’t have been acceptable. Once Bruce would have growled and told him to get over it- but years had mellowed him- and honestly, Tim couldn’t believe the affect his grandkids had on him. The anger that his kids had once helped to force out seemed non-existent now.

“Okay.” There was the faintest smile in his voice, Tim knew. “Tell Jason I said hello, and he owes me for giving you up.”

“I don’t owe the big old bat nothing,” Jason mumbled, and Tim heard Bruce chuckle. He considered a joke about how maybe they should just talk, but-

“Give the kids my love. And if you’re taking the day off, can you at least check in on Damian later?”

“Sure, I’ll call him. Miserable?”

“Like you wouldn’t believe.” Tim sighed. He knew Damian’s current pregnancy was taking its toll on him- fast and hard. Tim wanted to point out that he should have given his body a rest, after having Nadya- but Damian and Dick hadn’t planned this, and Damian would’ve only agreed.

He also could have pointed out they had a cycle of unplanned family additions- but he knew the glare Damian would give him.
“Thanks again,” Tim offered, before hanging up. He tossed his phone towards the edge of the bed, before squirming around, so he could face Jason again. Jason, who was grinning, looking disheveled and lovely.

“Was that so hard?” Tim shook his head, before Jason kissed his forehead, then the bridge of his nose. “Good. Now, what’s the plan? Try and snag a little more sleep? We’ve probably got an hour before they’re up.”

Tim sucked on his lip, before he shook his head- pulling back from Jason and rolling onto his back. He spread his thighs, arching his back slightly, letting his eyes go half lidded.

“I think,” Tim whispered, as Jason pushed himself up on one elbow, “That you should fuck me again, Jay.”

Jason simply stared at him for a moment, before he swallowed thickly. “You’re gonna feel this later, babygirl.”

Tim shivered, watched as Jason pushed himself up, crawling over Tim to lean down, press a trail of kisses down his neck and collar bone, easing slowly down his chest. Tim sighed, wrapped his arms around his shoulders and tangling his fingers in his hair, lifting one leg and locking it around him. He tipped his head back, smiling to himself.

That was what he wanted, to feel Jason and the ache in his body even well after they were done. Wanted Jason in every pore and thought and fiber of his being. Wanted the world to smell his husband on him and know that Tim had another half to his existence.

Wanted the world to smell him on Jason and know Jason belonged to him.

But mostly, he wanted that perfect feeling of simply good he got, when Jason looked at him like Tim was the most important thing in the world- like he was shocked he could feel as good as he did with Tim.
Alec nearly jumped off the couch the moment he heard the doorbell, Alyssa shouting when the motion made her drop her phone. He ignored her, running all the way to the door, yanking it open and finding Owen standing there, smiling at him, one hand in the pocket of his jeans.

Alec reached up, tossed his arms around his neck, pressed their mouths together in a rushed, clumsy kiss, that had Owen almost taking a step back, nearly losing his balance. He laughed against his boyfriend’s mouth, which made Alec smile as he pulled back.

“Hi.”

“Hey.” Owen managed to squirm away, lifting his other hand, showing off the flowers he was holding. “I uh, brought you flowers.”

Alec glanced at them, then back up at his boyfriend- caught that glint in his eyes that always made his stomach fell strange, feel fight and warm- before glancing back down at his smile-

“Oh my god, you two are going to make me sick.” Alec turned around, found Alyssa watching them, arms loosely folded under her chest, phone held limp in one hand. “Flowers? So damn sweet I think I’m diabetic.”

“Hi Alyssa,” Owen offered, finally stepping inside as Alec stepped aside, closing the door.

“Hell-o hot blond my brother is totally doing.”

“Lys!” Alec glared at her, wanted to smack the smug grin off her face. “I’m not- we’re not- god!” He threw his hands up in the air, just as Owen toed his shoes off and nudged them out of the doorway.

“Chill bro, I know.” She waved him off, looking back at her phone. “Where the fuck is Ri at? Daddy told him six. I’m starving and I wanna go out.”

“Language, young lady.” All three glanced up as Tim appeared, looking like he was coming from the stairs. “And your brother is on his way. It takes a bit to get Tommy moving, you know that.”

Alyssa sighed, glancing down- and Alec knew she felt bad for complaining. He watched his father walk past his sister, giving her a gentle, loving shove to her shoulder for being a brat- before he paused in front of them, reaching out to get a single arm around Owen’s shoulders to hug him.
“Good to see you Owen,” he said, and Owen looked at Alec like he didn’t know what to do— which was somewhat true. Even though they’d been dating over a month now, Owen still seemed unsure how to act and greet his dad. As Owen liked to point out, he was his boss, since he worked for Wayne Tech.

He still had issues not calling him Mr. Drake.

“Thanks for having me,” Owen managed, as Tim pulled back.

“You’re always welcome. Besides, it’s about time you got to experience our sliver of the family all together.” He glanced down, before a grin spread across his face— and Alec was always struck by how much younger his dad looked when he smiled. “Did you bring Alec flowers?”

“Uhm, yeah.” The alpha had the slightest pink on his cheeks, and Alec thought it was cute. Made him want to touch his cheeks, feel how warm they had to be.

“You’re a sweetheart. Let’s go put them in some water.” Tim took Owen’s arm, leading him away, and Alec followed up until he reached Alyssa, where he paused, watching his father and boyfriend walk towards the kitchen.

“You nervous?”

“About what?”

“Oh, I don’t know, our giant brother meeting your boy?” Alec shrugged a shoulder, before he knew it was pointless to act apathetic, because Alyssa could feel his nerves.

“A little. I want Riley to like him. I want Tommy to like him too.” Alyssa reached over, draping her arm around his shoulders and gave him a squeeze.

“I think he will. Just make sure Owen knows that despite the fact that Riley looks terrifying, he’s the teddy bear. I’m the one he has to worry about, if he breaks your heart. I’ll break his bones.”

Alec rolled his eyes at that, but he was chuckling. “I know, you’ve made that very clear Lys.” He shoved her gently, before leaving her be to hurry into the kitchen. The smells he could have subtly ignored wafting through the house hit him full force, and he realized just how hungry he really was the moment he stepped foot in the kitchen.

It was impossible to not be hungry when Jason was cooking.

He found dad number two had stolen his boyfriend now, was talking to him, Tim having disappeared. The flowers Owen had brought were in a vase, on the counter.

“There you are,” Jason said, looking over and smiling. “Thought for a second you were just leaving Owen to the wolves for the night.”

Calling his family wolves felt about right— but it would’ve been way worse if it was everyone and not just his direct family. He walked over, and Jason handed him the vase of flowers.

“Timmy’s setting the table. Go put these out for me while I finish up.” Jason glanced back at Owen, and gave him a smile. “And keep this one for a while, I like his taste in flowers.”

Owen smiled at that, and Alec just rolled his eyes— boasting his own smile however— as he grabbed Owen by the arm and led him out.
They were still in the dining room when the front door opened. There didn’t need to be an announcement- but Alec was suddenly running around the table, out of the dining room and towards the door. He stopped, hanging back, watching as Riley stood inside, holding the door open with his body, bracing Tommy as he stepped inside. The sound of Tommy’s cane tapping on the floor was jarring.

But he was *up* and *moving* and *that* was far better than he had been.

Tommy glanced up, and the smile he gave Alec upon seeing him made Alec feel warm and fuzzy. He grinned and waved, and Tommy offered up a small wave before Riley let go of him to close the door, and he was leaning on his cane again.

“Hey cutie,” Tommy offered, “Long time no see.” Alec walked over, trying to keep from running, from wanting to throw his arms around his long time friend. Still, the moment he was in range, he had his arms around Tommy’s neck, hugging him gently, Tommy slid an arm around him, leaning into him far more than he ever had, snuggling into his neck.

“It’s good to see you,” Alec whispered, tried to keep his voice steady. He knew the whole family was still rocked to the core over nearly losing him. He couldn’t even fathom how his brother was managing.

The moment he thought it, he felt Riley’s large hand tussling his hair, and then a kis to his temple as the alpha leaned over. “I see how it is,” Riley teased, “No love for me.”

“Tommy was always cooler,” Alec pointed out- but still, the moment Tommy was steady again he turned, threw both arms around Riley and gave him a tight hug. The alpha grinned, squeezing back.

Alec hadn’t see much of Riley, since the incident. It had felt strange when he moved out a year prior, not seeing him every day. But since Tommy was hurt, he’d all but abandoned his apartment and spent his time at the Manor with him, helping him recover.

Alec knew. Alyssa made a point to pass Riley’s apartment every night she was out- and he was never there. He wasn’t even sure why Riley still *had* it.

He was just pulled back as the rest of the family began crowding the room. Alyssa gave a loud shouted *Riley!* and Riley grinned, opening his arms and yelling for her to *get her ass over here.*

Alec took a step back to avoid her as she all but jumped onto their brother, and Riley lifted her up, twirling her around once as he squeezed tightly. As he did so, Jason moved up, wrapped an arm around Tommy and kissed his temple. Alec heard a quiet *it’s good to see you kiddo*, and felt so strange seeing the worry on his father’s face.

He chose to turn and leave the mess completely, taking up by Owen’s side as Tim moved to greet *both his children* as he’d say. Owen reached out, found Alec’s hand and squeezed it. He knew the alpha was nervous, and he leaned over, gave him a smile.

“Don’t worry, Riley’s not scary. Alyssa’s the bad one.” Owen chuckled, but it was soft, breathy- and Alec squeezed his hand again.

They went unnoticed for a moment, until Jason was telling Riley and Tommy to get to the table, stealing Tim and Alyssa to help him bring everything out to the dining room. Watching Tommy walk using the cane pulled at Alec’s ribs- but there was something about Riley offering his arm and Tommy waving him off that made his heart skip.

First, how stupidly in love with Tommy he knew his brother was- and second, that Tommy didn’t
need the help. That he was going to be okay and they’d see Nightwing back in Gotham again one day.

They paused a few steps back, and Alec knew he was supposed to make an introduction, but he’d been so lost in his thoughts that he said nothing. Riley only flashed a small smile, knowing his brother, and reached out, offering his hand to Owen.

“Riley,” he said, and Owen reached out, shaking it.

“Owen. Nice to meet you. I’ve heard a lot.”

Riley’s smile turned to a grin. “Hopefully nothing too bad.” He paused, and then, “Wish I could say the same about you. I’ve been so preoccupied, I feel bad I barely even knew my little brother had a boyfriend.”

Owen glanced from Riley over to Tommy, and his cheeks tinged slightly. “You’ve had good reason. I mean, from what I’ve heard and all. And, uh- I’m sorry.” He reached up, rubbed the back of his neck. “Maybe I should stop talking.”

Riley chuckled, and Tommy flashed another smile. “I like him,” the omega offered, before he managed to offer up his own hand. Owen took it, and Alec swore he saw his fingers shaking. “Tommy.”

“I know,” Owen said, before he blushed again. “I mean, Alec has told me, and I work for Wayne Tech so I know...” he trailed off, before he swallowed thickly, and Tommy laughed. It was a little pained at the end, and Riley reached out, placed a hand on the small of his back.

“Deep breath, we’re not the scary ones. Jay and Lys seem to like you, so you’re safe.” Owen only nodded, before Jason yelling from the dining room interrupted them. “Speaking off, we’d better get in there before he decides to bar his from dinner. And you never want to miss Jason’s cooking.”

* 

Riley studied the other alpha who had followed him from the house, out to the back porch to get a breath of fresh air. He’d missed the backyard he’d grown up with, missed the house that had been home since shortly after the twins were born- and he paused to slip his hands into his pockets, close his eyes and inhale deeply.

“It’s so much calmer here than in the heart of the city,” Owen said, standing next to him. Riley nodded.

“Yeah. It’s always been nice. It’s silent during winter. We used to come out when it was dark, our dads would leave the porch light on, and we’d get lost in the snow until we couldn’t feel our noses or toes. And it was like our own world- not a sound except us.” He glanced over at Owen. “Wayne Manor is even more quiet.”

“I... can imagine.” Owen shifted, looked a little uncomfortable, and Riley reached over, placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Relax, I didn’t bring you out here to interrogate you. I know my family is a lot to take in, I thought you might want a break too.” Owen only nodded, and Riley liked something about his eyes, some sort of shimmer in the darkness.

He could say this much- his brother had good taste. Owen was pretty, maybe prettier than Riley looked for in an alpha, but one upon a time if this kid had looked his way, he would’ve jumped on
Riley pulled his hand back, choosing to look back out over the yard. “I don’t know you very well, I’m going to admit that. I haven’t been around much lately, not with Tommy’s... accident.” It was hard for Riley to call it that, when he was in his home. He was used to being able to call it was it was- his damn near murder- when he was with family. But Owen- he wasn’t in that loop yet, and as far as the public was aware, Tommy Wayne-Grayson had been in nothing more than tragic, terrible accident.

That he was lucky to be alive.

*That part was true.*

“I feel shitty, not even knowing my baby brother was dating someone.”

“I mean, it’s understandable... I know the accident was bad.” Owen was looking at him, before flicking his eyes away, back out towards the yard.

“Still. Alec and Alyssa are my world.” Riley offered his wrists up then, and Owen glanced down at the names scripted there in ink. *Alec,* on the left, and *Alyssa* on the right.

Riley didn’t feel the need to explain that it was because Alec was his heart, and Alyssa was his soul. That was still private, too personal.

“That being said, I trust them both- and if Lys hasn’t killed you yet, you must be doing right by our brother.”

“I hope I am.” Riley smiled at that.

“You seem like you are. I know Alec. Alec doesn’t like people. He doesn’t like leaving the house. He doesn’t like people touching him. I lost count of the times he touched you tonight. And don’t get me started on the smiles. I trust his judgement- and if he sees something in you, than trust me- it’s there.” Riley slung an arm around Owen’s shoulders, turning him slowly towards the porch door. “Now c’mon, I’m sure my brother thinks I’m attempting to destroy his relationship at the moment.”

Owen laughed at that. Riley decided he liked his laugh. “I don’t know if anyone can just threaten me and convince me to end it. I... I really like Alec.” Owen smiled as he said it- and Riley decided that yeah, he really liked this kid.

* Alec shut the door to his room, relieved to have privacy again. Both his fathers and Alyssa would be disappearing into their own private cave to get ready for the night- Owen hadn’t asked where they were going and Alec was *glad* for it.

Riley and Tommy were still downstairs, Tommy stretched out carefully on the couch with Riley, to rest a bit before they made the drive back to the Manor. But they wouldn’t move- Alec figured one of them would just text him when they were going to leave.

Which was *perfect,* because as far as he was concerned, he and Owen were alone now.

“Your brother is nice,” Owen said, sitting on the edge of Alec’s bed. “And so is his boyfriend. Really, you’re whole family.” Alec inclined his head slightly, studying his boyfriend- mostly, the way his mouth moved. It’d been distracting him on and off all night- and he felt that pulling in his
belly, like he wanted to kiss Owen. Had wanted to, all night.

Hadn’t, because it felt strange to do that in front of everyone- even if he knew Riley and Tommy had no problem damn near crawling on top of each other in front of the world. And *Alyssa* he didn’t even need to start on-

But it felt *weird* to him.

“Hey? You okay?” Alec realized he was simply staring still, and he nodded, licked his lips. He crossed the room, settling one knee on the bed, between Owen’s legs, and reached out, gripped his shoulders.

“I wanna kiss you.”

Owen stared up at him, eyes going a little dark. “Yeah?” Alec nodded.

“Wanted to all night.” He leaned closer, exhaled against the alpha’s mouth, felt Owen’s hands reaching out to very gently grasp his waist. It was still strange, at times, to think he felt this excitement, this *desire* - but every time he thought of Owen’s smile and his laugh and the way he looked at Alec like the world started and ended there- well, it made his blood warm, made it buzz.

Owen closed the gap, kissed him gently. It was always soft at first, the sweetest press of his lips, and Alec smiled into it, returned it. He squeezed his shoulders, tilting his head slightly, moving his mouth harder- until Owen was responding, until he wasn't sure if it was seconds or minutes, and the alpha's tongue was tracing along his lips, pushing past them when he opened his mouth.

He gave a little moan, and felt Owen's hands squeeze his waist, sliding down just an inch. For a moment, Alec wondered what they'd be like on his hips- he'd thought about it before, if Owen were to grasp his hips and tug him forward, if they were to topple down to the bed, if the alpha were to push him into his mattress and drag his mouth to his neck-

Alec felt his pulse racing over it, color tinging his cheeks. His late night fantasies still shocked him, still took him by utter surprise- and acknowledging them, even just to himself, around his boyfriend, left him fidgety, anxious.

He nipped at the tongue in his mouth, and Owen pulled back, broke the kiss and gave him a breathy chuckle. "I could kiss you all night," he admitted- and that sounded like some sort of heaven for Alec.

"You should." He lifted his other leg, so he was straddling one of Owen's thighs then, moved his arms to hook them behind his neck. The hands on his waist slid lower then, grasped at his hips, and Owen shivered. He pushed his hips closer, rolling them with the touch, and Owen's eyes flashed this gorgeous black for a moment.

"Alec-" he was cut off when the omega kissed him again. This time, Alec pushed his tongue past his lips, enjoyed teasing the sharps of his teeth before sliding his tongue against Owen's. He groaned into his boyfriend's mouth, pushed his hips forward again- felt his belly hot and tight, felt like he couldn't catch his breath. Alec barely even registered that he was half hard, until he was grinding into Owen, tangling his fingers in his hair- and then they were falling back, sprawling on the bed, Alec landing on top of the alpha. Owen gave a little grunt, before it broke into a gasp as their hips slid together-

And, *oh*. Alec could *feel* him.

"Alec," Owen whispered, still holding onto his hips- trying to keep them still now. "Maybe...
Alec stared down at him, hands pushing his torso up now, pressed into his blanket. "Why?"

"You uh... well. I know you're not sure what you're comfortable with. I don't want to make things uncomfortable." He licked his lips. "I can still kiss you. I'd love to still kiss you. But maybe we can... sit up." Alec studied the alpha's face- the slight color rising in his cheeks, the size of his pupils. He could smell him faintly- which was rare around Owen. The man always kept his pheromones so in check that Alec forgot he even had any.

He thought on it, for a moment- but the tightness in his belly, the race of his heart- he knew what it was. Knew the feeling from his heats, and now from those moments where he laid in bed and thought about Owen and dared to bring himself off with so much more need than he had ever had in his life.

"I'm not uncomfortable," Alec admitted, giving the smallest smile. "I like this. I wanna kiss you like this."

Owen fidgeted a little, glancing away for a moment.

"Unless you don't want to."

"I do," Owen admitted, "But it uh... it makes me want to do other things and I know you're not-"

Owen clamped his mouth shut when Alec shook his head.

"Maybe we can... try something." Because it had been on his mind, even if he tried not to admit it. But everything with Owen was new to him- attraction, desire, affection for someone that wasn't his family- and he figured he wouldn't know what he liked and didn't until he faced the options.

"Yeah?" Alec nodded, and suddenly Owen was rolling them over. Alec hit the bed, gasped- and arched, out of reflex. His hips rubbed up against Owen's, and god, the sound Owen made had Alec forgetting how to breathe. "What do you have in mind?"

"This," Alec decided, grinding up again. "Definitely this." Owen leaned over him, kissed the corner of his mouth, hands digging into the blanket.

"'Kay," he managed, as Alec kept rolling his hips up, his jeans feeling like a damned second skin now, but god the friction- "Just- just lemme know... if you don't like something-" he broke off in a gasp, hips thrusting forward, and Alec's legs spread, giving Owen better access. "Shit. If you wanna stop- say so." He dragged his mouth down- and suddenly it was on Alec's pulse, kissing softly, tongue flicking his skin, and the omega was grasping at the back of his boyfriend's shirt, squirming as they awkwardly ground together. He liked Owen's mouth here- and in that moment, he wanted it everywhere.

"Kiss me everywhere," he whispered, and Owen groaned into his neck, nuzzling it and nipping softly- pulling a gasp from the omega. He kissed lower, to the edge of the collar of Alec's v-neck shirt, before heading straight back up the center of his throat. Alec moaned, tipped his head fully back- giggled when Owen kissed his chin, before finding his mouth again. This kiss was hard, wet- had Alec's thighs shaking, and suddenly he wanted relief, wanted his jeans gone, wanted to get his hand around himself.

It was terrifying and enlivening.

Owen turned, pressed his face into Alec's neck as their hips rolled together again. "You're so hard," he whined, and Alec's eyes went wide over it, before Owen trembled once. "Sorry, sorry, I
probably shouldn't have said that."

"No- I... I think I liked it." Alec licked his lips. "Can you, can I- pillows. Sit." The words were coming broken, and Alec felt like he was losing his ability to speak. His brain was buzzing and he could barely tell with what, but it felt good- was good- and he wanted more of it.

Owen pushed himself off Alec without a second thought, and the omega turned, squirmed back until he was sitting back against his pillows. For a moment an image flashed in his head- Owen between his spread thighs, touching him- the hand that he knew belonged to himself when he thought about this replaced with the idea of Owen's, that mouth back on his neck- Alec spread his legs, opened his arms. "Come here." Owen stared at him for a moment, those dark brown eyes so gorgeous that Alec felt like his heart was going to lurch from his chest or stop completely, and then- everything be damned- he crawled between his legs, so that Alec could cup his cheeks, run his thumbs along his tan skin. "I don't know what I want," Alec whispered, "but I do. It doesn't make sense. I just. I need something."

Owen nodded, letting Alec pull him in for another kiss. The alpha kept him from rushing fully into it- kept it slow again, soft, as Alec twisted his fingers in his blond hair, tugged gently. His hips lifted of their own accord, and he whined into his boyfriend's mouth as Owen's tongue slipped past his lips again. The sound shook the alpha, who broke the kiss to push up off his hands and knees to just his knees, looking down at his boyfriend.

"Do you want me to touch you?"

And there it was, everything Alec needed asked and couldn't bring himself to say. "Please," he whimpered, nodding vigorously, and Owen reached down, carefully palmed him through his jeans. Alec's breath caught as he pushed up towards that hand, trembling softly.

"If you change your mind," Owen whispered, reaching for the buttons to his jeans and popping them open, "Just tell me, okay? No matter when." Alec nodded, licked his lips- and there was this bloom of warm affection in his belly, over the look in Owen's eyes- Over the fact that he meant it. That he cared about Alec's comfort so damn much- when he knew, in the back of his mind, that he had to be just as worked up, if not more.

Owen got Alec's jeans open, reached in and palmed him through his briefs too. There was a spreading spot of wetness from the head of his cock, and Owen rubbed his palm over it, sighing to himself as he subconsciously reached back to palm himself through his jeans for a moment. Alec let his eyelids flutter, before Owen was grasping the waistband of his underwear, tugging it down. His cock sprung free, flushed and aching, and once his underwear were settled at the base, Owen had his hand around him. Alec trembled, bit at his lip as his boyfriend stroked up his shaft, thumb rubbing at the sensitive nerves at the base of the head.

"Okay?" He nodded vigorously, and Owen tried to shuffle even closer, stroking him slowly. His breath hiccuped out- and he needed more, needed faster- needed it like when he touched himself- He didn't want to drag this out, he just needed the knot in his belly to burst.

"Faster," he breathed, and Owen's eyes flicked up to his. He nodded, tightened his grip and stroked faster and that was what Alec wanted. He tipped his head back, panting, rocking up into his fist, shaking as he couldn't remember how to breathe of slow his heart down or even figure out how to think other than more and yes and Owen's name over and over again.
Alec reached out, hooked an arm around Owen's shoulders and leaned up, kissed him hard. It was clumsy, messy, full of Alec's whines and moans- and then nothing but broken sounds and a hiccuped sob as his hips bucked up hard and he came all over Owen's hand. Owen stroked him through the orgasm, quick and hard- then slowly as Alec began to relax- until it was a tingling feeling as his cock began to soften.

When Owen let go of him, Alec slumped back into his pillows, arms falling limp to his sides. He stared up at him, dazed- and Owen was looking at him with this layer of concern in those dark eyes.

"Everything okay?" His voice almost had a shake to it, and Alec could only nod.

"Yeah," he whispered, feeling like his vocal chords were in a different body. "That... holy..." he inhaled deeply. "I can't breathe." Owen chuckled at that, leaned in and kissed his forehead.

"In a good way?" Alec nodded, and Owen smiled. He reached down, carefully pulling Alec's underwear up so he'd be comfortable again, and Alec forced his hands to work so he could rebutton his jeans. The moment he was done, he left his eyes flick down towards Owen's groin, sucking his lips into his mouth.

"You... you gotta get off too." Owen's smile stayed soft, warm, and he shook his head. "But-"

"I really don't have to. It'll go away." He laughed at that himself. "Maybe just... gimme a second." His cheeks were still flushed, and Alec could smell it on him still, those pheromones that made Alec want to drag his nails down the alpha's back. That he still wasn't entirely sure his boyfriend truly could produce.

Alec shook his head again, sliding closer and reaching out. He hastily worked Owen's jeans open, delving a hand in and feeling the shape of his cock against his hand. Owen gasped, hips pushing forward, and Alec felt arousal in his belly again, tight and painful- but a gnawing strangeness in his chest too, and this was so much, too much, so fast-

"Baby stop," Owen whispered, his clean hand grasping at Alec's wrist and gently guiding his hand away. "You don't wanna do this."

"It's not fair that I got off and you didn't."

"That's not fair is you thinking you owe me an orgasm 'cause I gave you one. Not how this works." Owen shook his head. "Not how it's ever gonna work."

Alec bit at his lip more, worrying it in that nasty habit he had- he'd bitten his lip open so many times in his life that eventually the suddenly blood on his mouth had stopped worrying both his dads when he was a kid. "Thank you," he whispered, in the end, and Owen only nodded. Alec glanced down again, before he grasped at Owen's shirt, tugging him down slightly so he was hunched over him, so Alec could get his mouth on his neck. He gave him one kiss to his pulse, before he whispered in his ear, "You can touch yourself though. I'm comfortable with that."

Owen groaned, and Alec smiled- he liked that noise, liked that he caused it- and licked at his pulse. Owen's skin was slightly salty, but he liked it, latched his mouth onto his neck and sucked gently as Owen's hands fumbled between them- one tugging his underwear down just enough to free his cock- and the other, still wet with Alec's cum, wrapping around his shaft. He stroked quickly, none of the slow teasing he'd first shown Alec, as the omega pulled off the patch of reddening skin, wondered if it'd bruise.
He liked the idea of leaving a mark on his boyfriend.

Owen was panting, his hips chasing his fist with each stroke, and Alec reached up, tugged at his hair, peppered kisses along his jaw. Wasn't sure what he should do, but this seemed to be helping as Owen gave a whine, breathy and needy, and Alec shivered.

"I like that," he admitted, "when you make noise."

"Y-yeah?" He nodded. "What else do you like?" Alec shivered, and before Owen could open his mouth to apologize, Alec was talking.

"I like kissing you. I like when you bite my lip and when I get to suck on your tongue, and when you get your hands on my hips. I like having you between my legs and I like my hands in your hair and when you say my name-"

"Alec!" Owen gasped it, and Alec shivered, watched his eyes fluttering nearly shut, his pretty mouth falling open as his hips jerked forward. The look of pure bliss seared into Alec's mind- and god, he'd be seeing it later.

He'd be reliving this later, squirming around his bed, desperately fucking his hand- never wanting to forget that gorgeous look on his boyfriend's face.

Owen slumped back, giggling to himself, glancing up through thick, blond lashes. "That was something," he whispered, and Alec grinned.

"Really, that's it? Something?"

The alpha returned his grin, reaching out with his clean hand to playfully shove him. "Something fucking amazing. Holy shit." He leaned forward, kissed Alec's mouth quickly, before he managed to climb off the bed, grabbing a tissue from Alec's nightstand and wiping his hand off. The omega relaxed back into his pillows, closed his eyes- smiled softly when he felt the bed dip and Owen was crawling back onto it, stretching out next to him and getting his arms around him, hugging him tightly. He kissed Alec's dark hair, then his temple, and the omega giggled, squirming around.

"We can do that again," Alec decided. "I liked it." Owen hummed his agreement, nuzzling his boyfriend's cheek.

"Great, but maybe we can cuddle first." Alec laughed, shoving at him.

"I didn't mean right now you ass." Owen grinned, and Alec knew he was teasing- and he appreciated that. Liked the affection his boyfriend was showering him in, in that moment. It made the desire that had burst inside him feel grounded- didn't leave him feeling strange like he sometimes did, when he was excited. This just felt alright.

Everything felt alright, and Alec was more than happy with that.
Chapter Notes

So, I feel like it’s probably time to start exploring what Tim goes through a little during his failed pregnancy. He’s 30 here (so Jason is 33), which leaves Riley at 7 and the twins at 5. Damian is about 5 months pregnant with Nadya, meaning it’s August some time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tim rolled from his side to his back, lifting his hand up and resting it on his forehead. He slit his eyes open, stared up at the ceiling, before closing them again as his stomach turned over the motion. He swallowed thickly, could hear Jason in the hallway, the sound of little feet as the kids marched downstairs for breakfast.

“Where’s daddy?” he heard Riley asked loudly- and Jason offering, much softer,

“Daddy doesn’t feel good this morning. Let’s be quiet so he can sleep.”

Tim smiled to himself, happy to have Jason so quick to try and take care of him. His chest tugged with his own affection- and he was sure Jason could feel it, as he disappeared downstairs with the kids.

Tim sighed, reaching over for his phone on his nightstand and looking at the time. It was after 8- he had a meeting at 10, which meant as horrible as he felt, he needed to get up and get in the shower.

He sighed, forcing himself to sit up. The motion left his head spinning, and he groaned, squeezing his eyes shut, reaching up to cover his mouth as his stomach threatened to turn over completely.

He’s caught a bug, he was sure. Somehow. He’d been out at the park a lot with the kids recently, probably got something there. He was just glad it was him and not one of them. He inhaled through his nose, before tossing his blanket aside, dragging himself up and heading for the master bathroom. He was one step in when his stomach turned again, and Tim knew he was going to be sick.

He took the last few steps quickly, dropping down so hard on the tiled floor that his knees ached, as he vomited to the point that his lungs even ached. He coughed, gripping at the toilet seat, trying to keep himself from gagging over the sudden atrocious feeling. He waited a moment once he felt the feeling receding, before reaching up to flush the toilet. He moved to get up, but his stomach protested, and he sighed, resting his cheek on his arm and choosing to not move as his stomach churned in uncertainty.

A few minutes later, when he heard Jason opening the bedroom door, he hadn’t moved. His mate appeared in the doorway, frowning at him.

“Babe?”
“Probably stay over there,” Tim mumbled, “I feel like hell and I don’t wanna get you or the kids sick.” Even talking made Tim’s stomach uneasy, and he swallowed thickly. It kept turning though, waves of nausea rushing up again. “And... I think I’m gonna be sick again... so...”

Instead of leaving, Jason walked into the room, kneeling down next to Tim and pulling his hair back, as Tim coughed, before gripping at the seat again, bile rising from his throat and burning. Jason hushed him, hating to see Tim so uncomfortable.

“You’re okay babygirl,” he whispered, could feel sweat on Tim’s scalp as he held his hair back. “Just let it out, you’ll feel better.” Tim didn’t respond, coughed and hated the burn in his throat, the taste in his mouth- but his stomach was finally beginning to settle.

“I’m going to be late,” Tim finally mumbled, and Jason huffed. He got up as Tim reached to flush the toilet again, forcing himself up as he heard his husband in the other room. He grabbed his tooth brush, more than happy to replace the god awful taste in his mouth with mint- as Jason reappeared in the bathroom doorway, holding Tim’s phone.

“Yeah B, it’s Jason. Listen, Timmy’s pretty sick- and unless you want him puking on one of your business partners, better let him out of that meeting today.” Tim whipped his head towards Jason, toothbrush in his mouth and foam working up onto his lips- glaring- and Jason only waved him off. “Don’t worry, I’m getting him right back in bed. I’ve got it under control.”

Jason ended the call, sliding Tim’s phone into his pocket and walking over as Tim rinsed the tooth paste from his mouth, spitting in the sink.

“I need to be at that meeting,” he said, and Jason shook his head.

“You need to get back in bed. Or you’ll be sick three times as long.” Tim sighed- and knew he wasn’t going to win this. Not with Jason having dragged Bruce into it already. He was softening, as he got older- he didn’t push like he used to.

Tim liked to think the grandbabies were to blame.

“I at least need a shower,” Tim pointed out, feeling rather gross, sweat drying on his spine.

“Okay,” Jason conceded, leaning in and kissing his temple. “And then back in bed. I’m going to go check on the monsters. I’ll keep them occupied so you can get some rest.”

Tim sighed again, and instead of fighting it simply leaned in, kissed Jason’s cheek. “You’re too good to me.”

The look in Jason’s eyes said everything he didn’t, in that moment- that nothing would ever be too good, or even good enough, for Tim.

*

Tim tapped his fingers on his desk, pinching at the bridge of his nose and forcing himself to ignore the nausea building in his stomach. He’d felt alright, waking up- but now, an hour into his day, and he felt like the breakfast he had skipped in favor of a cup of coffee was still trying to riot in his gut. He couldn’t still be sick, that had been in the beginning of the week. It was Friday now- and there was no way-

He paused, leaned back and covered his mouth, inhaling slowly through his nose until the waves began to die down. He’d been fine yesterday, this made no sense.
He sat back up, reaching for his phone, hating that he had to do this- but clicking on his doctor’s office’s contact. He could leave early, catch up on his paperwork at home, if they could squeeze him in that day. Last thing he needed was for this to be something serious.

Once he would’ve sucked it up, but if it was bad he didn’t need the kids catching anything. Especially not when he knew that if one caught it, the next would.

* 

Tim tapped his phone on his thigh, staring forward in the office. His jacket was shed on the chair, his sleeve rolled up from where the doctor had taken a quick blood sample. That had been ten minutes ago, and he was still sitting here alone. Bruce had been more than accommodating to him leaving- and Damian had shown concern- although Tim had refused to goodbye kiss the other omega offered him.

Last thing he needed was to get Damian sick while he was pregnant.

He glanced down at his phone again, a message from Jason flashing.

*What do you want for dinner?*

Tim hummed, thought on it. Nothing really sounded good in his mind.

*Ask the kids, nothing really sounds good to me.*

It took a moment before he got feeling sick? and Tim sighed. He hadn’t told Jason he was heading to the doctor, but even without the bond, he knew Jason had a sixth sense.

Yeah. I’m at the doctor now. Just make something easy for them and you, don’t worry about me.

He heard the door opening the moment he’d finished typing it and flipped his phone over, smiling at the doctor. “So, tell me it’s not some strange disease I picked up from a traveling business partner, and just a nasty flu.”

The doctor eyed him for a moment, before she flattened her clip board to her chest. “Mr. Drake,” she started, “It’s not that. You’re not ill.” Tim frowned.

“No, I am.”

“No, I’m afraid you’re not. You’re actually pregnant.”

Tim furrowed his brow, his vision wavering on the sides- and he had heard her wrong, right?

“I can’t be, I’m on suppressants. I just changed doses a while ago. I can’t be pregnant.”

“Well, you are. Sometimes a dosage change, even going up, can mess with the body. When was your last heat?”

“A month ago.”

She smiled- but it was the sad type. “That fits, you seem to be about four weeks along.”

Tim shook his head then. “No, you don’t understand, I can’t be pregnant. I can’t have anymore kids- it’s been advised against, I nearly lost my twins.”
The doctor walked over, resting her hand softly on his shoulder. “I know this isn’t what you expected to hear. I think you should head home, go see your husband, and make an appointment to see your primary doctor right away.” Her smile disappeared, and her eyes were simply sad now. “It’s best to discuss this right away.”

Tim gave a nod, feeling like he was in a daze. Feeling like something inside him was tearing in half-

He couldn’t be pregnant. The twins had nearly killed him, he could have lost them. He’d been told, many times over, that he couldn’t carry again. His body wouldn’t be able to handle the stress. And he had felt horrible over it, because he knew that he and Jason could’ve had another baby, easily, and been happy. Who knows, maybe even two more-

But they’d buried those desires, had focused their love on the three they had. Sure, they had considered adopting, once the twins had gotten a little older- but it just never played out.

And now? Now Tim had everything they wanted, settled in his belly.

And he knew, knew down in his core, that it would be the death of him.

Chapter End Notes

A bit of a test to see if there’s interest to see this actually play out, or if people are content simply knowing that Tim and Jason had a failed pregnancy.
Chapter 85

Chapter Notes

A direct continuation dealing with Tim’s failed pregnancy: and I mean direct. So we’re still in august, Tim’s still 30, Jason’s still 33, the kids are 7 and 5 (respectfully), and Damian’s still 5 months pregnant.

This is part two of probably three or four dealing with the main issue.

Tim unlocked the door, stepping into his house. He was greeted by the sounds of the television, of yelling voice and slurred words and breathy giggles, and then a very loud daddy’s home! followed by the sound of feet.

Riley- as always- was the first to him, throwing his arms around Tim before Tim could even get his shoes off. The boy hugged him tightly, clinging as if Tim had threatened to never come home- and the sickening knot in Tim’s stomach eased a little, as he reached down to stroke his first born’s hair.

“There’s my boy,” Tim whispered, feeling a smile and a frown fighting on his lips. He had no idea what expression he was making, and he was glad that Riley didn’t look up- only gave a shout when the twins appeared, crowding around him to hug their father as well.

“Daddy!” they said in unison, and Tim managed to crouch down, to get the twins in his arms and kiss both their temples, as he heard Jason’s footsteps, saw him appearing in the large archway to their kitchen.

And that sickening knot, it was back.

Tim reached out, kissed Riley’s forehead, murmured for him to take the twins, and stood up slowly. Riley took a little hand in each of his, walking them back towards the living room, as Jason walked over. He had that charming smile on his face that Tim had fallen for- and yet, it only made him feel queasy.

“How are you feeling?” he asked, leaning in to kiss Tim’s cheek. Tim was quiet for a moment as Jason walked behind him, took his jacket off.

“Not great.”

“What did the doctor say?” Tim sucked on his tongue, and then-

“It’s nothing. Just a bug.” And it was a lie and it hurt in Tim’s chest, but.... but he couldn’t say it. Saying it made it real and making it real meant things weren’t okay, and he had to face that.

Jason walked back around him, and Tim took his coat back. He knew the look in Jason’s eyes- knew his mate had felt the uneasy through their bond, and that Jason most likely knew he was lying.
“I think I’m going to lay down for a bit, unless you need help.”

“No... no I got it. The kids are fine. They missed you.” Tim only nodded and felt worse, but he couldn’t bring himself to do this, right now.

To do anything. Be a husband, be a father. He wanted to curl up. He wanted to sob. He wanted everything to pause so he could make sense of things.

Tim took a step away, and Jason called after him, “I’ll get you when dinner is done.”

Tim didn’t respond, didn’t look back.

*

Tim laid around for an hour, curled up on his side, his hand on his belly. He rubbed slowly over the curves of scarred muscle, told himself he was dreaming one moment and then the next told himself to pull his shit together, because he didn’t have the luxury of dreaming.

There was a gentle knock at the door, and Tim glanced up as it opened, and Riley poked his little head in.

“Daddy?”

“Hi Ri-bean.” Riley crept in, walking slowly towards the bed, clutching onto the blanket when he reached it.

“Dad says dinner is ready.”

Tim nodded, reached out and gently brushed some of Riley’s long hair back. “Daddy doesn’t feel good. Can you tell dad that I’m just going to skip dinner?”

Riley nodded, sucked on his little lip, before he leaned closer. And when he spoke, his voice had a waver to it that shattered Tim’s heart. “Are you okay daddy?”

“I will be,” Tim whispered, twirling some of Riley’s hair now. Thick with waves like his father’s—just like Jason’s—lighter than the twins’ when the light hit it right. “Your hair is so long. You need a haircut.” Riley gave an indignant look then, frowning and letting go of the blanket to cross his arms. It was Jason, all over his face, when Tim coaxed that childlike part of him out.

He nearly choked on a sob.

“I don’t want a haircut.”

“Okay.” Tim whispered, his voice disappearing. He cleared his throat. “Okay. How about you go downstairs before dinner gets cold and the twins eat it all?” Riley giggled at that, and Tim tapped the tip of his nose affectionately, before his oldest was turning and running out of the room.

Leaving Tim alone again. Alone with the shadows and the ache in his chest that he was about to tear everything he loved apart.

*

Jason had tried to talk to him, to get reaction out of him, before he left for patrol that evening. Tim felt worse seeing him go and knowing that Jason was fully aware something was wrong. But the kids served as a buffer, that gave Tim time to distance himself from the ordeal, gave him time to think out what he might say to Jason.
Once the kids were in bed, Tim curled himself up on the couch, under a blanket. He sat there in silence for hours, thinking one moment he was *fine*, and the next his eyes strung and the corners were wet.

He told himself they would handle this like they had handled everything thus far- together. He and Jason. Unshakable.

He told himself he was a *failure* and that this was *his* fault and that he was being punished for *something*.

He told himself nothing made sense, and everything- it all hurt, for just a moment.

A part of Tim, buried deep in his core, *knew* he was letting his depression raise ti’s god forsaken head, was letting it consume him- but he couldn’t stop it, couldn’t fully acknowledge it was happening- and by the time he heard Jason coming up from the basement, it was one AM and his cheeks were wet and his chest ached from silent sobs, his scalp burning from where he had pulled at his hair.

Tim had left the television on, but the sound was so soft it became nothing as Jason walked into the room, found him curled on the couch, looking like hell. There was maybe a breath of a gap before he was settling on the arm of the couch, whispering to Tim and brushing his hair back.

“Babygirl,” he murmured, as Tim leaned back against him, loved how *solid* and real Jason was. “Tim, talk to me.”

Tim said nothing, sucked on his tongue, as Jason wrapped an arm around his shoulders. He reached up, gripped tightly at it.

"What's going on?"

Tim sucked in a breath, leaning back harder against Jason, feeling his heat and the subtle scent rolling off him. And then, under his breath, he offered up, "I'm pregnant."

He *felt* Jason go tense, felt the tug in his chest as Jason *jolted* before he sputtered, "*what?*"

Tim pulled away from him, sliding down the couch so Jason could slide off the arm, settle next to him. He turned to him, glancing up through his hair with red, aching eyes. "I'm pregnant, Jason."

Jason stared at him for a moment, before he whispered, "But, you're on suppressants."

"I know. I *told* the doctor that. But she's... sure. She said the change in dosage, it might have messed with my system. Especially since it was coupled with my heat." Tim reached up, raked a hand into his hair, dug his nails along his scalp so that it hurt. "I'm *pregnant*, Jason. I'm fucking pregnant and I can't be and I *know* I can't be and we fucking *knew* we couldn't have more kids and-"

Jason reached out, pulling Tim into his arms. "Take a breath," he whispered, and Tim let the words trail off, collapsing against Jason's chest and shaking. "I've got you, it's going to be okay."

"It's *not*," Tim hissed, shaking his head but not lifting it. "It's not. I can't carry, the baby won't make it, fuck, I probably won't make it. I can't have our baby..." Tim shuddered at that, hiccupsed a sob out, and Jason rubbed his back. "I can't have our baby, Jason."
Jason leaned down, pressed his cheek to the top of Tim's head. Tim could feel him, in his chest and in his head, emotions tangled in with Tim's own, sorrow and an ache and so many things Tim didn't have words for-

He knew Jason wanted another baby, had wanted one more than Tim had, even.

"I'm so sorry," Tim whispered.

"Shh, baby, it's okay. What are you sorry about?"

"That I let this happen! That I can't give you the family you want, and I fucking failed again, and here I am giving you the best news and then following it with but I can't have the baby you want."

Jason straightened up, grasped Tim by his shoulders and forced him up, to stare into Jason's eyes. "Tim," he said, his voice low-heavy, stern. "Look at me." Tim glanced away for a moment, before he dragged his eyes back up. "I need you to listen, really listen to me. You're not failing anything or anyone right now. You never fail me, babygirl. You're a fucking miracle and I can't even believe you settled for the likes of me." Tim opened his mouth, but Jason shook his head. "And the family I want? It's right here. You're everything I could have ever dreamed of, Timmy- and you gave me the three best gifts anyone could have. You risked your life and gave me the family I don't deserve, but god do I cherish." Jason let go of his shoulders, carefully reached up, brushing his fingers along Tim's cheek. "We're complete, the way we are. You and I, we decided that, remember?"

Tim nodded, and Jason cupped his cheek then. Tim turned, nuzzled into his warm palm, felt the callouses on his fingertips.

"You don't... you don't owe me something, for being my husband. You don't owe me kids or a family or anything the world wants to claim you do because of what you are, and what I am. That's bullshit, and you know it. You'd be the first to be screaming at yourself right now, babygirl." Tim nodded again, and Jason rubbed his thumb along his lips. "You're letting that little part of you win out babe. You know the one I'm talking about.

The unsure one, the depression Tim dealt with, his entire life. The one that made leaping off a damn building seem like a good idea. The one that left him crying for no reason at all.

Yeah, that part.

Tim nodded again, and Jason cupped both his cheeks, leaned down, kissed his forehead. "I love you, Tim. I've loved you for too damn long to let anything change that. We're going to be okay- and you're going to be okay." Tim nodded, and he wanted to believe Jason, so badly. He pushed closer, rested against his chest again, and Jason got both his arms around Tim, hugging him tightly.

"I have an appointment with my primary doctor tomorrow," Tim whispered. "To... to discuss things. Can you- will you come with me?" He didn't lift his head, closed his eyes as Jason continued to rub his back.

"Of course babygirl. Of course." Tim sighed, relaxing a little- and while he knew in the pit of his gut that this wasn't okay yet, that god it was going to hurt again, in the morning, for a long time-

For the moment, though, it felt better. Better with Jason's touch and the comfort of his heartbeat against Tim's ear- and while he could feel Jason's ache, in his own chest- he could still feel the thick, steel like ropes of love that continued to wind their way between his ribs.
Chapter 86

Here we are with part three of the failed pregnancy plot line. As our reminder: Tim’s 30, Jason’s 33. The kids are 7 and 5- Damian is currently 5 month pregnant. It’s August- and because she’ll be mentioned (and she never is because I am terrible to my characters), little Avery Cain is 3 and 1/2, going on 4.

Warning that we’re dealing with Tim having an abortion, and that could be triggering to some.

Part 3 of 4 [Also, we get to see more mentions of Roy in Jason and Tim’s relationship, which I know has only been briefly hinted at before]

Tim leaned back in his seat, tugging at the hem of his shirt, as he watched Jason walking with the twins, and in hand, towards the large building. Stephanie and Cass were expecting them, had said they would watch the twins for the day when Jason had called.

Tim had wanted to, but he was afraid his voice would give something away. And he didn’t want to bring anyone else into this, not now, not yet.

Jason had had to call Dick as well, ask if he’d mind if Riley spent the day with Tommy. That had been stop number one. Normally it would've been easy to drop all three kids at the Manor- but Tim knew that Bruce and Damian were both busy at Wayne Enterprises, and it was just Dick home with Tommy. And while he knew Dick could handle all four kids, he’d felt better not asking, on such short notice.

Besides, Steph had sounded delighted, on the other end of the line. Said it was perfect, Avery was well over due to see her cousins. And Tim figured it was good that they kids get some time apart, as well.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath. He'd had to put on a fake smile, that morning. And that hurt- hurt more than he had words for. Because he always smiled when he saw his kids, when they yelled good morning and gave him overly enthusiastic hugs. He smiled and he kissed them and his heart soared over the utter perfection he saw in their little faces-

But today, everything felt bland, coated in grey. Hollow.

He heard the door to the van open, and Jason was hopping in, tugging it shut and starting the engine. Tim's eye slit open and he glance over at him. Jason was looking at him- reaching out and offering his hand. Carefully, Tim took it.

"It's going to be okay," he whispered, giving him a squeeze, before taking it back, pulling out into Gotham city traffic.

Tim tried to believe him. Really, he did. But it was hard, when everything felt so far from okay.

*
The results from his second pregnancy test were the same. An estimated four weeks along—just as he’d been given the day before. His primary doctor had recommended a second test, to be safe—and Tim had hoped, had been willing to pray to something that the test had been a false positive.

No luck.

His doctor was watching him over her clipboard—an older woman, with kind eyes and the sort of smile that told you she meant it when she asked about the kids, when she remembered their names. She’d been with Tim through his first two pregnancies, and frankly, he was just glad she hadn’t opted to retire early just yet.

"Have either of you discussed your options?" she asked, heading straight for the point. Tim appreciated that—could feel through the bond that Jason did, too. If they skirted around the blatant option that neither of them had put a name to, he knew they’d only prolong the pain. The agony, building in his chest.

He hated, for once, that Jason could feel it.

"Somewhat," Jason said.

"But I want to hear your opinions." Maybe because somewhere in him, Tim still held out some sort of hope, for a miracle. It was bleak, and he knew beneath that hope, that it was pointless—but that didn't make it go away.

She lowered her clipboard, pulling up a chair and settling down. Her hands folded neatly in her lap. "My honest opinion of the situation?" Both nodded. "You're at a very high risk, Mr. Drake. Your past pregnancies have proven that. Your first held complications, but thankfully nothing too severe. I fear with your twins though—I know complications with carrying multiples are not uncommon, and the premature birth itself was not even strange. But your need for bed rest—let's be frank. You nearly lost them." Tim nodded, felt Jason squeeze his hand. It was true, he could have lost the twins, could have never met those beautiful little faces.

He wasn't ready to contemplate what a world would have been like, without Alec and Alyssa.

"We discussed after the birth that the complications left you... damaged. I recommended you not conceive again. I still hold firm in that. Carrying a child to term... I do not know if you are capable of that at this point, Mr. Drake. I am sorry."

Tim exhaled, and it was shaky. But... this was what he expected to hear. Even if he didn't want to.

"My professional opinion is that the child would not survive, that you would most likely end up miscarrying. Worse, that you yourself could even die if the complications happened late enough. I know you both wanted more children," she leaned closer, and her eyes, they were still friendly, but sad. "And I know this is hard, but I think it is in your best interest to terminate."

Jason squeezed Tim's hand for the countless time, but Tim barely felt it. He felt like he was caving in on himself, like his ribs were crushing into his lungs, bones crumbling in to settle in his gut. He felt like he was dying, slowly.

"You are the only one that can make that decision," she continued, keeping her gaze level with Tim's. "I just want you to be fully informed of your own risks, when making the decision."

He licked his lips, nodded, Jason's hand left his, moved around his shoulder, pulling him over so that his temple rested against his chest. He didn't fight it. He knew they were waiting for him to speak, to say something, anything, and he knew, knew in his gut, this was what it was coming to.
Had been why he'd cried to Jason that he couldn't have their baby. And he knew Jason knew too, that this was it. This was the only real option.

Unless Tim wanted to risk his own life.

"It's probably for the best," Tim whispered, so softly it was barely audible. But it was enough. The doctor nodded, lifting up his clipboard again.

"I would recommend we do it as soon as possible, so that you can get back to your life." Tim hesitated, felt Jason rubbing his shoulder. He glanced up at him, and yes, he knew this was his decision, but Jason was his mate, his husband, his other half-

He at least wanted some input.

"I think it's better to get it over with," Jason said, looking down at him. Tim sighed, nodding, and the doctor scribbled something onto Tim's chart.

"Alright. Now, one other thing we should discuss- to keep this from happening again. I know the chances are slim that it will, but I still think we should take more permanent steps to prevent further pregnancies. I apologize myself- if I had realized your heat was so close to us changing your suppressants, I would have held off or recommended a second form of birth control."

"I didn't even think to mention it," Tim offered, still leaning into Jason.

His doctor nodded. "Either way," she turned her eyes to Jason then, "I think it would be best if we took a different step."

And Jason, without hesitation, offered up, "Snip me all you want. Hell, I'll do it right now." A part of Tim wanted to laugh, and he knew Jason was hoping for that- but the sound died in his chest.

He shook his head. "No, that won't work." Jason glanced down at him, the doctor frowning. "It's gotta be me."

"Mr. Drake, a vasectomy is a far less invasive procedure."

He shook his head again, reaching up to squeeze Jason's hand on his shoulder. "I know that. But," he paused, inhaled, "Sometimes we... have another partner."

He could feel Jason's realization through their bond, and his alpha leaned over, kissed his temple.

Tim's doctor only nodded. There was no judgement on her face- and that was another thing Tim had always liked about her. "Alright. Then I would recommend we do this all as soon as possible. I'm sure you will want some time to yourselves before the surgery, but we should work out a date as soon as possible."

Tim only nodded. His head felt like it was spinning again- but he clung to each breath he took, clung to the control he knew he had inside him. This had to be done, and putting these things off-well, it wouldn't help anything. Hell, they knew they should have gone this route, and putting it off and landed them here.

"If your birth with the twins hadn't been so bad," his doctor said, "I would have recommended we do all this then. Far easier. Still, things aren't like they used to be- it's far less invasive. You'll have a few days where you're laid up, and then you can resume your regular life." Tim nodded, and the doctor reached out, gave his knee a reassuring pat. "Now, we can do the abortion one of two ways. I can get you a prescription, and you can go home and be comfortable- or I can make an
appointment, and we can do it surgically. I would recommend the medication, it's also less invasive- and I know it is more comforting to be at home."

Tim clutched at Jason's hand on his shoulder tighter.

"That way, you could go home, and the moment you're ready, get it over with."

He felt his breath catching.

"Is there a higher risk?" Jason now, realizing Tim was at a loss for words.

She shook her head. "No. It will be rather quick. I would give you one of the medications before you leave, and you'll go home with a few pills. You have a range as to when you can take them- 24 to 72 hours. Within 6 to 8 hours after you take the medication, you will miscarry." Tim ground his teeth together, forced himself to nod. "We'll need to schedule a follow up appointment, about two weeks out, to make sure everything went smoothly. I would recommend your surgery shortly after that." Another nod.

"Can we... can we have a minute?" Tim asked, and she stood up slowly.

"Of course. I'll be back in a few minutes." Another soft smile, and she left, the door closing heavily behind her.

The moment she was gone, Jason was moving in front of Tim, reaching up to grip his shoulders with both his hands, rubbing them gently. "Babygirl, look at me." Tim swallowed, dragged his eyes up to stare into Jason's. "I need you to take a deep breath and talk to me."

Tim did. He inhaled slowly, let the oxygen singe him down to his lungs, held it for a moment, and exhaled. "What if I could have the baby."

"You know you can't. We both know we can't."

"But what if-"

"Tim, you are more important to me than a clump of cells in your gut that isn't even alive yet." Jason's hands tightened on his shoulders. "I can't replace you. And... this is your decision, and I will respect your choice but... I need you to think clearly for a minute, what you'd be risking. The kids- they need you. I... I can't do this alone." Tim reached up, gently ran his hands along Jason's arms, until his mate was pulling him into his chest, holding him. "We both agreed last night, we can't do this. It's too risky."

"I know," Tim whispered, rubbing his cheek against Jason's chest. "I know. I just... I wish we could."

Jason hummed quietly, stroked Tim's hair. "I know babybird. I do too. But it's just not meant to be." He kept gently petting Tim's hair. "So..."

"I'm having an abortion," Tim said, softly- mostly to himself, mostly because he needed to make it real as much as he didn't want to be. He lifted his head, glancing up at Jason. "Can... are you... if I do it at home, is that okay?"

Jason nodded. "Of course. Whatever you want."

"And you'll stay?"
Jason reached for Tim's chin, tipped it up gently. "Of course. Where would I go?" Tim knew that Jason was aware he meant simply while he took the medication- but Jason was still leaning in, kissing his forehead. "You've got me for life, Timmy. I don't go anywhere without you, no matter what. This? Not even pushing me an inch away."

Another kiss to his forehead, and Tim squeezed his eyes shut, took a breath to hold in his tears. Not now, not here. He knew they'd come later- and he'd let them. But for now-

"The kids-"

"We've got plenty of family to take them for the weekend. I'll make the calls when we get home. I can make up whatever lie you want."

Or the truth. Tim licked his lips, nodded. He tipped his head up more, pressed a kiss to the corner of Jason's lips. If there was anyone in this world he'd want to walk through hell with, it was Jason Todd.

And in that moment, he felt like the soles of his feet were searing with hellfire.

* *

"You're sure you don't mind?" Tim asked, watching as Jason handed Riley's over night bag to Dick. They were talking quietly- and Tim knew what Jason was saying. He wanted Dick and Damian to know the truth- and while he had let Jason call Stephanie and Cassandra and ask them himself, while he had sat curled up on the couch and listened to his husband explain the situation, and hadn't even gone with him when he drove clothes over for the twins-

He felt Damian deserved to hear it from his own mouth.

And maybe he was hoping for some comfort.

"Riley's always welcome," Damian said, smiling. He had such color to him now, a little pink to his dark skinned cheeks- and his eyes looked so alive. The true glow he'd deserved while he was pregnant with Tommy, but with the circumstances, with the chaos, hadn't truly shown. Damian frowned, and he reached out, gently rubbing Tim's arm. "Something is wrong."

Over Damian's shoulder, Tim saw Dick easing his arm around Jason, leading him out of the room- and he felt his heart breaking- but yet it wasn't his, it was Jason's, through their bond.

Tim didn't have it in him to lie, to walk around the subject. Not when he felt tired and broken, not when there was a bottle of pills sitting on his kitchen counter that he would be swallowing this weekend, to break his heart all over again.

"I'm pregnant," he whispered, and Damian's eyes went wide.

"What?"

"I'm pregnant. Found out yesterday. I had my suppressants changed recently, and we did it right around my heat- just an accident." Tim glanced down, and Damian reached for his hands, taking them. "And I can't have the baby."

Tim knew he didn't need to say that, knew Damian was well aware of his complications. He could feel Damian's ache for him, a hazy static sort of pain, in his chest. The subtle bond they'd formed over the years.
"Tim," he whispered. Not Drake, not any other name, and spoken so softly- that when Damian squeezed his hands Tim simply leaned in, pulled free so he could wrap his arms round Damian. Damian hugged him tightly, hushing him as a broken sob threatened in Tim's throat. For a moment, neither spoke, and Damian simply rubbed Tim's back, worked over the knots of his spine, until Tim could breathe again.

"It's ending this weekend," Tim whispered, "I've got the pills at home. I took one drug when I was at the doctor earlier."

"I would imagine it's best to do this early," Damian whispered.

Tim nodded. "And then... I'm getting myself fixed." He gave a bitter laugh at it- wanted it to be a real laugh, but it only came out broken. "Jason offered but... with Roy..." He shook his head, and Damian squeezed. Even if things might seem strange to the rest of the world where Roy was involved with Jason and Tim, Damian had not questioned it or seemed overly shocked, when Tim had tried to explain it before. They loved him, even if he was like a fleeting part of their lives- there when he could be, and then gone like a ghost.

But the affection remained.

"You will be okay," Damian offered, "You and Todd will be fine." Tim nodded, wanted to believe it- lifted his head just as Damian leaned in, kissed his temple affectionately. "Do you want to come sit with me? I will make tea."

Tim nodded slowly. Honestly, tea sounded amazing, and even if he had no words at all for Damian, he could use his presence. Could use a friend.

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Tim tipped his head back, resting it near Jason's shoulder. The house was silent around them, late morning usually brought about sounds of the kids running around, little feet and happy voices and breathy laughs and the occasional angry scream at a sibling-

It was strange, for life to be devoid of all of that, even for a moment.

Tim swallowed, his lips still wet. There was a large glass of water sitting on his nightstand, next to a now empty bottle of pills. There was Jason's hand, curved on his belly, splayed reassuringly. There was the silence of the house, the strangeness of it all.

There was the knowledge that at some point today, the possibility of a baby inside him would be gone.

"How do you feel?" Jason asked, softly, as Tim shifted a little. He exhaled slowly.

"Fine. I guess. I don't feel anything yet." His doctor had given him a stack of papers about the drugs and what to expect, beyond explaining it herself. He knew he could start feeling the cramping as quickly as twenty minutes- but within 6 to 8 hours, it'd be over. Sooner, quite possibly.

Tim reached up, placed his hand over Jason's, laced their fingers together. His mate squeezed him gently, and Tim closed his eyes.

"Thank you," he whispered, "For staying with me." And it was more than simply staying with him in that moment- it was a thank you for everything, over the past twelve years. From their first chaotic moment, that first fuck that could have shattered the world, and did as far as Tim was concerned- to every moment, good and bad, after.
A thank you for the fact that Jason had built a life with Tim that Tim had never expected, never knew he wanted- and was so goddamn happy he had.

"Never thank me," Jason whispered. "I love you, Tim. You picked up my broken pieces and reminded me I could fix myself," he leaned over, kissed the top of Tim's head, spoke into his hair, "You helped keep me together, Tim, until I could hold on myself. So don't thank me for being here, because without you- I wouldn't exist."

Tim turned, rolled onto his side, curled up into Jason and let him hold him, let his mate rub his back. There was a dull ache beginning to grow in his belly, and Tim wasn't sure if it was his medication, beginning to take hold- or the ache he simply felt at times because he loved Jason so much, and he was never braced for just how much Jason loved him in return.

He pressed his face into Jason's chest, inhaled the calming scent of his skin, the subtle hint of his pheromones, and chose nothing but silence to Jason's words as his husband rubbed his back soothingly.

*

Tim had seen blood in his life, but he still hadn't been braced for it. Hadn't been braced for the cramps and the gut wrenching feeling and the knowledge that, went it subsided, when the blood began to ebb and ease away- that it was over. It was all over.

He sobbed, in Jason's arms. He sobbed like his insides were being pulled out, and Jason rocked him, kept him close- let Tim's sadness crush him through their bond. And at some point, when Tim's tears ran dry for a moment, they were replaced with Jason's, with Jason clutching onto Tim and burying his face in his neck and crying for him, for them. Tim had his arms around Jason's neck then, clung to him and tried to hush him, to soothe him.

Jason hurt over this too, and Tim knew he had been trying to keep that pain under control, to be there for Tim- but they both ached over the loss of something they wanted. If the circumstances had been different, Tim thought it might hurt less- maybe he would have been more rational over it. But he didn't feel rational, he simply felt sad.

"I've got you," Tim whispered, as Jason lifted his head. His pretty eyes were red, matched the red in Tim's, as the omega leaned their foreheads together. His eyes watered again, and Tim knew he would cry a lot more, that night. Jason reached up, dug his hands into Tim's hair. "I've got you."

"I know," Jason whispered. "Don't ever let go?" Tim nodded, felt a fresh tear running down his cheek. Jason forced a smile, pulled one hand from Tim's hair to wipe it away. The feeling of the callouses on his thumb was reassuring, was something Tim had memorized. Every bit of Jason he had committed to memory, every inch of skin and he swore every hair on his head.

Jason eased back into the pillows, pulled Tim down onto his lap, got his arms around him again. Tim fell into it, felt safe with Jason- had always felt safe, even when Jason was volatile, when he was fire and smoke and Tim was just waiting to collect his ashes.

"I want my babies," Tim whispered, realizing he did. He wanted Alec and Alyssa to be squirming in his lap. He wanted Riley to cling to him like the kid was still two and Tim was his whole world. He wanted to kiss all of them, to hear their laughter, smell the soap in their hair. He wanted to know he still had them.

"We can call them," Jason whispered, already reaching for his phone. Tim nodded. Jason cleared his throat as he held his phone up to his ear, but his first words still came out a little broken. "Hey
Stephanie." Tim could hear her through the speaker, Jason? How are you? How is Tim? "We've been better," Jason admitted, one arm still locked around Tim. "Are the twins up?" Tim stopped listening, closed his eyes. "Can we talk to them?"

There was a pause, and then Tim heard Jason chuckle.

"Hi little monsters," he whispered, "Are you having fun with Steph and Cass? You're not getting Avery into trouble, are you?" He rubbed Tim's arm. "Can you hold on? Daddy wants to talk to you."

Jason held the phone to Tim's ear, and Tim said, almost softly, "Hi babies."

He heard a round of giggles, a happy daddy! They were on speaker phone, and hearing the both of them together made his stomach ache again- but felt so right. They were always together, after all.

"Are you being good?"

"Yes daddy!" Alyssa a little louder then Alec, especially when she added, "We didn't even break anything!"

He smiled softly. "That's good honey. Wouldn't want dada and I to have to come over and fix things. We'd probably break them worse." Another round of giggles. "Did you nap yet?"

"Nooooo." Still Alyssa. "Stephie says it's nap time now, but you called. Can we not nap?"

"No baby, you need to nap."

He heard her huff, and then Alec, "Daddy Alyssa takes the whole blanket when we nap." He heard the sound of her shoving him playfully, heard Stephanie giggling at them as she held the phone, before she said,

"C'mon you two, I'll make sure you have a big blanket."

"I'm going to give the phone back to dada," Tim said, the sound of the twins' giggles making him hurt but yet feel light. "You two take a nap and behave, okay?"

"Yes daddy."

"I love you."

"We love you too!" Tim passed the phone back to Jason, but tuned out whatever he said. One of his hands reached down, rested on his stomach. The moment Jason set the phone down, Tim turned, nuzzled into his neck.

"Do you want to call Riley?"

"In a minute," Tim whispered- because he knew if he heard Riley's voice, he's break down. He's sob because Riley had been the first damn miracle, Riley had been something so damn special that Tim still couldn't believe he was real.

Jason only nodded, kissed the top of his head. "Whenever you're ready," Jason whispered. "We take this all one step at a time, babygirl. Like we do everything."

Tim reached up, skimmed his fingertips along Jason's cheek. "Jay baby, we usually jump in head first."
That got him a laugh- an honest to god laugh and Tim felt a spark of something over it. A spark of something good. "Well, I guess we're slowing down in our old age."

Tim laughed then. He laughed and it hurt and everything hurt, but it would get better, he knew. He nuzzled into Jason, let his husband hold him, and told himself it was going to be okay.

And this time, he believed it, just a little bit more.
Chapter 87

Chapter Notes

Final part in our failed pregnancy story arc. Tim’s 30, Jason’s 33, we’ve moved into September so the kids are now in school. Riley is 7, the twins are 5, Damian’s now about 6 months pregnant.

Again, if you weren’t reading the little arc because the idea was triggering, give this ficlet a pass as well <3

Tim sighed, eyes still closed as he heard the sound of the front door, through the house. The sound of loud voices, the kids’ babbling, and above it all Jason’s shoes off everybody or you’re all playing Cinderella later. He smiled to himself, opened his eyes- braced for the footsteps coming up the stairs, the rush of them towards the bedroom door-

And the door flying open, three children spilling into the bedroom. There was a round of daddy! as they scrambled to the bed, just as Jason appeared in the doorway.

“Careful, careful,” he fussled, rushing over s Riley hopped up onto the bed. He picked Alyssa up, settling her on it, before grabbing Alec. “We have to be careful with daddy right now.”

“But that doesn’t mean I don’t want hugs,” Tim said, sitting up. He pulled one of his pillows behind him to help support him, and Riley turned, leaned in and gave him a big hug. Tim rubbed his back for a moment, nuzzling his hair, before the twins had crawled to his other side, demanded his attention. He chuckled and got his arms around both of them, kissing the tops of their heads.

They were all gentle with him, and he knew that Jason had warned them they had to be gentle with daddy for a little while. He’d heard him, when he had sat the kids down the morning of Tim’s surgery, before they went off to school. ow he’d told them he was having something special done to him, so that he couldn’t have more babies. And when the kids had voiced confusion over it, Jason had laughed and told them three monsters is enough.

Tim had heard the way they threw themselves on Jason, joking growls and snarls as they imitated the monsters Jason and Tim always said they were.

“How was school?” Tim asked, wanting to get all three of them in his arms and hold on for the rest of the afternoon.

“We touched a frog!” The twins yelled in unison, and Tim mocked shock.

“Really?” They both nodded. “Where did you do that?”

“We have a pet frog in our classroom and the teacher took it out,” Alyssa said excitedly, “And I was the only one brave enough to touch it. Then Alec did because I did.” Alec nodded, and Tim continued to laugh at them, as Jason settled on the bed.

“My little heroes,” he whispered, tussling their hair before turning to Riley. “And you Ri-bean?”

He shrugged his shoulder. “It was okay.”
“Did you touch a frog?”

“Does the boy who sits behind me count as a frog?” Tim reached up to cover his mouth as he laughed—laughed so hard his tender belly ached, and Jason snorted.

“Did he pull your hair again?” Tim managed to ask, and Riley nodded. “Did you tell your teacher?” Another nod. “And?”

“She doesn’t care. No one cares.” He scowled, and Tim reached out, ruffled his pretty, wild waves.

“Dad and I will call your school then.” Riley nodded— and Tim knew it was better than the alternative. Riley getting angry and lashing out. As much as Tim was proud of time Riley had punched a kid and busted his lip for tugging at his hair and calling him names, he knew he had to remind the kids that violence wasn’t the answer.

Plus, these kids didn’t have the self defense Tim and Jason had made a point of teaching their kids. Riley had a tiny nasty little punch.

“How about you three go get out of those uniforms,” Jason offered, changing the subject, “and we go outside for a bit.” The kids were scrambling off the bed, hurrying out the door quickly, and Jason leaned over, kissed Tim’s temple. “How are you feeling?”

“Better than yesterday,” Tim admitted. His belly was still sore from the small incision they’d made, but not nearly as bad as after the procedure, or when Jason had brought him home yesterday, shortly after. He was just glad he didn't have to spend the night at the hospital.

Jason nodded, gently stroking some of Tim's hair back. "Do you need anything?" He shook his head. "Okay. I'm gonna go take the monsters to burn some energy off."

"I can come outside too," Tim pointed out, and Jason gave him a disapproving frown. "Honestly, I won't break." His doctor had told him he'd need a few days to recover, to take the first twenty-four hours easily. It had been just about that.

Jason still said nothing— didn't fight it, but didn't encourage it either. He simply gave Tim another kiss to his temple, before he stood up, heading out of the room to help the kids. Tim frowned, reaching over for his phone once Jason was gone, opening up his email. He'd had to take a few days away from work as well- but that didn't mean he'd sit around aimlessly.

Doing something kept his mind occupied. He'd had to wait about three weeks after the abortion to have his surgery, but three weeks hadn't put it out of his mind yet. He still had those aching moments, that sick feeling in his stomach over losing something he wanted. Over having to choose to lose it, because there was no other foreseeable option.

It left him feeling distant, like he was curling into himself. He knew he was doing it, and yet he couldn't stop. He was pulling away from everything he needed, very slowly, to keep him grounded. To keep him okay.

Namely, Jason.

He just couldn't shake the feeling of guilt, and in his rational mind it was obscene and ridiculous because they had done nothing wrong— it was a mistake, they were being safe and it still happened. And yet— he felt as if he had squeezed Jason's heart painfully, as if he had dangled something in front of him that the man wanted so badly, and couldn't have. He was speaking less, they were spending more time apart— working hard to make it seem normal, but...
Jason hadn't even slept in their bed last night.

Tim knew his reasons- he wanted to make sure Tim was comfortable after his surgery, but it wasn't the first time. Jason had come home from patrol one nights where Tim stayed home with the kids, and Tim woke up to him still not there. He thought once or twice he simply hadn't woken up to Jason crawling into bed, until he heard Riley, early one morning, asking why his father was sleeping on the couch.

Tim didn't know if he had pushed Jason that far without realizing it, or if Jason was pulling away too.

He sighed, before he pulled his blanket back. He very carefully stood up from the bed, as he heard the sudden loud laughter exploding outside. He changed, very slowly, careful to not irritate his stitches, before he made his way downstairs with his phone. He paused at the sliding glass doors that led out to the porch, found Jason in the yard with Alec on his shoulders, Alyssa chasing Riley around the yard. She was nearly screeching at her brother.

He smiled to himself, opened the door and stepped out. The sound drew Jason's attention, and the alpha stared at him for a minute, before the boy on his shoulders screamed "Daddy!" Riley and Alyssa skidded to a stop, Riley going down in the grass and his sister following, sprawling partially on him.

Jason pulled the boy from his shoulders, set him down to play, before he crossed the lawn, heading for Tim. "What are you doing?"

"Getting some fresh air." Tim headed for the wood swing they'd had installed earlier that summer, settling down into it, leaning on one of the small, decorative pillows piled on it. "I needed to move a little. Besides, I didn't get to see the kids after school yesterday. I missed them."

Jason only nodded, and Tim saw his eyes flick towards the spot on the swing. "Just don't over exert yourself."

"I'm not porcelain," Tim reminded Jason, "I won't break." It wasn't something Tim usually had to remind Jason in anything more than a joking tone- Jason hadn't thought of Tim in such a way in so long. Not since he'd first heard of him, not since he'd called him Replacement in a sneering tone.

Tim was given only silence, another nod- and then Jason was turning, heading back out to meet the kids. Tim frowned, watched him go, before picking his phone up, deciding he could bury himself in the work he was missing. It would dull the ache growing in not only his belly, but his chest as well.

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Tim rolled his shoulders, felt alive from the Gotham night air in his lungs. It was after one AM, and he almost hadn't wanted to call it a night. He'd been out with Dick, and it had felt like old times, leaping off buildings and laughing.

He was not even two weeks out from his surgery- hadn't even had his follow up appointment yet. And maybe he should have waited, but he had felt so good, he'd needed to live a little.

Needed to get out of the house.

Even if he had for work, it felt a little suffocating. He and Jason were still... he wasn't sure what. Not fighting, because that would requite an argument, and there had been none. But they were distant. Still.
Tim shook his head out. He'd brought it up to Dick. Asked if Jason had said anything to him—which he hadn't. But Dick had told him that Jason loved him, and that Tim thought there was a problem, he should bring it up.

That he was Jason's world and probably Jason was internalizing something.

Tim carefully put each piece of his uniform away, before heading upstairs. He made sure the basement door locked, before staring at the stairs-

And then turning away from them. He headed for the back doors instead, let himself out into the warm September night. He inhaled slowly, and everything here smelled different from the heart of the city. No smoke and exhaust and pavement, not that bustling busy city smell. Grass and the calm air.

Tim walked over to the swing, settling in it gently. He pulled his feet up, hugged his knees to his chest, and stared out across the porch, up towards the sky. It was clear, he could make out all the stars with ease. He almost wanted to go wake the kids up, to bring them outside and have them snuggled up to him on the swing, to point out the constellations. But it was a school night, and Tim told himself there would be other nights-

"Hey."

Tim turned his head, found Jason standing in the open glass doors. He hadn't even heard them move. His husband was watching him almost cautiously- not a look Tim was used to getting. "Hi," was all he could make his mouth form.

Jason glanced at the swing, still not moving. After a moment, he asked, quietly, "Can I sit with you?" Tim gave a silent nod, and Jason stepped out, barefoot, onto the porch. He slid the door shut, walking over- and before he sat down, offered up a sweater he'd had clutched in one hand. "I thought you might be cold."

Tim took it, slipping it on and enjoying cozy feeling of being engulfed in something soft. Jason had gotten it for him last winter, when Tim had torn one of his other favorite sweaters.

"Thank you." Jason nodded, settled on the opposite end of the swing. For a moment, neither said a word, until Tim asked quietly, "How did you know I was out here?"

"I've been awake," Jason admitted, "Sometimes it's hard to sleep when you're out there." Tim felt his chest tightening a little. "I heard your bike, figured when you didn't come up after ten minutes you were somewhere." He paused, and then added, "Also, Dick texted me."

Tim sucked on his tongue, fiddling with the sleeves of his sweater. "Oh?" Jason nodded. "About?"

"Honestly?" He took a breath. "That there isn't room in this relationship for two people to internalize shit, and I needed to talk to you." Tim laughed over that, reaching up to cover his mouth, and Jason smiled, leaning a little closer. "I guess he thinks you've got the monopoly on that, babygirl."

Tim gasped softly, felt like he hadn't heard that pet name in too long- and he wanted to reach out to Jason, wanted to close to gap, wanted to feel how warm he was, to kiss him in the ways he hadn't.

"I missed your laugh," Jason whispered, and Tim felt color rising on his cheeks. Jason held his hand out, offering it, and Tim reached for it, took it gently, felt Jason rubbing his knuckles. "We do need to talk, Tim."
"I know." Tim licked his lips, glanced towards Jason's chest. "Can I?" Jason nodded, shifting, opening his arms, and Tim turned, slid back along the swing until his back pressed to Jason's chest, his mate slipping an arm around him, holding him steady. Tim leaned his head back, let his eyes fall shut. "I missed this."

"What?"

"You. You holding me. Just... this feeling." He sighed. "Tell me you're not pulling away from me, Jason."

Jason leaned down, kissed the top of Tim's head. "I don't mean to be. But..." he paused, and Tim reached up, rubbing his hand along the arm holding him. "I look at you, and I feel terrible, Tim. I feel guilty, because I know you do, and you don't need to. I know... I know you're not okay yet. I don't expect you to be, but I feel like I don't know how to help. Like I am just making it worse."

Another pause, a breath. "I put you in this position, and I hate myself for it."

"You didn't," Tim whispered, "You didn't put me in any position, Jason."

"I did though. I know what you're thinking, Tim. You even said you felt guilty that you couldn't... couldn't have another baby for me. And now we made it a reality. We made it permanent." Jason sighed. "You're blaming yourself and that falls on me. And I... I don't want you to think I'm angry. I'm not. I said you gave me the perfect family, and I meant it. You've given me more than I deserve, Timmy. I'd have been happy if you just looked at me once, and never looked back."

Tim felt something in his chest then, and wasn't sure if it was Jason's emotions or his- but god, did it even matter? Because Jason was right, Tim did blame herself still. Maybe not as strongly as she had, when he'd found out he was pregnant. Rational thought had begun to win over- but it was still there, in the back of his mind.

"I don't want to lose you," Jason whispered, "And sometimes I feel like I don't know how to keep that from happening. You're just so good. And I'm..."

"Just as good," Tim said, tipping his head back more so he could look up, smile at Jason. "Jason, don't talk yourself down, please. You're amazing. I wouldn't have settled for anything less than amazing."

Jason laughed then, sharp and perfect, and he squeezed Tim. "That's my babybird," he whispered. Tim grinned, and it hurt his cheeks- he hadn't smiled like this in a while.

"I know I don't need to blame myself for this," Tim added, "And I know you're not... angry or disappointed or anything. Sometimes I just... still feel sick over it. Sometimes I'm still just sad. But I'm worse if I don't have you." He turned, brushed his nose against Jason's neck, leaned closer to try and nuzzle into him. "I miss having you wrapped around me at night. I miss kissing you."

"We can fix that, you know." Tim chuckled softly, leaning in, brushing his mouth softly against Jason's. It was the barest of kisses, but Jason still smiled, and Tim felt a tingle in his lips.

"Kiss me like you usually do," Tim whispered, leaning back in, pressing his mouth harder to Jason's. Barely a moment, and Jason was pushed back, reaching for Tim's hips, his hands fitting
perfectly. He squeezed gently, rubbed his thumbs in soothing circles, as Tim followed the heavy, stomach-flipping movements of his mouth. Tim sighed into him, felt his heart fluttering wildly-like this was the first time Jason had kissed him.

"Like that?" Jason whispered, and Tim nodded, staring down at him with these eyes that had Jason leaned back up, closing the gap. His tongue traced Tim's lips, and Tim opened his mouth, moaned softly in the back of his throat as he shifted closer, as Jason squeezed his hips and-

He felt do goddamn alive he couldn't even breathe.

His hands slipped back into Jason's hair, and he lost track of the moments, the breaths. All he knew was that when Jason finally pulled away, Tim's lips were tender, and Jason's had this rosy tint to them that made Tim want to kiss them all over again. He could feel his heart beating, could feel spikes of affection and attraction and a swirling maelstrom of everything good in his chest, a mingling of he and Jason's emotions.

"Like that," Tim agreed, and Jason smiled, arching up to kiss the bridge of Tim's nose. "Are we okay, Jason?"

Tim tipped his head down, so his forehead could rest against Jason's. "In this moment? Yeah." His hands slid from Tim's hips, his arms going around him, holding onto him tightly. "We'll get there again. Just talk to me, okay? Like we always have."

Tim nodded. "Same goes for you."

"Promise I will, babygirl." Jason smiled. "Cross my heart and hope to die."

Tim giggled at that, leaning down to kiss Jason again- and thought for a moment he simply might not stop until morning.
Chapter 88

Chapter Notes

So it occurred to me I never really wrote much about Jason and Tim right after Riley was born. We never saw them adjusting to being dads and dealing with all those happy and excited feelings!

So have a little snippet! Riley is only a week old!

Jason rocked the bundle in his arms gently, looking down at his son, who was sleeping soundly. He hadn’t woken up when Jason crept into the nursery and lifted him from his crib, hadn’t woke when Jason carried him through the penthouse, to settle on the couch.

Jason simply couldn’t stop looking at him. At how small he was. At the pink tinge to his skin, at his little mouth- at his tiny hands, when he woke up and squirmed them free. Couldn’t stop looking at this kid and realizing he’d helped to make this, this was his son, he and Tim had done it-

His smile softened as the baby squirmed, giving a tiny little grunt. His eyes stayed closed, however, and as Jason quietly hushed him, he settled back down.

“My beautiful boy,” Jason whispered, his eyes almost aching as he stared. They felt like warm cotton, behind them- but if he blinked too much, he’d miss too much. He wanted to see every breath Riley took, hear every little noise, feel every little squirm. He didn’t want to miss a moment.

And if he closed his eyes, he feared when he opened them again, the tears would come.

He lifted Riley higher, leaning over to brush a kiss to his warm cheek. The baby fussed again, and this time his eyes blinked open. A grey that mirrored Jason’s stared up at him, before Riley made a little gurgling noise and squirmed. Jason knew he couldn’t smile, not this young- but every little reaction was enough.

“There’s those pretty eyes,” Jason cooed, “hello gorgeous.” Riley made another noise, and Jason held him to his chest. Instinctively, the baby curled towards his heat, gave a sigh, and closed his eyes again. Jason leaned back into the couch, content to simply sit there in silence, alone with his baby.

A few minutes of the blissful silence passed, before he heard Tim stirring about. He glanced towards the doorway from the living room, found his mate leaning against it, smiling at him.

“Hey,” Jason whispered, so softly it was almost inaudible.

“Hi.” Tim walked over, slowly, looked so small in one of Jason’s tshirts and his leggings. He settled very carefully on the arm of the couch, leaning over with one hand on the back of the couch, peering down at their son. “Has he woken up at all?”

“For about twenty seconds,” Jason said, smiling. “Just enough to show me those pretty eyes.” He looked back down at the baby, could feel his chest simply bursting at he stared. Within it, he felt
the tug of he and Tim’s bond, his mate’s affection flowing through it, for their little family. “Did you get some rest?”

“Yeah,” Tim said, leaning over and kissing Jason’s temple. “I was out the whole time. I meant to try and send some emails but I didn’t even open any.” He kissed Jason’s hair now, and Jason could feel Tim’s urge for contact, the desire to have some part of him touching Jason in any way.

That connection, the need for it, was still so fresh, even after two years of being bonded.

“The company is surviving without you babygirl. Bruce has it under control. Let it be a learning experience for Damian or something. You’re home for now.” Jason glanced back down at Riley. “So am I.”

Jason wasn’t sure he ever wanted to leave home again. Not so long as home had Riley in it. Let the city burn, as far as he cared- this was all he wanted.

And he hadn’t realized that, until he had held Riley. Even when Tim had been pregnant, he’d been ecstatic, but he hadn’t realized how fully it would consume him- how utterly smitten he would be with the tiny child that fit so easily in his arms.

He never expected to fall so hard in love again.

As if he could feel his dads’ eyes, Riley grunted again, opening his. He squirmed, before he began to fuss, little noises as he refused to settle.

“And that would be his reminder that he’s hungry,” Tim said, giggling softly. Neither could complain- they knew Riley could wail when he wanted something- and boy, he had already- but he didn’t scream as much as they had expected. He was fairly calm so far. “I’ll get his bottle ready.”

Jason nodded, rocking him more, trying to hush him as Tim got off the couch, heading for the kitchen. He heard Tim bustle about, warming the bottle up, as Riley continued to fuss- until he finally let out a cry.

Jason laughed, still rocking him. “Listen to the lungs on you,” he teased, “Shhh, Riley, it’s okay. Daddy’s coming don’t worry.”’” Another cry, and Tim was making his way back, shaking a few drops from the bottle onto his wrist to double check the temperature.

“Right on time,” Tim teased, passing Jason the bottle- who happily took it, offering to to their son. Riley opened his mouth, sucked happily, and Jason smiled, the kind that hurt his lips and cheeks but he didn’t even care.

He loved feeding Riley. He had no idea why- and he honestly didn’t care why, either. Tim seemed to have zero complaints about it.

“Let me get his cloth, I’ll be right back.” Tim left the room, heading off to the nursery- and once again, it was just Jason and Riley. Jason’s eyes softened, watching Riley- and he truly forgot about the world around him.

He could count a whole two people who had made him forget the world, before Riley.

The baby squirmed, pushing at his bottle. He coughed, spitting up a little, just as Tim made his way back into the room.

“Impeccable timing,” Jason teased, taking the bottle and trading it with Tim. He dabbed at Riley’s mouth, as the baby squirmed. “You’re okay little guy. I’ve got you.” Jason paused, then
added, “I’ll always have you.”

He wasn’t sure if the spike in his chest was his own love or Tim’s or both, but it was there and heavy and tight and he lived for it. He settled the cloth up on his shoulder, before taking the bottle back from Tim, offering it back to Riley who latched on again.

“You’re in your element,” Tim whispered, perched once again on the arm of the couch. “Maybe this is your calling.”

“Hmm, what? Being a dad?” Jason glanced over at him, and Tim smiled fondly.

“Yeah Jason. Being a dad.” Jason glanced back down at Riley, and those pretty grey eyes looked right up at him.

“Maybe,” Jason admitted. “What do you think, Riley? Think I’m doing okay so far?” Riley squirmed a little, but continued with his bottle, and Jason chuckled. “You don’t care as long as you’ve got, what, dinner number one?”

Tim snorted, reaching up to cover his mouth.

“Guess you’ve gotta eat if you’re gonna grow from a tiny bean into a beanstalk like me,” Jason teased, as Riley finished the bottle. Jason took it, passing it to Tim, and shifted Riley up to his shoulder, rubbing his back gently.

“Oh my gosh,” Tim whispered, “He is like a tiny bean.” Tim leaned over, let his hand rest on Jason’s, moving with it to rub their son’s back. “My little Ri-bean.”

Jason chuckled, turning to kiss the corner of Tim’s mouth, enjoying how close he was. Tim smiled, pulling back only so Jason could switch to patting Riley’s back, getting a little hiccuped breath out of him.

“We did good, Tim,” Jason whispered, and Tim smiled, the sweet sort of smile that melted all of Jason’s insides, that turned him to putty and water and then into nothing at all.

“Yeah,” Tim agreed, and Jason knew he was memorizing the way Jason’s hands seemed so big against Riley, the way Jason couldn’t keep the smile from his eyes. Knew he was searing it all into memory forever. “We did.”
Chapter 89

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "I would love to see how Riley (or any of the kids) reacts to finding out that Roy isn't just his dad's friend. I would also love some JayTimRoy cuddles. Love!!"

So Riley is 8, the twins are 6, and Lian is 12. Set in the summer, probably July or so (so during the patch where Tim and Jason are doing really well again and almost rediscovering themselves). This is honestly a very good time for Jason and Tim, this whole summer.

“Roy!” Came a chorus of voices as the front door opened. The kids scrambled off the couch, Tim barely having a chance to get up himself, as they rushed from the living room into the open foyer. Tim followed, found Roy at the open door grinning, bag slung over his shoulder and sunglasses on. Next to him, Lian had a less enthused look, but the same hold to her shoulders, and the same sunglasses.

“Monster alert!” Roy yelled, as the kids ran right up and into him. He held firm as the twins each clung to a leg, Riley getting his arms around the alpha’s waist. Roy let his bag fall to the ground, ruffling Riley’s hair before moving to the twins. “Look how big you guys are getting!”

“C’mon kids, let him get in the door at least.” Tim hung back a few steps, watching as the kids heaved unhappy sighs and let get. Roy scooped his bag back up, ushering Lian in and closing the door behind him. Lian took one look at Tim, seemed anxious on her feet, and he opened his arms. “Come here buttercup!”

Lian tore off towards Tim, dropping her own bag and throwing her arms around him. Tim grinned, clutching her tightly, rocking slightly. “Timmy!” she said happily, and he grinned.

“Look at you, you’re going to be so tall! Did you make sure your dad didn’t get himself into trouble on the drive over?” Lian nodded, pulling back and shoving her sunglasses up, showing off those pretty dark eyes she’d gotten from her mom. She pulled back a moment later when the twins were suddenly on her, hugging excitedly. She seemed less thrilled about that- but still smiled and hugged them both- even Riley, when he tried.

Tim knew the two oldest could get on each other’s nerves from time to time, from experience- but it all seemed in good fun. Riley always got excited when he said Lian was coming.

“Your drive was okay?” Tim asked, as Roy took the last few steps over. The alpha nodded, stooping down to brush a quick kiss to his cheek.

“Boring as ever if Lian wasn’t my sing-along buddy. Where’s Jay?”

“Doing some last minute shopping. He should be home fairly soon.” He glanced past Roy, “Lian honey, give me your bag and I’ll take it upstairs, if you kids want to go outside. I know the twins have energy to burn.”
Alyssa started bouncing excitedly, and Lian picked her bag up, handing it to Tim, before taking the smaller alpha in hand and heading for the back door. Alec followed happily behind, Riley picking up the end of the line.

Tim headed for the stairs- felt Roy’s eyes following him up then. He had a pleasant, warm shiver clinging to his spine, even as he detoured to the guest room to set Lian’s bag on the bed. Roy hung back, watching- and Tim felt so suddenly, stupidly alive with those eyes on him.

He hoped Jason would be home soon.

Tim stepped back out, smirking at Roy. “You know where the bedroom is,” he teased, and Roy flashed him the charming, lazy smile that always did wonders to the butterflies in Tim’s belly.

“But I like when you lead me there.”

Tim swallowed, took Roy’s hand and tugged him down the hall, shoving the door open and nearly dragging him in. Roy’s bag hit the floor, and in that same instant he got his arms around Tim, tugging him in and nuzzling his hair affectionately.

“I missed you, beautiful,” he whispered, and Tim tangled his hands in Roy’s free, wind-swept hair, loving that he smelled like the open air from a long drive, that he felt warm as the sun. Tim giggled, breathless already, tipping his head back as Roy kissed his jaw, before finally finding his mouth-

Kissing him like it had been years since the last.

Tim let that warm shiver roll over him, kissed back until Roy was making a little sound, in the back of his throat. Kissed until Tim’s lips felt all tingly, alive and pulsing and warm.

“And I really missed kissing you,” Roy admitted, nuzzling down into his neck again.

“I know someone else who missed this,” Tim whispered, and Roy grinned into his pulse.

“Call your husband and tell him to hurry up, I’ve missed him too.”

Tim giggled, lifting his head, kissing Roy sweetly one more time. “He’ll be here soon. C’mon, let’s get down to the kids before one of mine ends up somehow burning my whole yard.”

Roy laughed, following Tim out, hand gripped tightly in the omega’s, adding, “Don’t count Lian out, she gets into plenty of trouble herself.”

* 

“Alyssa give that back to your brother!” Jason called from behind the grill, peeking out to see the little girl holding the bag of chips her brother had been munching from happily. Alec’s little eyes were beginning to water.

Alyssa huffed, handing it back, and Alec tugged it away, happily plopping right down in the grass to munch on them. A moment later, and he was holding a chip out to his sister- the peace restored already.

“Do you want help?” Roy asked, leaning half out the open glass door. His had his hair tied back now- if only because when Jason had gotten home and finally gotten a minute alone with him, it had been too tempting to keep his fingers in it.
“Maybe finding my husband,” Jason said with a laugh. “Where the hell did Tim go?”

“Kitchen, he and Lian are turning lemonade pink.”

Jason rolled his eyes, still smiling, and Roy stepped out, sliding up next to him and letting his hand rest on the small of his back. It was comforting, to have him there. It had been too long since Jason had seen him, and far too long since it had been non-work related.

This was just Roy and Lian, staying for a long weekend. No jobs, no Tim rushing off to the office-no patrol which was the real miracle.

Just time together.

“Who’s thirsty?” Lian yelled, rushing out of the house suddenly. Roy turned with a very loud me! as Tim appeared, carrying a pitcher of lemonade. Lian shoved a cup up towards her dad, before heading to the table on the patio and setting the rest of the cups down with all the other food and such piling up. She yelled out to the other kids in the yard, as Tim managed to pour some into Roy’s cup without spilling it.

“Tell me you actually meant this thirst,” Tim teased, and next to him his mate choked, Jason having to cover his mouth.

“Tim,” he whispered, reaching out to swat at his butt, but the omega only grinned.

“Half this,” Roy admitted, “Half something else. Maybe if your husband didn’t look so cute in his apron.” He flashed a smile at Jason, who had color beginning to rise on his cheeks.

He’d blame the sun, if anyone mentioned it.

“Simmer down until it’s dark at least,” Jason said, waving his spatula so threateningly at Roy, who kept up his grin and took a sip of the lemonade. Tim rolled his eyes at them, heading off to the table to start getting the kids drinks.

Once the food was ready it took some coordinating to get everyone situated- Jason having to work around Alyssa clinging to one of his legs- but eventually everyone was plopped down happily in the grass, ignoring the table entirely.

“So are you having a good summer?” Jason asked Lian, as she popped a grape into her mouth.

She nodded. “Uh-huh. Daddy and I are really busy with- uh. Stuff.” She glanced at the other kids, and Jason reached over, tussling her hair.

“Good save,” he whispered. Lian had recently taken up Roy’s original Speedy mantle, and while she knew about all their nightly work, Jason’s kids were still blissfully unaware.

He knew that wouldn’t last long. Riley was eight, he was getting curious, and he knew it was only a matter of time until he or Tim had a sit down with him about this. They’d talked about it- they had agreed he was too young to go anywhere near a costume yet-

But there had also been a silent agreement that one day he might want to- and they would have to be ready for that. Jason didn’t care for the idea of kids on the street- but he also knew in this family, it was impossible.

He didn’t dare fool himself into thinking his babies wouldn’t be out there someday.
“Your daddy told me you’ve been doing really well.”

Lian nodded. “Uh-huh. It’s fun Jayjay!” She hushed her voice again, “I stopped a guy mugging a lady all by myself while daddy was busy. I’m a good shot.”

Jason leaned over, kissed her temple, just as Alyssa decided she wasn’t getting enough attention, and attempted to squirm onto his lap. “I know you are.” He looked down, lifting up his plate so his daughter could sit on his lap, watched her munching on the chips from her own plate- but touching little else. “You know young lady, you need to eat something aside of chips.”

Alyssa pouted, and Jason sighed, bending down to kiss the top of her head.

* 

Tim padded down the stairs quietly, bare feet pressing against the hardwood floors as he hit the bottom. He headed for the living room, pulling his sweater around himself, glancing in. They had moved the coffee table completely, and all four kids were sprawled out on the floor, a tangle on a mess of blankets, sleeping happily.

The fact that they had wanted to camp out in the living room had been a welcome surprise, actually. It left the upstairs vacant- and the walls were rather thick-

“Daddy?” Tim’s eyes roved over the tangle of bodies, until he found Riley, looking at him with those pretty grey eyes he’d gotten from Jason.

“Hi Ri-bean,” Tim whispered. “Did I wake you up?” he shook his head, pushing the blanket tangled around his legs away, and squirming free of the hold Alec had on him. He yawned, before he reached up to push his wild, messy hair back. “I just wanted to make sure you guys were okay.”

Riley nodded, looking at Tim like he had a question, like he was trying to study him. Tim casually folded his arms, cocking his hip slightly.

“Something on your mind sweetie?”

Riley nodded, and suddenly he looked very serious. it almost made Tim want to laugh.

“Daddy,” he whispered. “Are you and Dada married to Roy too?”

Tim stared for a moment- and, oh, he had known something like this was coming eventually. Just like he knew that he couldn’t keep Riley or the twins away from his vigilante life forever.

Still, the question left his throat feeling dry.

“Come here,” Tim said, offering up his hand. Riley scrambled up, taking it, and Tim led him away from the other sleeping kids, out towards the porch. He slowly slid the door to keep it quiet, before closing it and heading for the swing. He sat down, and Riley climbed up next to him, settled right into his father’s side. “You know I love your dad very much, right?”

Riley nodded.

“And that he loves me?”

Another nod. Riley pointed toward Tim’s neck, at the scar he boasted from he and Jason’s bonding. “That’s why you have that. That’s why you got married.”

“Right, good job kiddo. That is why.” Tim reached up with his free hand, absentmindedly touching

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his scar. “Sometimes though, you love more than one person.” Riley kept watching him, and Tim swore those grey eyes were recording everything, just like Jason’s did. “Your dad and I love Roy very much.”

“I love Roy too,” Riley said, nodding, and Tim smiled. Riley hummed for a second. “Do you love Roy like you love dad?”

Tim hesitated- because it was complicated. Because he loved Roy, and Jason loved him- and yet he was apart from them. He had his own life besides them.

“Yes,” Tim finally said. “But it’s not as easy as that. Your dad and I are inside each other’s heads.” Tim reached up, tapped on his own head. “We’re together forever.”

“And Roy isn’t?”

“He could be,” Tim said, “Or he might find someone like I found your dad. It all depends on where life takes him.”

Riley nodded again, shifting around a bit, like he had another question. After a moment, he finally asked, “Do you kiss Roy like you kiss dad?”

Tim chewed on the inside of his lip- and hoped a simple answer would be enough. He wasn’t exactly ready to have the talk with his eight-year-old. Especially alone.

“Yes,” Tim finally said, “And so does your dad.”

Riley nodded, and thankfully seemed content with that. “Why doesn’t Roy live with us then?”

“Like daddy said, Roy has his own life. It just didn’t work out that he and Lian live here. But they’re a part of your family, they always have been.” Another nod. “Does this make you look at Roy differently?”

Riley paused, obviously thinking it over- before he shook his head. “Nuh-uh. Roy’s been around forever. I can still call him Roy, right?”

Tim laughed, squeezing his son tightly against him. “Of course sweetie. It’s been this way since before you were born, nothing’s changing. Do you have more questions?” Riley sucked on his tongue, but shook his head. “Okay. If you do, you can come right to dad or I, okay? You can always ask us anything.”

Riley nodded. And then, “Does Lian know?”

Tim gave a nod. “She does. Roy had a talk with her like we’re having once.”

“The twins don’t know, right?”

Tim shook his head. “No baby. They’re still very little. And I know this isn’t what you’re used to seeing. It’s not easy for everyone to understand.”

“What’s so hard about it? I’ve got three dads!” Riley was grinning now. “And Roy is so cool can I make him a card on father’s day? Is that weird?”

Tim laughed then, turning to get both of his arms around Riley and squeezing. His son squirmed, before resting his head on his dad’s chest. “That wouldn’t be weird at all, kiddo. That’s quite a ways away though. But I’m sure Roy would love it. Now,” Tim gave him another squeeze, before
letting go and getting off the swing. “I think we should get you back in bed for some sleep. Daddy’s tired too.”

Riley nodded, hopping off the swing and taking his father’s hand.

*

“Mmm, Timmy?” Tim smiled, closing the door quietly behind him, seeing Jason’s head lifted from where it had been pillowed on Roy’s chest. The alpha yawned. “Everyone sleeping?”

“Will be soon,” Tim said, shedding his sweater. He walked around the bed, climbed on behind Jason and leaned his cheek onto his shoulder. Roy had shifted, was stretching lazily and looking at them both from behind heavy lids. “Riley woke up while I was down there.”

“He okay?”

Tim nodded. And then, after a moment, “He asked about Roy.”

That seemed to wake both alphas up. Tim slid off of Jason’s shoulder so he could roll onto his back, and Roy shifted to his side, facing them. “Yeah?” Jason asked.

“Yeah.”

“What did you tell him?” Roy, now.

“The truth,” Tim admitted. “He’s old enough. I’m not about to lie to my son.”

Neither of the alphas spoke for a second, before Roy asked, quietly, “How did he take it?”

“And I quote, I’ve got three dads! And Roy is so cool! So I would say very well.” Tim reached across Jason, pushed at some of Roy’s hair. “Our kids love you, Roy. This doesn’t change anything with them.”

Roy smiled, turning to kiss Tim’s wrist. “You know I love them. And Lian thinks the world of you two. She’s already asking if Timmy can take me back to school shopping.” Jason and Tim laughed.

“You know I’d love to,” Tim said, letting Roy kiss his finger tips now, before pulling back to nuzzle into Jason’s chest. Jason turned, kissed his mate’s forehead, before turning as Roy leaned down, pressed a slow kiss to his mouth. Tim watched in the dark, his hand flexing against Jason’s abs/

He loved the way they kissed. Loved how perfectly Roy and Jason fit together.

“Now how about some sleep?” Jason whispered, as Roy pulled off, to settle down on his chest as well. He reached out, took Tim’s hand, their fingers interlacing against Jason’s belly- and Tim only smiled.

He’d sleep as if the world had stopped around them, that night.

*

“Hey hey, no running in my kitchen!” Jason playfully yelled, as Alyssa chased Riley around the small kitchen table. Lian was sitting on top of it, Alec right next to her.

Somehow, Jason couldn’t ask them to move.
“Dada will their be chocolate chips?” Alec asked, leaning forward and watching as Jason poured the pancake batter into the pan.

“Of course darlin’,’” he said, glancing back. “Exactly how you like them.”

Alec clapped excitedly, and Lian tossed her arm around him, squeezing him in for a hug. She might have her tiffs with Riley, and Alyssa and her might butt heads from time to time- but Jason had never once seen her pass up a chance to hug the only omega of the bunch.

“Alec, can I paint your nails after breakfast?” Lian was holding one of her own hands out, showing off the colors. “I have glitter polish.”

“Glitter!” Alec exclaimed happily nodding.

“And Jayjay, will you braid my hair?” Jason turned at that, taking a few steps to the table and leaning over, kissing Lian’s forehead.

“’Course buttercup. Are you going to paint my nails too?”

“Duh!”

Jason chuckled, turning back to the stove. He was plating a few pancakes and setting the next batch of batter in the pan when he heard footsteps into the kitchen- and suddenly heard his daughter squealing.

That had to mean Roy had picked her up.

“Look at this,” Roy said, “two princesses in one kitchen?” Lian grinned, and Alyssa squirmed, happily excepting the kiss to her cheek. Roy set her down, leaning over the table to kiss Alec’s cheek too, and then Lian’s.

Riley had disappeared.

Jason noted it, saw Roy glancing around for him, but saying nothing about it. Jason sucked on his tongue- hoped that Riley wasn’t suddenly having second thoughts about the talk the boy and Tim had had.

Distraction came when Tim walked in, a moment later, and Roy suddenly announced, “And now three princesses!”

Tim only grinned, reaching for Alec and lifting him off the table, setting him down next to Alyssa. “To the dining room you two, we’ll bring breakfast right out.” The twins ran excitedly- and once they were gone, Roy had turned, slipped his arms loving around Jason and gave him a squeeze.

Lian, on the table, only smiled.

“I like when we visit,” she told Tim, as he leaned against the table. Jason had turned, was met by a quick kiss from Roy.

“Yeah?” Tim asked, and Lian nodded.

“Yeah. Daddy’s happy when he’s with you two.” Silence settled, but if Lian noticed, she said nothing. She only slid off the table, calling as she walked from the room, “don’t forget the syrup!”

She was barely gone before Roy was reaching up, rubbing the back of his neck. “’S’ture,” he
mumbled, and Jason smiled, leaned in and kissed his cheek.

“Yeah well, we’re happy when you’re here. Now c’mon, help me get these on plates before someone starts gnawing on the table out there.” Jason paused as Roy opened a cupboard, pulling down the plates. “And where’s Riley?”

“I went running past me upstairs,” Tim said, and Roy nodded.

“He might just… you know. Need some time to adjust,” he offered, and Jason and Tim exchanged glances. Both heard the subtle ache in Roy’s voice—

Because Roy did love their kids. Like they were his. To the point that Jason and Tim knew, should the worst ever come to pass— they’d be safe with him. Happy. Loved.

The same with Lian.

That was, however, a thought process they didn’t care to dwell on.

They had a plate stacked with pancakes, Jason still pouring more batter into the pan, when there was suddenly the sound of little feet. Riley appeared in the doorway, peering in at them. Tim glanced over, smiled, and Jason saw Riley’s eyes flick from Tim, to Jason, to Roy.

“Hey kiddo. I was wondering if you were skipping out on breakfast,” Jason said, adding, “Not like you.”

Riley shook his head, stepping in. There was another pause, before he was suddenly running right up to Roy, shoving something up towards him. Roy quirked a brow, taking the folded piece of construction paper. Jason tried not to peer over, as Roy looked at the front, before opening it.

“I didn’t know on father’s day,” Riley said, “Or I woulda made you a card. I’m sorry it’s so late.”

Jason felt a tug in his chest, glanced over at Tim— and his mate had a hand up, covering his mouth. Jason could see the grin behind it. Between them, Roy was looking over the card, before he crouched down, holding his arms open—

And Riley fit in, just perfectly.

“Thanks Ri’ster,” Roy said, hugging him very tightly. Riley smiled, wiggling in closer— always loved Roy hugs as he called them. Roy squeezed, before standing up, hoisting him with him and kissing his cheek. “I’m keeping it forever.”

“Forever?”

“Yeah, forever. I bet your dads have all the cards you’ve made them before. This’ll go right with Lian’s. You did such a good job buddy, your writing is coming along so well.” Riley grinned, throwing his arms around Roy’s neck, and Roy headed out the doorway, saying, “Let’s get you a seat so the twins don’t think they can eat your pancakes too.”

They were barely gone when Jason whispered, “That kid amazes me every damn day.” Tim smiled, heading over, settling into a one armed hug, snuggling into his mate.

“He’s something else.” Tim turned up, kissed Jason’s neck softly. “Someone did a good job with him.”

“Is that you taking the credit or very well aimed praise?”
“Very well aimed praise. He takes after you, Jay.” A kiss to Jason’s cheek now. “I hope you’re ready to hear Riley ask if Roy is coming to every holiday ever.”

“He already does ask. Are you ready when he asks if he can tell Tommy?”

Tim giggled. “We’ll tackle that when we get there. Now c’mon, don’t burn those pancakes, I wanna eat too.” Jason grinned, pulling away and turning, and Tim grinned to himself, smacked his butt playfully. When Jason turned to glare, Tim only said, hands held up with his palms out, “What can I say? I can’t help myself.”

Jason kept his grin. No, he figured Tim simply couldn’t. And that was fine with him.
Chapter 90

Chapter Notes

I think it’s finally time to start conquering the whole Alec get’s kidnapped arc! This will also come in four parts.

Alec and Alyssa are 22, Riley is 24. Riley no longer lives in the Drake-Todd household. This is all prior to Alec meeting Owen. The main focus is the kids, though we’ll of course see more of the family as the arc goes on.

Alec pulled one foot up, perching it on his computer chair as he shifted his arms around it, typing. His phone was settled on his desk, speaker phone on as he heard his sister sighing heavily.

“Dude you can’t even hear me over that damn keyboard.”

“Course I can,” Alec said, grabbing his mouse and clicking on a folder.

Another sigh. “Whatever you say. Anyway, just wanted you to know I’m not coming home right away. Think I might pop by Riley’s and see if he’s home.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Maybe I can drag him home, and we can have a night or something. He needs to come out more aside of for the damn night work.” Alec hummed, and Alyssa frowned- he could hear it in her voice. “You even listenin’?”

“Course I am. Just doing some work.” Alec clicked on one of his files, opening a spread sheet, eyes darting along the figures, the mess of bank account numbers. It had come onto the family’s radar that there was some cash flow through Gotham for a sex trafficking ring, and Alec was stumped as to the connection. Everyone seemed to be.

It was frustrating.

“Working huh? Okay. Should I bring you coffee, when I come home?”

“Latte, double shots espresso and vanilla,” he said without hesitation, before adding, “maybe triple shot espresso.”

“Jesus fuck you are going to kill yourself. You and daddy I swear.” Alyssa paused. “Double shot at most okay? I won’t be responsible when your heart bursts. Couldn’t live with myself.”

Alec chuckled, brushing his hair back as he double-checked the names and account numbers again-as if they might change when he wasn’t looking. “Alright alright. I appreciate it Lys.”

“Anytime bro. Keep my posted if you make your magical connections- you know my helmet’s always within reach.”

Alec smiled. “You got it. Tell Ri I love him.”
“Gross,” Alyssa teased, before, “You know I will. After I hug him for a solid ten minutes. Bastard needs to hang out with us again.”

Alec nodded, even though his sister couldn’t see him. He’d moved out about seven, eight months ago- and it was still weird to wake up and not find in sprawled on the couch pretending to not watch cartoons- or down in their own personal cave, an hour deep into his workout already. Weird to not be able to just barge into his room anytime Alec wanted his attention.

He missed him too. He knew Alyssa did- she’d lost her favorite sparring partner. They’d both lost the constant presence that was like a damn wall against the world.

“Behave yourself Alec. Be careful.”

“Always am,” Alec said, before he reached out, ended the call. He stared at his screen again. Most of the accounts and names led to traceable figures, tangible people. A few, however, seemed like they might be fake identities- and those were where his problem lay.

The network of accounts that had pinged activity from the trade recently were hefty. The family only knew about this because they’d gotten wind during a recent massive drug shipment bust- one of the carriers joked that at least they weren’t peddling in people. After that, a red flag had gone up, and most of the family had a hand in the investigation in one way or another.

Alec sucked on his tongue, opening up his connection to the Gotham National Bank. There was one account on his list that had transferred some money to an account at Gotham National- but so far the person it belonged to didn’t exist. And there hadn’t been any activity recently that he could trace. The money wired here was being re-wired elsewhere, and the encryption was pretty damn good. Alec hadn’t cracked it yet.

Someone was using their own personal security for the bank, which meant they really didn’t want this tied to them.

Alec reached for his speakers, clicking them on and starting up some music. He worked best with noise, with chaos- probably because he grew up with it.

He was pretty sure that, on Alyssa’s birth certificate, it actually said Chaos Drake-Todd.

Alec ran his usual program to break the encryption again, wasn’t shocked when it failed. Still, the couple minutes it had taken to run gave him a chance to run the name the account was tied to again, got nothing. He drummed his fingers on his desk, shifting so that he had his legs crossed and folded on his chair now. He had a habit of fidgeting a lot when he was working.

The name looked strange. Alec was sure he’d seen part of it before. He ran through every Grant he knew in his mind, couldn’t think of anyone significant-

He stared at the last name, Jackson. Sure, it could all just be random, but odds were whoever created it needed to remember it, and had maybe had a method, a reason behind the choice. Alec hummed, thought of any Jeans-

Michael Jackson, his dad’s middle name, the president-

Alec paused, reaching up to rub his jaw. What number president was he...

He frowned when he couldn’t remember- and hell, he never claimed history was where his high IQ took it’s basis from. A quick Google search told him seventh-
And Grant and Seventh street intersected, he knew that much. He pulled up Gotham City in Google Maps, looked at the buildings on the street, by the intersection.

“The mayor’s office,” he whispered to himself. Hmm. He switched back to his hack of Gotham National, pulled up the Mayor’s account- before a smile spread across his face.

There were a few deposits- from a different account, sure- but the same amount as transfers from his mystery account. Probably being rewired through another account or two, before being put back in his personal account.

Grin still on his face, Alec reached for his keyboard, heading for the Mayor’s network. He hadn’t hacked very far into it before- the family had thought he might have been tied to the death of a sex worker a year back, but they hadn’t been able to prove it. He’d been fairly ignored, since that incident.

It took a few tries, and some frustrated grunts when Alec encountered passwords that took longer than he would have liked for his programs to hack, encryptions that were fairly well written- Alec was almost impressed-

And then he was in, and he wasn’t anymore. The Mayor’s personal office computer, a ledger of dates, lists of names- names that Alec knew from his original lists. Had their bank accounts, in other cities, states, countries.

This was their tie.

Alec straightened up, couldn’t wipe the grin off his face. Perfect. Case closed, as far as he was concerned- he’d hand off his intel, whenever his dads got home. Within the next few days, there’d be a bust.

He glanced at the screen, before he decided a little more poking around was in order. Maybe he’d find more useful information. Besides, he was in, why waste the opportunity?

*

“Sir, you need to see this.”

The mayor, a larger man, an alpha in his mid thirties, glanced up from his coffee. He was settled back in his chair, ready to leaf through the latest list of complaints from the citizens of Gotham.

He had to keep on their good side- he was hoping, come the end of his term within the next few months, to move up and run for Congress. A while spent there, and he could live his old age out in the Senate, if he played his cards right.

“What is it? I’ve got work to do.”

“Our network security indicates we may have a problem.” The man set his mug down, staring at the lean built alpha, who was strangely his head of security. Fast, agile man. The mayor liked him. He’d been around long enough and had proven he could keep his mouth shut. Which was possibly the most valuable aspect of the man.

“Talk.”

“Six minutes ago, access was given to an unauthorized personnel. Security indicates they have access to everything within the network.”
“Everything?” The mayor’s hard, dark eyes stared forward, and he reached out, gripped the edge of his desk with one large hand. The other man nodded. “How? I’ve paid thousands for the security on our damn system. Those programs and the damn programmers weren’t cheap.”

“I wish I knew sir. But our ghost program worked well- our intruder should be unaware we know they’re there.”

The mayor sighed. “Tell me you’ve got this bastard’s location?”

The other man gave a small smile. “I do. I’ve dispatched a small team to pick our friend up for his. They left three minutes ago,” he paused, looked at his watch, “Five and a half, now.”

The mayor leaned back in his chair, smirking. “Good, good. Let’s have a little talk with this curious asshole. The sort of talk I pay you a lot of money for.”

Across from him, the other man’s small smile threatened a truly devilish smirk.

* *

Alec saved his new findings, hidden under lock and key in his own private portion of the Bat family’s network. Lock, key, password- everything.

He was at least thorough and protective when he worked as Harbinger. If anything, he had high standards to live up to- he felt like one day he’d have to fill Oracle’s shoes fully, and the idea of trying to be as great as Barbara Gordon was honestly the most intimidating and terrifying idea ever.

He sighed, checked his phone- wondered how late Alyssa would be with that latte. If maybe he should make some coffee before-

His thoughts died when he heard the front door opening. He’d barely managed it, over his music- but he assumed Riley must not have been home, which would mean Alyssa was home with his caffeine and he could tell her all about his findings. He stood up, heading for his door and out into the hallway, towards the stairs. He was half way down them, about to call out to her-

When someone he didn't know ws moving around the corner, staring up at him with hard eyes and a twisted sort of smirk. Alec froze for a half a second, before he was turning around, rushing back up the stairs, his mind going a mile a minute.

Security system hadn't gone off- hadn't been set fully- they'd gotten past the alarm set to go if the door wasn't unlocked properly with a key-

Alec made it to the top, heading back for his room. He'd get the window open, get out. No time to make it down to lock himself in the safety of the cave- no way to take a guy that big.

Alec didn't train like Riley and Alyssa did. He didn't have the bulk either of them had- sure, he was trained in self defense, he didn't throw a bad punch, he was fairly flexible-

But against someone who looked to be twice his size- he didn't stand a chance.

He was working through what he'd do, the moment his feet hit the ground, when he felt something pierced through his tshirt, into the back of his shoulder. He jerked forward- stumbled a step, reaching for his door, partially crashing into it. It didn't open, as Alec felt his knees giving out, fell down to them on the ground. He reached behind him, grasped the small vial sticking out from his body and pulled it out, looking at it.
Before his vision began to swim. His arm went slack, as the man walked up behind him, reached
down and sank a hand into his hair, jerking his head back.

Alec couldn't focus his eyes on his face.

"Sleep tight bitch," the man growled, and Alec gently thrust the vial from his hand, towards the
tiny space between the hardwood floor and the door itself, before his vision swam, blurred-

And everything was black.

*

Alyssa pushed the door open, stuffing her keys into her pocket, the lanyard hanging out. She closed
it with her foot, pausing to stoop over and unlace her high-tops, before kicking them off, leaving
them shoved off to the side slightly- and she knew she'd have to go put them away properly before
her dad came home and Jason had a mini-conniption over it.

She never understood how he could be such a neat freak and have been with her daddy for so long-
Tim was anything but.

"Alec!" she yelled, heading for the stair, holding his coffee in one of her hands. "Bro, I've got your
caffeine fix!" She headed up the stair, heard the faint sound of his music coming from his room.
She headed for the door, paused, before banging the knuckles of her free hand against it.
"Sweetcheeks I'm coming in, turn your nerd porn off for two seconds and make sure you're
decent." She expected to open the door and have something thrown at her- something soft at
course, before Alec complained that she was disgusting and he hated her.

He'd say it with a grin, and she'd remind him she was joking and knew someone had to dislike sex
enough to compensate for her love of it.

Instead, she found an empty room. Alyssa stood in the doorway, frowning. She tapped her foot,
glanced back out into the hallway- the bathroom door was open, the light off. The one downstairs-
she hadn't checked, but there was no reason for Alec to head downstairs, when he didn't even like
to leave his room.

She headed over to his desk, set the coffee down and clicked the speakers off. Silence flooded the
room and she took a steadying breath. "Alec?" she called again- but the house was silent. Empty.

In the pit of her stomach, she felt sick. This wasn't right, something was wrong- Alec didn't just
leave. First off, she had taken the car they shared- a testament to how seldom he ever wanted to
leave, that they shared a car when Alyssa knew they all could have owned multiple. And he
wouldn't leave alone. And without telling her? Impossible.

She turned, looked around the room again, before something caught her eye, by the door. She took
a few steps towards it, crouched down and picked up the small vial, turning it and studying the
sharp, large needle-like tip.

And her gut twisted.

She jumped back up, clawing her phone free from her pocket, her hand shaking as she turned back
to Alec's desk. She set the dart down, clicking on a name on her phone and tapping her foot
anxiously, feeling like her ribs were trying to close in on her-

"Alyssa?" Her dad's voice broke through her head, broke through the panic beginning to grow in
her belly.
"Dad, dad," she started, realized her voice had gone up an octave- realized she was shaking in her fingers, her hands.

"Honey, what's wrong?" Jason sounded concerned- Alyssa wasn't one to show her anxiety. Not unless she was waking up in the middle of the night from one of her many nightmares.

But it was daylight. She was awake. Goddammit she was awake.


Now Jason's voice was serious. "Take a breath sweetheart, talk to me."

"I'm home and he's not and you know he doesn't just leave. There's a dart here. I found it by his door." She swallowed thickly, her stomach threatening to jump right up her throat. "Dad I think someone took him."

It was possibly the worst thing she had ever said- and staring at the dart, feeling her insides wanting to cave in and then burst out, up through her tight throat- Alyssa was praying this was just another night terror, and that'd she'd wake up, drenched in sweat, maybe having wondered even from her bed into the hallway like she did when they were really bad. Wake up with a scream trapped in her throat and this feeling of terror bubbling in her chest.

That'd be far better than the alternative- that this was really happening, that someone had her Alec- that her other half was in real danger.

That he was actually gone.
Chapter 91

Riley is 8, the twins and Tommy are 6, and Damian is about 7 months pregnant with Masira, so Nadya is about 11 months old. (And Tim’s 31 and Damian’s 25). This is set after Roy’s summer visit. It’s just cute and pointless.

“Okay, okay, butts in seats before lunch starts!” Tim announced, looking at the gaggle of kids that were quickly running around his kitchen table. Riley hoisted himself up into a chair first, giving a big, toothy grin, while the twins pushed at a chair, until there were two on one side, so they could sit side by side. As they did so, Tommy hopped up into a chair.

Tim surveyed the group, before grinning and turning the counter, picking up the first two plates.

“Alright, we’ve got straight peanut butter for my Ri-bean,” he said, setting the sandwich down in front of him. “And peanut butter with the bananas on the sandwich for my little prince.” Tim set the late in front of Tommy, who grinned. Ti turned, grabbed the last two plates off the counter, heading for the to twins. “And Alec gets extra jelly, no crusts of course- and Alyssa gets his crusts.” Tim set both plates down, shook his head as his daughter ignored her own sandwich in favor of eating Alec’s crusts first. There were sliced bananas on the kids’ plates already, and after Tim got their drinks situated, he took a step back to make sure everything was in order, before he left the kids for a moment, headed out into his living room.

Damian was settled on his couch, watching the bundle that was his daughter. Nadya was laid out in one of the chairs, her little blanket tucked up over her, napping peacefully.

“She still asleep?” Tim asked, flopping down on the couch next to Damian. He nodded.

“She’ll wake up in about a half hour, if she sticks to her usual nap schedule.”

“Perfect, I’ll have all the monsters out of the kitchen by then. You’ll have all the room you need to feed her.”

Damian sighed, dropping his head back, a hand resting on his belly. "What would I do without you?"

"Be very, very bored," Tim teased, getting up on his knees next to Damian. He reached up, brushed his hair back, and the omega sighed, content with the gentle affection. "You know, Tommy is more than welcome to stay the night if you want. I know you've got your hands full."

"I do not know how you handled three at once. Tommy has years on Nadya and I still feel overwhelmed. And to think I'll have another." Damian huffed, and there was mild panic in his eyes. Tim almost felt bad for giggling.

"I do not know how you handled three at once. Tommy has years on Nadya and I still feel overwhelmed. And to think I'll have another." Damian huffed, and there was mild panic in his eyes. Tim almost felt bad for giggling.

"You'll get the hang of it, babybat. It took some getting used to for Jason and I, too. But you just fall into a routine. And at least Tommy is older, it'll be easier."

"I am just very done being pregnant," Damian admitted, and Tim leaned in, kissed one of his slightly flushed cheeks.
"You're so cute tho." The kiss turned into Tim nuzzling into him affectionately, and Damian reached up, got his arms around Tim. Tim laughed, felt a subtle tingling in his chest, Damian's own affection, and kissed his chin, the corner of his mouth. He'd steal as much affection from the other omega as he would be given.

"You are ridiculous," Damian finally said, when Tim let up- but he was smiling.

"But I make you smile, babybat. That's what matters." Tim settled back down, reaching over to rub Damian's belly very gently. "Has Tommy been asking about the new baby?"

"All the time," Damian admitted, "Every other day is baba when will she be here and asking if he can switch Nadya for her." Tim laughed at that, reaching up to cover his mouth, trying to contain it.

"He does love his sister," Tim pointed out.

"Oh I know. I also know he was an only child for years."

"You spoiled him a little, Damian." Damian arched up a brow. "What?"

"And you and Todd did the same to Riley."

"Yeah, but we didn't wait to long between kids. You dug a bit of a grave. But it's okay, Ill just keep Tommy, problem solved." Tim grinned, and Damian opened his mouth to protest, but Tim was getting up, heading back into the kitchen to check on the kids. He found empty plates and sticky hands, and ushered everyone over to the sink, taking turns lifting up the twins and Tommy so they could reach to wash their hands. Once that was done, he tried to usher them out through the dining room, but the kids chose the route through the living room, little rushing feet-

Tommy stopping to grip onto the arm of the chair Nadya was sleeping on and peer at her. Tim smiled, walked over and lifted him up, held Tommy against his hip.

"You've got a cute baby sister," Tim said, "You ready for another." Tommy nodded, looking over at Damian. "Your baba tells me you wanted to trade Nadya in for your new sister."

"She pulls on my hair," Tommy said, pouting- and Damian chuckled. "And she likes my toys."

"She likes you," Tim pointed out, kissing Tommy's cheek. "But that's okay. How about you just come live with me, huh?" Tommy grinned at that, cheering happily, and Tim placed another kiss to his cheek, and another, until he was squirming, out of breath from laughing. "Better tell your baba and your daddy you're my baby now!"

Tommy tossed his arms happily around Tim's neck, clinging, and Tim turned, heading for the stairs, where he heard his own kids making a racket upstairs already. Damian watched them go- still laughing softly over Tommy, and the affection his son had for Tim.

He was thankful for it. He truly didn't know how Tim handled being a parent so well- how he and Jason worked so perfectly together- and all the help he was always willing to give was a godsend.
Chapter 92

Chapter Notes

Second of four ficlets in Alec’s kidnapping arc- as a reminder, Alec and Alyssa are 22 and Riley is 24.

[A gratuitous amount of OCs are used for villainy purposes because not every bad guy can be a costumed baddie]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alyssa paced the living room, her heart thudding painfully in her chest. She felt like she was living a nightmare, one of the countless night terrors she’d had throughout her life.

Alec was gone. Completely gone. Her better half was taken and the family was grouping in the Cave-

And she was stuck at home like she was still a kid. She paused, huffing, and from the couch, Riley stared at her. She had called him in hysterics after she’d hung up with their father, and he’d gotten there shortly after Jason- and just before Tim. He’d had to hold her back when they told her to stay put while they figured this out.

She didn’t blame them, in the rational portion of her brain. She wasn’t alone- with Riley here, her fathers felt secure leaving. The two of them together were a force to be reckoned with- and alone either could easily hold their own. They had the training-

Alec did not.

“I can’t just sit here,” Alyssa said. She reached up, tugged at her hair. “Dammit, Ri, he is out there and he needs us. We’re wasting time, standing here with our thumbs up our asses.”

“We’re not wasting time,” Riley said, as he pushed himself up. He didn’t sound convinced himself, though. “Dad and Jay are on this. Don’t forget, that’s their kid.”

“I know,” Alyssa said, moving her hands from her hair to cover her face. “God I know.” The sheer look of terror she had seen on Jason’s face had stopped her heart, had made her feel even more scared. Because this was her dad and he didn’t get scared.

That was a lie, she knew he did- she’d seen it before. But this still felt different.

Tim, however, had utterly shut down, it seemed. He ceased to be her daddy and had moved around the house as Red Robin, routed all security information to the Bat Family network so he could review it at the Cave. Checked their own Cave security to make sure it hadn’t been tampered with.

Took the dart for proper analysis.

“We have to trust them,” Riley said, reaching out and gently guiding her hands from her face. Alyssa took one look at him, before she nearly threw herself on him, clutching at him like she was falling off the world. Riley held her tight, hushed her as she pressed her cheek to his chest.
“That’s my Alec,” she murmured, “That’s my everything, Riley. He’s a half of me. I have to find him.”

“We will,” Riley assured her. She could hear the pain in his own voice. “You know we will. You know they’re going to figure something out. Alec will be back with us in no time, boasting that this was just his one big adventure.”

Alyssa said nothing for a moment- reveled in the security she found in her brother’s embrace. Riley had always been there for both of them, for everything. That influence to get them into trouble and then take the fall when they got caught, that wall against the world when it became too much- that inspiration when it seemed to be lacking elsewhere.

“No one knows him better than I do,” Alyssa said, pulling back. She turned then, heading for the stairs, running up them two at a time. She heard Riley behind her, as she pushed Alec’s bedroom door open and dropped down into his computer chair.

“Lys, dad already looked at his computer.”

Alyssa hummed, bringing it to life. “Daddy looked, but not with my eyes. Alec said he was working on that sex trafficking case.”

“You told dad that.”

“Yeah, but he just took all the files. I remember Alec saying he was bugged by something, one of the lists.” Alyssa squeezed her eyes shut for a moment, trying to think back to the night before, to One AM in the kitchen with the smell of the city still fresh in her hair and Alec in his pajamas, sitting on the kitchen table eating pop-tarts while she sat on the counter and downed a shot of whiskey. Tried to think about what he had said.

“Names,” she said, “names and accounts, that’s it!” She found the file, felt Riley gripping the back of her chair as she opened it- but it was untouched, no different than before. She frowned, before opening his network connections- and promptly getting a black screen.

A simplified image of a bird skull appeared in the center, the cursor blinking below it, begging a password.

“One of dad’s programs could hack his password, probably,” Riley said, “but that’ll take time to run.”

“No need,” Alyssa said, typing quickly. “I know them all.” And it was true. She knew every password- personal and work related. Alec’s Instagram was just as accessible to her as all his work as Harbinger was.

“Really?” Riley sounded... shocked. To say the least.

“Really. And if I don’t know it, I bet I can guess it. He’s in my head, Ri. He’s been in my head since we were inside daddy.” I’m not complete without him.

The network connections opened, showing his history- and Alyssa frowned. “That’s not the home network or the cave,” Riley said, pointing to one, leaning over Alyssa now.

“No, it’s not.” She drummed her fingers. “How much you wanna bet this got him into some trouble?”

“We can’t just open it,” Riley pointed out, as Alyssa hovered the mouse over it. “What if they
**realize** someone hacked them? If *Alec* didn’t realize someone was on to him, we’ve got no chance and you know it.”

Alyssa sighed. She abandoned that, going back to the folder on the case- “This is new,” she said, opening a document, simply titled with the date-

**Mayor’s personal bank account shows recent activity matching that of unclaimed GN account.**
**Warrants proper examination.**

“The mayor?” Riley asked, frowning. “Shit, he hasn’t come up in *anything* since the death of that sex worker. And we couldn’t tie him to it at all.”

“Yeah well, looks like Alec finally dug something up on him.” She shoved her chair back, glancing at Alec’s window and noting the setting sun, before heading for the door.

“Lys? Where are you going?” He turned, following her out the door, into the hallway. She paused at the steps, glancing back at him.

“I’m not going to sit around and let the family mull this over. I’m going to get Alec- and either you can come with me, or you can sit here and stare at that stupid screen.” She tightened her fists. “But I’m not going to risk losing him.”

*

Alec felt a sharp sting to his cheek, gritted his teeth against the pain as he slit his eyes open. His hair was falling onto his forehead, into his eyes, and he could barely see what was in front of him-

And then another *smack* to his cheek, and one eye was closing completely in pain.

“Wake up ya little brat,” came a growl- familiar in a way. Alec blinked, forced his eyes opened- and they ached with the harsh spotlight shining down on him. He allowed himself to still look dazed, but internally he was screaming at himself-

Wake up.

Get his bearings.

Figure out what step his captives were on, and skip ahead *three*.

“Don’t muck up his pretty face too much Williams,” another man said, this one thinner- but he looked *meaner*. Alec flicked his eyes back to the man who had hit him- and *yes*, the one in his house.

It flooded back to him, the pain in his neck, the large man grabbing him- the case he’d been working, when it happened.

“You drugged me,” he said, and the mean one- he flashed a smile like a hell snake.

“Good work *Sherlock*. Fast acting but short lived tranquilizer. Enough to get you here and nicely secured.” Alec glanced down at his arms. They were tied to the sides of his chair. A tug at his legs told him they were secured as well. The rope was heavy, tied tightly-

*Not a bad knot.*

“Is our guest enjoying himself?” Alec glanced up again at this new voice, watched a door opening across the small room, a man walking in-
“Mayor Hendrick,” he said, and the mayor paused, stuffing his hands in his pockets. Looking at him. He pulled his hand out, snapped his fingers- and the big one, Williams, he grasped Alec’s chin, jerked his head up so the Mayor could step closer, incline his head and bend slightly to study his face.

Alec knew the moment the recognition hit, saw it in the man’s eyes.

“Goddamn,” he breathed, straightening up. He chuckled, shaking his head. “A god forsaken Wayne.”

Williams released Alec’s face, looking confused. “Sir?” He glanced back at Alec, then at the Mayor. “Uh, the Wayne kids- they ain’t white, boss.”

“Not those Wayne kids,” the mayor snapped. When he spoke, he bared his teeth. “Not the ones from the actual Wayne bitch. The ones from his adopted cunt.”

Alec inhaled slowly through his nose, tried not to lash out over the slurs being used against his father and uncle. He had been hearing hate over omegas his whole damn life- no matter how the world was changing, there would always be a bastard to pick up the sexist slack.

“Alec Drake-Todd,” the Mayor filled in. “The one that never comes out of his nest, am I right kid?”

“Apparently I’ve come out one too many times if you know who I am.” Alec wanted to bare his teeth, wished he could get his hands around this man’s thick neck. Wished more so that he could tell someone to do it, someone with more strength.

Alyssa and Riley sounded like a nice duo to take care of it.

“He works for Wayne Enterprises and Tech,” the mayor filled in for his seemingly lost muscle, “They say you’re damn near a genius kid. That would explain how you got into my system.” The mayor leaned down again- and his pheromones were so strong Alec wanted to gag over them. He truly did his best to avoid contact with anyone outside the family- and it was easy to forget that there were still alphas that gloated their obnoxious scent over omegas.

Maybe if Alec was different, he’d respond. Try to make this man weak in the knees. As it was, it made his stomach turn, made him want to vomit.

“What’s interesting though, is what you were doing there in the first place.” The mayor clicked his tongue, and Alec swallowed. He couldn’t bring up the sex trafficking- couldn’t risk his connection to the family.

It was fine for this bastard to know he had Alec Drake-Todd as his captive- but he could never know that he also had Harbinger, the Bat Family’s current information hub. The one with eyes and ears all over the city.

The ever-wanna-be Oracle.

“Don’t tell me one of your daddies wanted you to do some digging. You Waynes have been a thorn in my side since my damn election two years back. Even your granddaddy- should have had him off’d when I took office. He had no support for me.”

Alec remembered. He’d been twenty when this guy had been elected- he’d been even younger and far more interested in the big name bad guys and gals that came from Blackgate and Arkham- had been a little bored when his grandfather talked politics.
He wished now that he’d listened more. Not that it would have done much, despite the Waynes not approving, plenty of other leading families in Gotham had wanted this guy elected.

Alec chose silence as his best defense. Let the man talk up an idea himself. He was still taking in the room- small, concrete. Chilly, some exposed piping. They said the tranquilizer had been fast acting, so he couldn’t be very far from home. Most likely somewhere in the city-

“No matter your reasons, I’m already aware of what you found. And,” the mayor leaned down, reached out himself and grasped Alec’s chin, squeezing. “I can’t let you go running to that pretty faced too good family of yours. I’ve got plans, kiddo. Places to go- I can’t stay in this shithole of a city forever. And I won’t let some fucking kid get in my way.” He shoved Alec’s head up and back when he released him, standing up and wiping his hand along his jacket, as if Alec’s skin was filthy to him.

He turned, heading for the door. When he passed the mean, nameless one, the man turned and followed him as well. They paused at the doorway.

“You know,” the mayor said, glancing back. “Maybe I’ll make use of you yet. Tarnish that name a little bit. Granted, seems like that brother of yours got close- he was a party kid, wasn’t he? And that sister of yours too- damn shame she’s not an omega like you. She’s a pretty one.”

Alec did grit his teeth then, tugging at his restraints- which he knew was useless. He didn’t have the physical strength to so much ad budge them.

The mayor chuckled. “Your half of the family will be the ruin of the Waynes. We’ll find something interesting for your death. Get you caught up in some real problems- maybe some drug use and trafficking. Different from what I’m into- can’t have that coming to light at all. But something to remind the city that your family is, quite frankly, utter shit.”

He turned then, heading out the door. It closed behind them, heavy- and Williams, the big one, turned and headed for the door, standing with his back to it, arms folded.

Watching Alec.

And Alec felt the panic truly setting in, at the base of his spine. He felt defenseless, and unless he got a damn miracle, he wasn’t sure how he’d get out of this alive.

Which meant he’d have to make a miracle. Somehow.

* 

Alyssa clutched one arm around Riley as he sped through the old Gotham streets. Her other arm was lifted, looking at the gps on her wrist.

“Not far!” she said, rather loudly. She figured he barely heard her, and considered switching to the comlink instead-

But she was waiting for a very important update.

Thirty more seconds- each feeling like an hour- and there was a voice in her head that she prayed never left.

“Red Hood Two, we’ve got confirmation- you were right, sweetheart. You were right.” Tim’s voice was... shockingly calm, still. Still that almost clinical voice from earlier- it was Red Robin, not her father.
She didn’t care. It was close enough. It was how he was coping, and she wouldn’t fault him that.

Riley had been the one to convince her, as they suited up, that they couldn’t go in blind- they had no idea where Alec was, just that he was somewhere the mayor put him. They couldn’t just go this alone- they needed backup.

Alyssa had called the Cave, had gotten a very flustered sounding Tommy, probably dealing with the chaos that was her father- Jason- losing his utter mind over his baby missing. Was dealing with Tim’s calculated stares at everything as he worked through all the information he’d taken from Alec’s computer.

She had kept it brief. She told her father what she knew- and that she and Riley were going to get their brother back.

Whatever argument Tim had had against this, at first, when he’d come home and Alyssa had been out of her mind- it was gone.

A hack of the mayor’s system again- this time, with Tim being fully aware that Alec had triggered something that had given him away- and with the full backing of the Cave’s computers- and he could confirm, the Mayor wasn’t there.

A hack of his personal car’s GPS system had given them the location they needed. Out by the peer, one of the old building set for hopeful demolition within the next several months. Alyssa knew her grandfather was pushing for that- these old, abandoned building were simply breeding grounds for this sort of thing.

“We’ll be there in minutes,” Alyssa said.

“Acknowledged. We’re coming in full force.” Alyssa didn’t fight that. She didn’t mind knowing she had the entire damn family coming as back-up. It was comforting.

“We’ll have him waiting for y’all when you get here,” Alyssa teased- and yes, her nerves were still strong, still rampant in her belly, but she was slipping from them. She was falling into that other part of herself, like her father fell into Red Robin to keep himself calm.

There was a pause, and then, “Alyssa, Riley.” And that voice, that was Tim, that was their daddy, that was the man who had raised them. “Be careful. Please.”

It was silent- I can’t lose you. It was implied- I’m terrified for you. They were going in nearly blind, and while they had both proven over the year they were more than capable- well, Alyssa still didn’t blame her father for worrying about his kids.

But he trusted them- she knew that much. That was what she needed. “Always are, daddy.” And then, because she felt like it needed to be said, “We love you.”

“I love you too.”

The link ended, and Alyssa reached up, tapping on the side of her helmet, switching frequencies. She reached up for Riley’s comlink, adjusting it while he continued to speed through the streets.

“Channel seven. Just us,” she said, using the link this time so he could hear her clearly over the wind. It was more secure- but the range was short. Still, they couldn’t risk someone else getting in.

Alyssa got both her arms around her brother’s waist when the building came into view. He swerved his bike, killing the engine and stashing it by one of the other old buildings. The both climbed off,
Alyssa peeking across the open space-

Two cars, parked *blatantly* in front of one building.

“They’re not even trying to hide,” Alyssa said, as Riley peered around her.

“Why would they? If they know who Alec is, they probably figure they’ve just got some smart rich *brat*. They’re not expecting to get all of Batman’s family showing up at their doorstep.”

Alyssa hummed her agreement, before reaching down, unholstering one of her guns. She checked the clip, heard Riley asking,

“Lys- is that live ammo?”

“I’m not fucking around,” she said- and if he had a *problem* with it, he said nothing. She knew he *didn’t*. “And don’t worry, not like dad hasn’t taught me how to aim and be *nonlethal*. Still- if that’s what it takes-”

“Trust me, I’ll snap a neck if need be.” Alyssa looked back, grinned behind her helmet- and she knew Riley could just *tell*. He’d always been good like that.

She didn’t doubt his threat either. She knew he’d *kill* for her and their brother. They’d both do their damnedest, to stick to the rules-

But in the end, this was *Alec*. This was family- this was *blood*. Family code be damned when it was one of their own.

Alyssa straightened up then, reached out and grasped Riley’s forearm. He mimicked the motion, pulled her in closer, pressed his forehead down against he helmet.

“Let’s get our brother back,” he said, and Alyssa squeezed.

“And remind these motherfuckers just *who* they’re messing with.”

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, I think "*Uh, the Wayne kids- they ain’t white, boss.*" might be my favorite line I’ve gotten to write haha
Chapter Notes

Third of four ficlets in Alec’s kidnapping arc. Alec and Alyssa are 22 and Riley is 24, still.

Alec stared at the large man guarding the door. He hadn’t moved in minutes, hadn’t spoken a word. The silence had been refreshing- had given Alec a chance to think.

He had to get out of this chair. He knew that much. He was a dead man if he didn’t. Granted, he was probably a dead man if he got out of it too, but he had to try. He couldn’t take this guy, he was just too damn big- but if he was smart-

“So who’d you piss off to get stuck with babysitting duty?” Alec asked, and the alpha glared at him. Still, not a word. “I mean, you’re a pretty big guy. I’d think Hendrick would want ya upstairs- or downstairs, where ever the fuck we are- you know, playing the good patrol man. Not like I need someone with so much muscle to keep me down.”

Alec flexed his own arms, as if to point out his own size- he had some lean muscle, yes- but anyone in the family so much as looked at him, and he would be down for the count. Even Masira, and she was only sixteen.

But, also to be fair, Batgirl.

“Upstairs,” Williams filled in, “he’s want me upstairs, if he was smart.”

Okay, so Alec knew he was definitely in a basement. Which he had figured.

“He isn’t too bright, is he?” Keep him talking, and Alec knew he might get some sort of break. Information was good- information was where his power came from.

Williams shook his head. “Not ‘fer keeping me down here, no. He got machines upstairs instead. Says he likes that they don’t question him.” The man took a step from the door, towards Alec- and god he was huge. Alec swallowed thickly.

“Machines?”

“Yeah, wants ‘ta keep this place from bein’ torn down. Says your granddaddy is gettin’ in his way.”

“Grampa doesn’t care for eyesores,” Alec said, “We must be somewhere ugly if it’s something he hates.”

“Ay, ugly and rotten. Go upstairs ‘an all ya smell is the damn water.”

The pier. Alec bit back his smile- this was good. This was very good. He knew where he was, he knew the general layout of these old buildings- the basements were broken down, he must be in one of the side rooms- get up a floor and out and he could be home free. Just one lousy level and-
His thoughts broke off when the door opened. The mayor was back, the mean one right at his back.

“Are we having a chat?” he asked, glancing between Alec and Williams.

“Just filling the silence,” Alec offered, lifting his head up- trying to seem confident. Trying to seem like his skin wanted to crawl right off. He’d never had much of a persona for the world to see- the media just speculated he was some stuck up kid that didn’t want to be seen- or that there was something wrong with him.

Those articles had always been the ones to make his dads livid.

The mayor hummed. “Well then, allow me to help you out a bit there. Williams, I’m sure you’re restless.” The large alpha nodded. “How about you let out some of your energy with our little guest. I’ve called in a few favors, and I’ll have everything I need in no time to paint the prettiest picture of this little brat.”

Williams stared at Alec, who narrowed his pretty blue eyes. “Yeah? What sorta story are you writing? You know there’s been a lot written about me already.”

Hendrick chuckled. “Oh, I know. About your whole lot. Your brother’s some sort of partying whore and your sister followed in his footsteps.”

Alec gritted his teeth. “They’re not at all.” Sure they’d had those tendencies- he remembered Riley, when he was younger. He knew Alyssa now. But that wasn’t all they were- they were good people. They gave a damn about the city and their families-

“And this mess that your brother is dating your cousin. Really, you Waynes are just more entertaining than reality TV.” Hendrick chuckled, and Alec bit his own tongue. Wanted to scream there was no blood between Tommy and Riley- but blood didn’t make family. Maybe it was a little strange, but was it any stranger than Tommy’s parents? Than his own? “And I’m still going to make you better. They’ll find you after the comb the damn river. After a wild night. They’ll see that maybe you were the real trouble in the family, and that’s why they kept you under wraps.”

Alec snorted. That was ridiculous. He’d been seen enough- but, still. People were gullible, loved a dramatic tale.

“Hurt your damn family’s reputation enough. This is all in my favor, kid. I’ve been looking for a way to knock the Waynes down a bit. You can have the damn city when my term is up, I’ve got bigger plans.” He snapped his fingers, and Williams began moving towards Alec. “Have some fun with him- but don’t damage the pretty face too much. I rather like it.”

Alec’s stomach rolled at the implication, and he was sure he’d much rather have Williams pummel his face until it was unrecognizable, than have this man leer at him in the way that he was.

“We’ll be back shortly.”

He turned, heading back out the door, as it slammed shut, locking, and Williams pulled his arm back, slamming his fist into Alec’s belly. Alec’s breath escaped him, and he didn’t get the chance to even inhale before another punch came-

And then one, to his mouth. “He likes ‘em a little beat up,” Williams was mumbling, to himself, as Alec felt his lip split open, his head ringing as he tasted blood.

It filled his mouth, from the split in his lip- from the fact that he bit his tongue without realizing it. Alec swallowed, salt and irony making his stomach queasy, as another punch came- this one so
hard it knocked his chair right over. Alec fell back, wincing, couldn’t catch his breath as his shoulder ached with the way they slammed into the back of the chair.

There was a hard kick to the chair, and it tipped to it’s side. Alec gasped, spitting out blood on the concrete floor, before he felt the bindings on one of his legs loosening.

“Can’t do what he wants with ya in that damn chair,” Williams mumbled. Alec’s other leg was free- and as badly as he wanted to kick out, get a shot in to the man’s chest- he needed a hand free.

The moment one was though, there was a large hand around one ankle, pinning it down. Alec tried to jerk free- but it only tightened, until his other hand was free, and he was tumbling out to the floor. His cheek pressed to it for a moment, before he was jerked back by the hold on his ankle- and swiftly kicked in the side.

He swore he felt one of his lower ribs crack. He cried out, screamed if he was honest, and there was another kick, in the same spot.

He didn’t know how any of his family dealt with this. He didn’t normally take a beating- and in that moment, his belly and chest hurt so badly he wanted to sob.

He coughed, turning his head, spitting out more blood, slit his eyes open to see Williams taking a step back, looking at him now, a satisfied look on his face.

And he knew he had to get up. Get up, or he’d die.

* 

Alyssa was pressed tight to the wall, the sound of bullets raining out from around the corner. Riley was next to her, both panting. They’d barely gotten foot in the damn building when something had triggered, and there they were, with a damn machine shooting at them.

“Well, we know what he’s putting some of that money into,” Alyssa said, hands tight around her dual guns. “It’s single target, though. Not the best programming.”

“Think you can play doge ball with it for a minute?” Alyssa glanced at her brother, watched him cracking his knuckles.

“You’re planning to punch out a fucking machine?”

“Listen, if I can win one-on-one with a Roybot, I can take on any sack of metal.” Riley rolled his neck, his hair wild and free- it always created the illusion of a mane, made him seem even bigger.

Alyssa knew there was a lot of truth to his words. She’d watched her brother full on punch a Roybot, to the point that Roy had joked he was just going to scrap it instead of repairing it.

Still... “Just don’t get your ass shot. You’ve got enough piercings bro.”

Riley laughed at that, pushing off the wall. “Give me a clean opening sis.”

Alyssa nodded, before she shoved herself off the wall, turning and moving into the open space. She fired off at the machine, one at a time- it was a big thing, moving on multiple small wheels- shooting one out wouldn’t do a damn thing. It was out of date, though- it could have been on something more akin to limbs.

Its sensors went off and it aimed directly for Alyssa, as one of her bullets hit one of the three
turrets atop it. She could do this alone— but it might take a lot of ammo—

Didn’t matter, Riley was already moving. Running, as fast as his powerful legs could carry him, while the guns were focused on Alyssa. She had to drop down, heard a bullet fly right past her head, before her brother was on it, grabbing one of the turrets—

And pulling it right off the damn machine. He tossed it down, drove his hand right into the hole it created, tugging out wires— gutting the machine with his teeth gritted. Alyssa allowed herself a moment to watch as it powered down, swallowed thickly—

And god, the things Riley could have done if that had been flesh and blood.

He kicked it over with one swift movement, the metal grating on the floor. Alyssa was up, moving towards him, looking down at it.

“Roy would be embarrassed over something like this,” Riley said, and Alyssa laughed. She actually laughed.

Only Riley could make that happen, the circumstances considered.

The sound died, however, when he heard more movement. Riley instantly tensed, turned— and two more of the machines were making their way down the hallway. They spared each other a single glance, before both smirked and charged.

Alyssa slid down down on her hip, aiming and firing off two rounds per gun, clipping her machine with two of the shots. It sparked, as Riley threw himself to the side, dodging a spray of bullets, before he reached his own, digging his shoulder into it and pushing with all his weight. It teetered, before it began to lift up, and he toppled it over, turning and shoving his boot against the one firing at Alyssa. It jerked, and Alyssa chucked one of her guns at it, knocked one of the turrets, before she was up herself, shooting out the last one.

She watched her brother punch his, the steel over the knuckles of his gloves clanking against metal as he tore it apart. She picked her gun up, counting her bullets quickly.

“You think they’re all over?”

“Maybe,” Riley admitted, straightening up. “Which means we’re right. He must have had them brought over— there’s no other reason to actually guard a shithole like this.”

“Question is, is Alec up or down.”

The two stared at each other. “We could split up,” Riley said— but Alyssa heard it in his voice— he didn’t want to. He didn’t want her out of his sight, didn’t want to possibly ever let either of them out of his sight, after this.

She wondered if his wrists were throbbing. He said they did that, sometimes, when he worried about them— like his pulse was hammering against the names he’d had tattooed there, in their honor. His heart and soul.

As if in answer, they both heard the echo of footsteps. Alyssa turned on her heels to fully face it, Riley merely turning his head.

“Well, I see the money invested in automated security was a waste.”

The mayor had appeared, looking at the mess of his machines Alyssa and Riley had left— and
seeming almost unphased by them. Next to him, a man stood silently.

“I will admit, I didn’t expect to see any batbrats tonight.” He studied Alyssa and Riley. Alyssa aimed one of her guns at him.

“Tell me why I shouldn’t put a bullet through your skull!”

“Ah, temper, temper. You’re the younger Red Hood. The older one, I’ve heard he’s gotten somewhat mellow.” Alyssa frowned behind her helmet. Her father was anything but mellow, when he had his helmet on. But she had heard she had a fired that seemed different, from his. More like who he had been, once.

She took it as a compliment.

She also approved that from a distance, no one ever knew who was who. She kept her hair tucked up completely in her helmet, wore armor and a jacket that made her seem genderless. She was the smaller Red Hood, the angry Red Hood.

“You won’t put a bullet in my head, because it’s against your rules. You’re looking for the Wayne kid, right?”

Alyssa felt Riley’s eyes shifting to her for a moment. They heard that a lot, were grouped together with Tommy and Nadya and Masira, Avery too- and while they were family, Alyssa knew she and her brothers had never cared for being called a Wayne.

They had their own damn family and their own damn name and they were proud of it.

“Well, let me just say, he’s tucked away nice and safe. I should have known- ever since the kid’s grandfather came out with his tie to Batman Inc, that a call would go out to you. I would’ve expected bigger, though- not little red riding hood and whatever the hell you are.” He jerked his head towards Riley, before he took a step back- and the man next to him, he reached up, loosened his tie.

And then he was pulling it off, shedding his jacket and rolling his neck- the veins bulging there. He eyes went wide, and Alyssa and Riley watched as his muscle twitched, swelled-

“Fuckin’ shit,” Riley muttered, “He’s on venom.”

Alyssa smirked. Fine. This made it interesting.

“Good thing I brought your muscle then,” she teased, “Let’s tear him down fast. Coming from that direction, there’s only stairs to the basement. Alec’s down there.”

Riley nodded- as the man- hulking now, large and with eyes that seemed even meaner, calculating, gave a shout and charged. He pushed pat Alyssa, running full force to meet him, shoulder down and braced to try and dig into the man’s chest.

The collision forced Riley back a few steps. The man had bulk on him now, and Riley gritted his teeth, heard the bang of a gun, and Alyssa’s bullet drove into the man’s shoulder, right next to Riley.

She was a damn good shot and he prayed he never pissed her off.

Riley went to try and get his arms around him, to drag him down- but the man ignored his wounded shoulder, lifting Riley up completely and turning, tossing him against the wall as if he
weighed nothing at all. Riley’s head smacked against it, his vision spinning as he crumpled down to the floor with a groan.

Alyssa was charging then, firing off another round, two, three- until her guns clicked empty. The guy was fast for being so large, and he seemed to be completely ignoring the wounds on his shoulders, where she had hit. There was blood seeping from his thigh, but even his walk was unaffected.

“Little red riding hood,” he teased, his voice distorted from the sudden growth. Alyssa gritted her teeth and tossed her guns, pulling back and punching into his gut. He growled, and she knew despite his sudden bulk he felt it- but when he was grabbing her, chucking her as well. Her head hit the wall first, and she heard the crack of her helmet, before she joined Riley on the floor.

Riley was pushing himself up, glancing at her- but when she groaned and moved, he didn’t waste another moment. He charged, dug his feet into the floor as best he could to boost his start, slammed his fist right into the man’s ribs, and then his wounded shoulder. When the man stumbled, Riley got a hook up under his jaw, watched his head jerk back.

He’d dealt with venom users before. He’d trained with them- after all, Damian’s friend Colin had it in him, had control over it like this man seemed to. He’d grown up hearing about Bane, how he’d broken his grandfather’s back-

This wasn’t new territory.

“If she’s little red,” Riley growled, the nick name for his sister for once laced with bitterness, “then I’m the motherfucking wolf.”

Another hook to the man’s jaw, and he was stumbling back- but not without grabbing Riley, throwing him down to the ground again. Riley groaned, rolled out of the way just as the man tried to drop his knee onto his back. Riley got his legs up, planted them on his side, and shoved with all his might, sending him down.

Over the body, he saw Alyssa pushing herself up. “Lys!” he yelled, code names be damned. “Go!”

He didn’t need to say, I can handle this. He didn’t need to say Alec needs you. He didn’t need to say take care, be careful, I love you- anything. It was unspoken and understood, and Alyssa was up and running, while Riley braced himself as his hulking foe stood up again.

Alyssa ran, full force, through the old warehouse, heading for the basement stairs. Inside her head she was running through the general layout- most warehouses built in Gotham during this time period boasted the same general layout, and she just had to get to the stairwell-

She felt someone throw themselves against it, and then something plunge into her neck. Alyssa gave a yelp, jerking her body- throwing the mayor off her and into the wall. She reached back, grasped the needle and pulled it out, looking at it- before she felt her heartbeat picking up, her temples feeling like they were contracting.

And the man, he was laughing. The sound was grating, searing into her and rubbing the wrong way, digging tiny metal points into her skull and making it ache.

"You won’t get far with that in you," he said, looking disheveled on the ground. "Grade A fear toxin. A classic."

Alyssa stared at him, watched as he opened his mouth to continue laughing, and suddenly his mouth was full or razor sharp teeth. He seemed to be transforming before her, a creature of wild
fantasy-

She swallowed it down and moved towards him, grasping him by his collar with both hands and lifting him up.

"Too bad for you," she hissed, her voice distorted by the cracks in her helmet. "I've been having nightmares since I was old enough to dream. Maybe it's inherited from my dad- but either way, you can't show me anything I haven't seen before."

She was grinning when she smashed the back of his head against the wall, once to disorient- twice to stun- a third time, to knock him out.

And she wanted to keep going, but she knew she couldn't. Her heart wanted to burst from her chest and she was breaking out in a cold sweat, swore the walls were moving around her. It seemed so really-

All she could do was whisper to herself as she moved, over and over again, that it wasn't real.

* 

Alec coughed, on his hands and knees, blood spilling onto the floor. He didn't want to know the number of ribs he probably had cracked, the splattering of bruises he was sure to find on his torso. He squeezed his eyes shut, took a breath and god his chest hurt, before there was another kick, and he sprawled down on the ground. He lay there, feeling like he couldn't move- heard the door being shoved open, and figured Hendrick was back-

But the shape that moved in, it wasn't right for him. He stared up through his sweat matted hair and eyelashes, watched as his sister stumbled in, one hand braced on the wall. She was breathing heavily, and he could see a number of cracks in her helmet-

The force it took to crack that helmet had his heart jumping. He wanted to scream out to her, but Williams was moving, looming over Alec and glaring at her.

"Who the fuck are you?" he growled, and when Alyssa stared at him, Alec had no way of knowing she saw a monstrous demon, like something crawling up from a Lazarus pit, drenching in muck and hellspit, seething with fire and endless rows of sharp teeth, beady eyes-

And that, between his legs, Alec was sprawl, his gut torn open, a mess of his own blood and innards, with dead eyes staring at her.

Her worst fear- the loss of herself. The loss of the only other person in this world who made her feel complete.

His death.

Alyssa screamed- it was ungodly, unholy- and she was throwing herself on Williams, shoving him to the ground. Alec forced himself to shift to one shoulder, to look back- watched as she raised a fist, drove it into his jaw, again, and again-

Screaming that he wouldn't take her brother, screeching that she wouldn't let him go- sobbing that he was her everything.

Alec forced himself up, and it ached, every muscle and bone in his body. He moved towards her, reached out, grasped one of her wrists as her fist was drawn back. Alyssa froze, turning- and what she saw, he couldn't tell-
But she seemed to forget about the man that was now unconscious beneath her.

"Lys," Alec said, and god his voice sounded strange, hoarse- his tongue felt heavy and dead. "That's enough."

Alyssa stood up, twisting around- and her arms locked around Alec, crushed him to her chest. He grimaced, could feel her panting. "You're alive," she breathed.

"You're hurt," he countered, but she shook her head, leaning her cracked helmet on his shoulder. "Fear... toxin. I'll live. Just... everything..." she swallowed, squeezed her eyes shut. "Wanna pass out, honestly." But she lifted her head, got an arm around Alec's waist. "We gotta go."

Alec nodded, heading for the stairs with her. She pulled away to move ahead of him, stepping out into the open warehouse- hearing the sounds of crashing. Alec looked at her, confused, and Alyssa didn't explain- she simply took of running towards it, heedless of the anxiety humming in her veins, the fact that she wore the walls were alive, they were breathing and beating and bleeding, made of flesh and meat.

Alec ran after her, but each breath hurt his lungs, his ribs. Still, he skidded to a stop when he found Riley being thrown across the room, and- that was the mean one, except he was huge now.

Huge and bleeding and looking far worse than before- but god, Riley's mask was cracked, there was blood all over his chin- he wasn't holding his shoulders right.

And he was still getting up.

Alyssa charged, screeching at the top of her lungs, throwing herself on the man. She clung to his back, got her legs around his waist, her hands under his chin, jerking his head up. Riley charged, opened up on his stomach, punch after punch-

And Alec, he was moving too. Because he couldn't just stand there. He was running in, lowering his shoulder like Riley had taught him, digging it in under this man's ribs. The thing stumbled from the blow, and Alec stumbled back, as Alyssa launched herself off- let Riley grab his head and smash it down into the concrete, so hard that they heard teeth shattering.

Riley gave a solid kick to his head to keep him from getting up, just as glass broke, and there was a flood of black and red, flying in. The moment Tim's boots hit the floor, he was running towards them, his cape flowing behind him, as another round of glass broke, and there was a flood of pure black.

"Oh god you're alive," Tim said, his voice breaking when he saw his kids. Riley grasped his dad, tugging him in, and Alec rushed over, sliding into his father's embrace. Alyssa stood panting, feeling like she was about to pass out but smiling even as the room swam with nightmares.

Tim cupped Alec's cheeks, kissed his forehead, before turning to Riley and kissing his cheek- and then pulling away, moving to Alyssa, getting his arms around her. She slumped, shuddering, and he gripped tightly.

"I've got you baby," he whispered, "You're okay, you're okay."

"Fear," she started, licking her lips. "Tox-in." Tim went rigid, turning and yelling,

"Bats, anti-toxin!"
Alec watched as Damian rushed over, pulling something from his utility belt. He passed a i t to Tim- and he jabbed what looked like an EpiPen into her thigh. Alyssa gasped, and Tim continued to hold her, as Damian moved towards the large man on the floor, crouching over his back and securing his wrists.

"We need to get you out of here," Tim said, looking back at his sons. "All of you. The Batmobile is outside- your father is in it." Tim cut off when Jason was coming through the glass he and Damian had broken- "Or not."

Jason sprinted across the room, and Alec lost his breath when his father's arms went around him. He wasn't wearing his helmet, into his mask, and it let Alec see the pure relief on his face.

"We need to get you checked out," Tim said.

"There's...a guy in the basement," Alyssa said, and Damian nodded, standing from where he was. "And the Mayor is unconscious down the hall."

"That motherfucker is here." Jason let go of Alec, and he was moving, heavy, long strides- the kind that had Tim letting go of his daughter, chasing after his husband.

"Jason!" The kids moved, Alec leaning on Riley now, moving around the corner and watched as Jason kicked the man form his slumped position against the wall, pulling out one of his guns and aiming it down.

"Fucking cunt has to learn you do not touch my kids." Tim paused- and Alyssa saw it- she knew her brothers did to- the moment of pure desire from their father, to let their other father kill the man. Fill his skull full of lead for what he had done.

"Do not," Tim finally said. "Jason..."

Jason turned, stared at his mate- and the room was silent. Their communication, it was all through their bond now, that horrifying way they seemed to speak silently. How they could flood each other with emotion, and never say a word- and yet, be fully understood.

After a moment, Jason holstered his gun, giving a little snarl and a swift, hard kick to the man's gut. He turned, heading back towards Tim- let Damian move silently to secure him.

"Only because I love you," Jason whispered to Tim, who nodded.

"The only reason I wanted you to stop is because I love you," Tim pointed out, "And I won't have this on your conscious." They two exchanged a look, before Jason continued, taking Alec from Riley and allowing his youngest son to lean on him. Alec still felt like his body was on fire- but it was tolerable, now, with the family close by.

He was the last to argue when Tim told them again that it was time to go. To get the kids back to the Cave. To be looked over. It was a testament to the night that Riley and Alyssa complied without complaint. Alec watched them lean on each other as they moved, and wanted to scream his thanks to them. Wanted to sob that he loved them-

That they had risked their lives for him, and he would never, ever forget.

But his mouth ached, and words didn't seem possible now, on his damaged tongue. He kept silent instead, leaned harder against his father, who smelled like smoke and his cologne and all the things that had soothed Alec as a baby, and he wanted to curl up and hide in him. Hide in his entire family.
He just wanted to go home.
Chapter 94

Chapter Notes

And finally, the resolution bit to Alec’s kidnapping. Alec and Alyssa are 22 and Riley is 24, still. (And holy shit, Tim’s 47 and Jason’s 50. Hot middle aged dads. Ha.)

[Also, there's some foreshadowing with Tommy and Alyssa that some of you might catch on to, from what's been discussed about their futures on my blog.]

Riley sat on the edge of his bed, holding his head in one hand, the other cradling his phone near his ear.

“I think he’s sleeping,” Riley mumbled, feeling like his body wanted to implode. He had a number of bruises all over his body, and he’d pulled he swore half the muscles in one shoulder. He’d downed a couple pain killers, but they hadn’t done much beyond take the edge of yet.

“That’s good at least. Is he... you know, okay?” Tommy, sounding tired. Tired like the rest of them. He’d had to cover a huge chunk of Gotham while Tim, Damian, and Jason had gone after Alec- had to keep the family presence strong.

Not to mention, Riley knew he had been worried. They were all family, anytime one of them was in trouble it weighed heavy on the rest of them.

“Honestly? I think he’s the most okay out of any of us. Once we left the cave and came home he just wanted to go to bed. He’s pretty banged up, but nothing that won’t heal.”

Tommy hummed. “Are you okay, Ri?”

Riley licked his lips. He thought of the terror that had been stuck in his chest, getting the call from a frantic Alyssa that their brother had been kidnapped. The terror upon seeing his dads shaken-Tim hid it well, but Riley knew their father like even the twins didn’t, and he could see all the cracks in him. And Jason...

“Honestly? Not really.” He sighed, let his hand move back into his hair. “I could’ve lost him, you know? Like, I never really thought about Alec being in danger. He’s so damn smart and he’s never out in the thick of it. I always figured I’d just have to worry about Lys- and she’s so damn good.”

He paused. “And you, of course.”

Tommy giggled at that- and the sound made Riley smile. “Please baby, you never have to worry about me. Both my dads have been Batman. This shit is in my blood- I’m invincible.”

“Please, you should know that word has no place in my life.” Riley laughed now, covering his mouth- and it was a wonder, how much Tommy could life from him. “Do you need some company? Because I will absolutely drive into the city at three AM, I don’t even care.”

“I’m actually home,” Riley admitted, “I...I didn’t want to be away tonight I guess. So thanks, but go get your beauty rest dollface. I’ll be okay. I’m sort of looking forward to waking up with...
everyone in the morning... I missed them.”

“Okay. Call me?”

“’Course. I love you.”

“Love you too, Riley.” The line went dead, and Riley let his phone flop to his side, stared up at the ceiling of his childhood room. He hadn’t been gone from it that long- but after tonight, it felt like he was in some old sort of world, separated by some webbing, something he could see through- but touching, it felt strange.

He closed his eyes, inhaling slowly. Sort of wished he was small again. Smaller, anyway. Missed the days when both the twins used to crowd into bed with him, when Alyssa had a nightmare and Alec was scared too. When they knew their dads were tired and they wanted to feel big by showing they could handle it on their own.

He missed being wrapped around both of them, waking up with Alyssa sprawled on top of him like he was the mattress, Alec clinging to him and curled up into his chest.

Things were simple. No masks. No secret identities. Just a couple kids who made their own adventures but didn’t have to risk their lives for it.

It made him wonder, what the hell he was even doing. This wasn’t a game- and yeah, he’d known before this that it wasn’t... but Riley could only wonder if this was right for him, in the end. If this was really how he could do some good for the world.

If he was cut out for knowing he could lose everyone he loved, in a single night.

*

“Are you coming to bed?”

Tim studied Jason, across the living room. His mate was slumped on the couch, staring off into nothing at all. The lights were off, and Jason could have dissolved into the darkness, the nothing, with how still he was.

He didn’t respond, and Tim walked across the room, silent as ever. He crossed in front of his mate, settled next to him on the couch, reaching out and taking one of Jason’s hands- resting by his knees- in both of his. “Jay, baby, c’mon.” He squeezed, and Jason finally glanced over at him.

When he spoke, his voice was hoarse- like his body had forgotten how to make sounds. “What are we doing, Tim?”

Tim froze, mouth falling to a frown. “Jason?”

“What are we doing, with this. With this mess? What were we thinking letting the kids into this world? We know what it does to a person, we know the risks-” He heaved a sighed. “Why didn’t we give it up?”

Tim sighed softly, letting go of Jason’s hands with one of his, so he could reach up, brush his fingertips along his cheek. “Do you really think we could have given this up, Jason? Honestly?” Jason was silent. “Think of who we are. You died for this once. I dedicated a part of my life to uncovering this family. This is ingrained in us- you know if we stepped away, we’d just be pulled back in. We’re helping people.”
“Are we? Are we really?” Jason glanced at Tim, who let his fingers brush back into his husband’s hair now.

“Yes, we are. We’re helping because this city needs people like us now. I can’t say if Bruce kickstarted this sort of hell, this need for the work we do- or if he was just ahead of the curve, but either way, the city needs us. And we need this. You know we’d never stay away.” Tim let his fingers trail back over Jason’s cheek, callouses against the stubble beginning to show. “And you know there was no way to keep the kids from this. Bruce couldn’t keep us from it- how could we expect our family to be any different? What we gave them, it was a safety net, at least. We knew they weren’t doing this behind our backs because we gave them the freedom to do it right in front of us. So we could make sure they were safe.”

Jason turned then, reaching up to grasp Tim’s hand, pull it to his mouth. He kissed his finger tips, speaking low, a deep whisper from his chest. “I’d lose my mind without you, you know?”

Tim smiled. He shifted, pushed Jason back to rest in the cushions of the couch so he could crawl into his lap, straddle him and get the closeness he felt he needed. “Oh, I know.” He got both his hands back into Jason’s hair now, as Jason grasped at his hips, a familiar grip that always had Tim feeling grounded. “And before you say it, Jason- we’re not going to blame ourselves for this. As much as we want to. We’re not. And we’re not blaming the kids. We’re going to learn from this, and blame the bastard who actually caused the damage.”

Jason’s eyes fell dark, serious. He gave a single nod. “I’m still going to blame myself though, and you know it.”

Tim sighed. “I know. And I’ll blame myself. But at least try not to?” That got him the smallest smile from Jason.

“Thank you, again,” Jason offered, “For... stopping me, earlier.”

Tim gave a nod. “I know what you were feeling.” Tim didn’t need to point out that he had felt it, felt Jason’s explosive rage, the fear, the pure hate, how it seethed inside him. It had flooded their bond, had wrapped itself around Tim’s mind and made it so hard to speak up. “And I wanted you to put a bullet in his head. I wanted to rip him apart too, Jason. But I know you’d have it on your conscious- and I couldn’t let you do that to yourself. We’ve worked past this. We’ll keep working past it.”

Jason nodded, gave Tim’s hips another squeeze, leaning up to brush his lips against the omega’s chin, moving along his jaw. “Ever my reason,” he murmured, and Tim smiled.

“Gotta have reason to balance out all that passion.” Tim tightened his hold in Jason’s hair. And, because he couldn’t help it- because the air was too heavy and he needed something to lighten it, “Remind Alec in the morning that any new grey hair is his fault.”

Jason laughed, and that was what Tim needed. “You could thank him, you know you like it.” Tim giggled, stroking his fingers through Jason’s hair. Couldn’t see the fine bits of grey in the dark, but knew they were there- more so in the stubble that would properly line his cheeks come morning, but- “Maybe you’ll finally sprout a few, and make me feel like I’m not the only one growing old in this damn house.”

Tim smirked, shaking his head- hair flying around in emphasis. “Don’t hate my genetics baby. Besides, you get to be the eventual silver fox in this relationship.”

Jason snorted. “And what, you’ll be eternally youthful?”
“Please, have you seen the lines around my eyes?”

Another laugh, and Jason was reaching back, smacking Tim’s butt playfully. “No, I haven’t. I’m starting to think I married a fairy or something.” He leaned in, nuzzled against Tim’s neck, and Tim wrapped his arms around Jason’s, holding him close- feeling like he could possibly be at ease, again, by the time morning came.

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Alyssa placed her hand against Alec’s door, staring at it. She didn’t hear anything from the other side, and wondered if he had dropped right off to sleep. She’d gone to Riley’s door- had heard his muffled voice speaking, assumed he must have been on the phone with Tommy.

She leaned her forehead against the door, inhaling slowly, before she turned the knob, pushing gently. Alec's room was dark, and she leaned in, glancing at his bed.

"Alec? Are you asleep?"

He shifted, and suddenly she could just see his eyes- those crystalline blues that matched her own- staring at her. "No." Alyssa stepped in, shutting the door silently, might have had words stuck in her throat, when Alec added, "I was waiting for you."

Alyssa smiled at that, walking over to his bed. She crawled on, over him, stretched out behind him and snuggled in close. Carefully, she slid her arm over his waist, not wanting to aggravate any of his ribs, or the bruised mess his torso seemed to be. She nuzzled the back of his neck, heard him sigh, felt him relaxing.

"Don't scare me like that again," Alyssa whispered, and Alec tried to glance back at her. She avoided his eyes, letting out a shaky breath. "Please."

Alec twisted, very slowly rolling over so he could face her. He winced a few times, felt his ribs screaming at him, but he ignored them. "Lys," he whispered, reaching up, gently cupping her cheek with one hand. His hand was so different from all the others she was used to- different from Riley's, from her dads', from any of the family. It was soft, it wasn't calloused and abused.

She choked reaching up to cover it, squeezing- felt her eyes burning. "I mean it," she mumbled, and Alec leaned in, pressed his forehead to hers. "I can't lose you, Alec. You're my better half. You're the best of me." She reached out, got her arms around him, pulled him in and hugged him, resting her cheek against his hair. She felt tears running down her cheeks, felt herself trembling. "I can't live without you."

"You can," Alec mumbled into her collar bone, holding on tightly- because if he was lost, he was without her, and Alec didn't know a life where he didn't have Alyssa. "But you won't have to. I promise." Alyssa squeezed.

"Better fuckin' mean it," she muttered, and her brother laughed. "I need you, Alec. Always have- always will."

"I know." He was speaking so softly- partially because the words, the breaths, they hurt. Partially because he simply didn't trust his voice. "I owe you, for tonight. You and Ri- you saved my life." Alec fought down a shiver- and he could deal with his own fear over it, later. That wasn't what he wanted, right now.

Right now he wanted to forget about everything, and fall into the comfort that had always been his twin.
"I'll remember to collect, down the road." Alec giggled, sounded just like their daddy when he did it, and Alyssa gave him a very gentle squeeze. "Can I stay in here tonight?"

"I wouldn't want you to be anywhere else," Alec admitted, closing his eyes. "Always sleep better when you're around. Besides- I know you might have... nightmares."

Alyssa sucked on her tongue, said nothing to that. Even with the anti-toxin, she knew she'd most likely have some sort of nightmare, when she closed her eyes. Even without the fear toxin, she was bound to have one tonight.

"I'll just stay up," she said, and Alec glanced up at her.

"All night?"

"Yeah. Someone's gotta keep an eye on you anyway. And that's what I'm here for." She kissed his forehead, the bridge of his nose, kept her arms locked around him. "You're always safe as long as I'm around."

Alec didn't question it- because he believed her. Silently, he hoped she knew that she was safe as well. Alec wouldn't ever let his sister fall apart- wouldn't let her crack. He loved her too much to ever think he'd give up on her.

"Now, pass out bro. You need some sleep. Like I said, I'll keep you safe." Alyssa settled her chin on his head, as Alec closed his eyes, and she added, in an almost broken whisper, "All night."

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Alec had Alyssa's hand tight in his late the next morning, when they emerged from his room. His hair was a tussled mess, hers still in knots- and despite the fact that he knew she had slept, and he knew there had been nightmares, she still had a smile on her face. Acted as if there had been none at all.

They found Riley creeping out of his room, and both giggled, watched their older brother grin, before he lifted a finger to his lips to hush them, before beckoning them over with a curl of his hand. They hurried over, shadowing him as they all moved down the hallway, pausing at their parents' door. Riley leaned his ear against it.

"Are we playing the is it safe to go in game?" Alec teased, and Alyssa had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing. That used the be the joke, as kids- the bet of was it safe to barge into their dads' room or not.

They'd interrupted a lot and, as adults looking back- they still laughed like they had as kids.

Riley grinned, before opening the door. The room was quiet- they could see Tim snuggled into the blankets, Jason's arm tossed over him, the alpha pressed up tightly behind him, snuggled in.

"Safe for once," Alyssa teased, before she shoved at her brothers, forcing them into the room. The noise had their father cracking his eyes open, before he gave a sleepy smile, rolling over and gently shoving at his husband to wake Jason up, as Alec reached the bed first, climbing up.

"Five more minutes," he mumbled, before Alyssa was crawling around him, flopping down behind
him, half on top of him.

"Isn't that my line?" she asked, and Jason chuckled.

"We so don't fit anymore," Riley teased, sitting on the edge of the bed. Tim looked down at his oldest, smiled.

"I take that as a challenge," he offered, getting up and reaching over Alec, shoving at Jason. "Reconfigure kiddos, c'mon." Alyssa huffed, but smiled, sitting up and letting Jason fall flat onto his back. Tim stretched out completely on top of him, sighing, as Jason let the breath rush out. "Here we go, lay down Ri."

"I can't breathe," Jason mumbled, pushing at his mate, before he managed to toss him back down to the bed, towards the foot of it. There was a round of laughter, while Tim simply sprawled out at the foot of the bed happily, looking up at his family.

"Since you're awake, dad," Alec said, stretching- wincing over the ache in his ribs. "How 'bout breakfast?"

Jason rolled his eyes. "I see how it is, I'm only good when food is involved."

"Basically," Alyssa teased, shoving at her father.

"Watch it young lady, or you won't get any." Alyssa rolled her eyes, pushing up and kissing her father's cheek. Jason hummed. "Okay, forgiven."

"Ahem, so- breakfast?" Alec asked again, and Jason sat up, shaking out his tussled bedhead. Alec watched, before adding, "Did you get more grey over night?"

Tim snorted, laughing and covering his face, and Jason frowned. "Thanks to you, I did." He reached out, gently tussled Alec's hair. "What do you want, kiddo? Pancakes?"


"Whatever you want, monster." Alec smiled, watched his father manage to climb out of bed, reaching down to gather up Tim and hoist him to his feet as well. There was a brief moment, where Tim pushed up on his toes, kissed the corner of Jason's mouth- and Alec could picture it, over all the years of his life. Those little morning kisses, when they climbed out of bed and he and his siblings took over- the small ones Jason used to steal from Tim, while the kids were snuggled up to them still.

There was something reassuring, about seeing it. About the fact that his dads hadn't changed, after all these years.

"Alright monsters," Jason said, getting a hand on his hip, the other arm around Tim, keeping him close. "March your asses downstairs. Y'all are helping this time."

"Sure you want that?" Riley asked, hopping off the bed. He reached out, helped Alec up, as Alec felt his ribs trying to riot within his chest. Alyssa crawled off the other side.

Jason hummed. "Hmmm, on second thought- Riley is helping me, you two can help your father set the table or something." Jason paused, then added, "I'm not about to risk my kitchen."

Alec laughed, leaned over against Riley, and his brother got his arm around him. He laughed, and he felt strangely okay. Like he was stuck in a little bubble of time, like they had gone back into the
past, and breakfast would be exactly what he remembered it had always been. Like he was a kid, and the world- it was safe, because this house was safe.

Strangely, he felt like he might be able to take this pocket of time and carry it with him. That when he stepped out of that bedroom door and grew up again, it'd still be okay. After all, the worst had happened. He'd survived it.

What more could the world ever have for him?

* 

Tim smacked his fist against the bars of the holding cell, forcing the man inside to jerk his head up. Mayor Hendrick stared at him, as Tim's other gloved fist curled around one of the bars.

"What do you want?" the man asked, eyes flicking from Tim to the shadowed figure behind him. Damian stood a step back, away- watching with a firm scowl on his mouth.

Tim reached down, worked the lock open, before he got the door to the holding cell to swing. He advanced in, loomed over the alpha who was far larger than him, but in that moment seemed nothing more than an ant. He reached down, grasped him by his collar and jerked him up, slamming his back into the wall.

"I'm here to lay down a few rules for you," Tim growled, and despite his mask, he was sure the man knew he was glaring. "You're going away for a long time. We've got you linked to the trafficking ring, the GCPD has all your records now. But what they haven't told you yet is that they have no word of kidnapping in their case report, and they won't."

Hendrick raised his brows, and Tim kept his scowl.

"You will not breathe a word of what you did. You will forget the name Alec. You will forget his face, and you will never speak of this."

"Figured you'd want that brat's face plastered all over the news," Hendrick said, "I mean, rich kid gets kidnapped- he could live it up." Tim growled, thrust him back against the wall again, let the man's head smash against it- hard.

Damian moved then, into the cell, reaching out and placing his hand on Tim's shoulder. "Red Robin," he warned, and Tim tightened his hold on the man's collar.

"You will forget him, or I swear to god, I will gut you slowly." The last thing Tim wanted was Alec to have to face the publicity, if this came to light. And the last thing the family wanted was a tie between this man's arrest and them. It was in defense of both- but everyone knew why Tim was so adamant.

He wouldn't set his son up to be a victim ever again.

"I will find you, no matter where you are," Tim whispered, "Blackgate, Arkham, they could transfer you out of state and I would find you. And you will die slowly."

"You got a rule against that," Hendrick pointed out. Tim leaned in then, pressed right up against him and breathed into his ear,

"I can find reasons to break rules, cunt." The word came out foul on his tongue, before he was dropping the alpha, taking a step back. "And if you think Batman here is who you would have to worry about, you're wrong. He's simply proof that the whole family has agreed to this, and that we
will all come for you. But honey," Tim crouched down now, studying the man he had left crumpled on the floor. "You'll wish you'd never met me, when I'm done with you."

Silence fell, and Damian stood behind Tim, looking like a pure, inky shadow. "Do we understand?" Damian asked, as Tim continued to stare at the man.

Hendrick nodded, and Tim stood up, giving him a final glare, before turning in a whirl of his cape, and stalking out. Damian followed, silently, until they were out of the GCPD, up on the roofs, giving the building a final look.

"Thank you," Tim offered, "for coming with me."

Damian nodded. He knew he hadn't been there to act as some sort of threat behind Tim's words- at this point, Red Robin was just as threatening as the Batman. No, he'd been there to make sure Tim stayed in line.

To make sure Tim didn't strangle this man and breathe in his dying breath.

"How is everyone?" Damian asked.


"You are holding up well." Tim turned then, offered Damian a smile- an unsure, sad sort.

"I'm managing. Jason's managing. Like we have with everything else in our lives." Tim reached out, grasped at Damian's hand, gave it a squeeze. "I hope this is the first and last time any of us have to experience something like this."

"It won't be." Damian hated to say it- but he knew. And it was terrifying, because two of his own children were out that night- Nightwing and Batgirl, both flying over the rooftops, keeping an eye on their precious city.

Behind the masks, Tommy and Masira, the names and faces that made Damian's heart flutter with worry.

"I hope it never happens to you." Damian said nothing- knew there was nothing to say to that, and simply squeezed Tim's hand. It was all the silent reassurance he could give.

And he hoped the same- hoped he'd never have to face the chance that one of his babies could lose their lives, because of this lifestyle.
Chapter 95

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Omegaverse request! (If you want to write it, it's fine if you don't. :) I'm in need of a laugh. I sort of want someone to point out how similar Riley looks like Jason and how Tommy looks almost exactly like Dick. And that the first time they saw them together it reminded them of a younger Dick and Jason being together. And the former Robin dads are shocked, then come to the dawning horrible realization that, yes, if you squint their sons together totally look like Jay and Dick making out."

So this is very early on in the relationship. Riley is 21 and Tommy is 19. Guest starring Avery Cain, who I have never written and that is a shame! (She’s between 17 and 18).

“They’re cute together,” Stephanie said, her hands curled around her coffee mug, looking out at the wide expanse of yard behind the Manor. Next to her, Tim and Jason smiled- agreeing, as they watched Riley sweep Tommy up into his arms, holding him like a princess. Even across the massive expanse of yard, they could heard it clearly.

“I think we all saw this coming,” Tim pointed out, leaning against the railings. Jason’s hand moved to the small of his back, rubbing gently.

“Definitely.” Dick agreed, from Stephanie’s other side. The rest of the family was somewhere inside the Manor, various rooms- the Cave, possibly. It wasn’t often they all managed to get together, but even then, it was hard to keep even in a single isolated area. “Tommy’s been clinging to Riley since he could.”

“Remember Riley before Tommy was even born?” Tim asked, a nostalgic smile on his face. “He used to want to touch Damian’s belly all the time to say hi to the baby.”

There was a round of laughter, as across the yard, Tommy wrapped his arms around Riley’s neck, pulling himself up to kiss him affectionately. Avery, standing with them, had her hands on her hips, a barely noticeable smirk on her face.

Stephanie squinted a little, before she suddenly choked on a laugh. She pinched her lips shut, trying to contain herself- but the other three were already looking at her.

“What?” Jason asked, and Stephanie took a deep breath.

“It’s just...well... Tommy looks so much like Dick.”

“Yeah?” Dick asked, “Pretty sure we’ve all been saying he got my devilishly good looks since he was like, a year old.”

Stephanie reached over and smacked his arm. “And Riley looks an awful lot like Jason...” She glanced over at Jason now. “Just saying, it’s like a little reincarnation of you two together.”

Jason and Dick exchanged glances, before turning back to their kids, squinting- and their mouths falling open. Tim nearly shrieked in laughter, covering his mouth and turning away, leaning back
against the railing, just as Damian popped his head out, frowned at them.

“What in all the hells?” he asked, as Tim wheezed, trying to breathe.

“Steph just...pointed out...” he inhaled deeply, “that Riley and Tommy looks like Jason and Dick and they’re about to lose it.”

Damian glanced past them, at the kids, before he shrugged a shoulder. “Yes, they do. And this is a problem?”

Dick and Jason exchanged glances again, still gawking- and Tim lost himself in another round of laughter.

*R*

Riley let Tommy down, glancing over his shoulder at the sudden burst of laughter. “Is someone killing my dad?”

Tommy glanced around him. “I dunno. Dad and Jay look like they just saw a ghost tho.”

In front of them both, Avery had pulled her phone out, was texting away. “Mom probably said something,” she offered, not even glancing up. A few strands from her undercut fell against her forehead, but she left them be. “She’s good at that.”

“Wonder what it could’ve been,” Tommy mused, clutching at Riley’s arm.

Avery glanced up, before blurting out, “I dunno, maybe that you two look like Jason and Dick or something.”

Riley and Tommy stared at her for a moment, before turning to look at each other. When they looked back, Avery was still looking at her phone, her purple painted lips set in an uncaring line.

“We...shit we do,” Riley said.

“Yeah, watching you two make out is like imagine Jason and Dick doing it.”

“Oh god stop,” Tommy said, “Avery gross.”

“What?” She looked up now, got this devilish smirk on her face that she inherited from Stephanie. “It’s true- sorry to burst your bubbles. Probably everyone sees you two and realizes this is sorta what they looked like.”

“I don’t know if I can kiss you again,” Riley mumbled, and Tommy suddenly gasped.

“You had better be joking!”

The alpha grinned then, sweeping Tommy back up- hoisting him over his shoulder this time, instead of cradled in his arms. “Absolutely. Like hell would I stop kissing you, dollface. Now c’mon, I feel like we need to check in on them.” Riley took a few steps, missing Avery’s continued smirk as she finished her text about the revelation to the twins- adding

Make sure to bring it up Tommy will totally blush.
Chapter 96

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Can you write more wake up mornings when Riley, Alec and Alyssa are all grown up and wake up Timmy and Jay and they are all cuddling and fluffiness, please! love your Omegaverse!"

You got it Anon! This is about 2 weeks after Alec’s kidnapping, so everyone is still recovering from that. So the twins are 22, Riley is 24, Tim is 47, and Jason is 50.

Tim sighed, rubbing his cheek along his pillows as he felt Jason’s mouth on the back of his neck. Lazy, half asleep kisses that had him smiling without opening his eyes. He reached down, clutched at Jason’s hand, the alpha’s arm tossed over his husband’s waist.

“Mornin’,” Tim mumbled, giggling softly as Jason squeezed him.

“Mmm, hi babygirl.” Jason nosed at his hair, and Tim squirmed, managed to keep Jason’s arm around him and get on his back, leaning up to kiss his warm mouth softly. Jason hummed, and when Tim pulled away, whispered, “one more,” and followed him, stealing another slow kiss.

They still gave Tim butterflies, after all these years. Or maybe he was feeling Jason’s butterflies—he really couldn’t be sure.

Jason had just lifted his head, and Tim had let his eyes flutter open, when there was a knock at the door, before the knob turned and it cracked open. “Just tell us,” Alyssa called, “if it’s safe to come in or if we need to vacate this floor immediately.”

Tim laughed, tipping his head back, and Jason flopped down onto his back as well. “You’re safe monsters,” he called, and the door opened properly, Alyssa heading in, leading Alec, whose hand she was clutching tightly. Tim and Jason both shifted wordlessly, and Alec and Alyssa crawled onto the bed, cramming between them, like they used to, when they were kids.

When they were small enough that Jason and Tim could get their arms around the both of them.

“Everyone sleep well?” Tim asked, brushing at Alyssa’s hair, his fingers working the loose knots from sleep from it.

Alec nodded- but glanced at Alyssa, who said nothing. Tim knew the look, though. The look that screamed that Alyssa had had nightmares, again.

He wasn’t sure she’d had a night free of them, since getting Alec back. And it worried him. But Tim didn’t push- at least, not here. Not now. He could ask her later- or Jason would. But it was a matter best left benched for the moment- especially when Tim gave his only daughter a tight hug, holding her like he used to.

She relaxed, like she would when he stroked her hair, after the bad dreams.

They lapsed into silence, a content, warm sort. Alec with his head tucked up under his sister’s chin, the two bracketed by their parents. At one point Jason’s hand found Tim’s, their fingers curling
together- only encasing their children more.

Neither complained.

The silence broke, however, with the distant sound across the house of a voice, calling out, asking
if anyone was up yet. Tim sat up first, smiling because he would know that voice anywhere.

He climbed from the bed, crossed the room and tossed the door open, hurrying down the stairs. He
found Riley standing in the foyer, arms full with a large pastry box, the top housing a cardboard
cup tray, full as well.

“Riley.” Tim said happily, walking over to his oldest and taking the cup holder, so he didn’t have
to balance them. Riley smiled and bent over, kissed his father’s cheek, before heading for the
kitchen. He set the box on the table, and Tim placed the cup holder next to it, before he turned and
tugged his son into a tight hug. “What are you doing here?”

“Just wanted to stop by. Thought I’d help out so dad doesn’t have to make breakfast.” He squeezed
Tim tightly, seemed for a moment like he wouldn’t let go.

This was, in the past two weeks, the fifth time Riley had just wanted to stop by. And that was just
counting the mornings. In the months he had been moved out, before Alec’s kidnapping, there
could easily go a week where Tim wouldn’t see him unless he sought him out.

He couldn’t- and wouldn’t- complain about seeing Riley, ever. But he did worry, about the
ramifications, to all his children. To his family.

“I thought I heard my favorite asshole of a brother.” Alyssa announced, sauntering into the kitchen.
She grinned at Riley. “What’re you doin’ here?”

“Breakfast,” he said, jerking his head towards the box. Alec, who had just stepped into the kitchen
after his sister, bee-lined for the box and flipped it open. He grinned, grabbed a jelly doughnut and
took a bite, waving at his brother and saying around a full mouth,

“My savior.”

Riley laughed, plucking out two of the coffee cups- passing one to Tim, who took it happily, and
giving the other to Alec- who made the same sort of pleased noise their father did, when his
caffeine requirements were met.

By the time Jason made his way into the kitchen, the twins were happily munching on the
doughnuts, and Tim had settled on the kitchen counter, nursing his coffee.

“We having a party?” Jason asked, glancing around. His eyes paused on Tim, and he quirked up a
brow- a silent really?- as if he expected to find one of his kids sitting on his kitchen counter, but
not his husband.

Tim only smiled over his cup and shrugged a shoulder.

“Just breakfast,” Riley offered, holding out a cup. Jason took it, gave his son a smile and a tight
hug.

“Good to see you,” he said, softly, and Riley only squeezed tighter.

“This should be a regular thing.” Alec said, swallowing the last of his doughnut and tossing open
the box, looking them over. “I could get used to this.”
“Or I can continue to make a healthy breakfast on most days,” Jason reasoned, shaking his head. Alec shrugged a shoulder, grabbing his second doughnut and taking a huge bite. Tim watched silently as Riley pulled up a chair, tussling his brother’s hair and kissing his temple, his cheek, until Alec was fending him off with his free hand, giggling over the affection.

He swore he’d seen this, when they were children. Swore he’d seen all his babies dote on each other, just like this. And with all that had happened recently- he could only clutch his coffee tighter and be thankfully he could still see it.
So I decided I definitely want to write Bruce’s reaction to the first time he finds out he’s going to be a grandfather. So, Tim’s about 22/23, and Jason’s 25/26. Tim’s about four weeks pregnant- which means he and Jason made it a whole two weeks from when they found out without blabbing to everyone.

Tim twisted his hands together, taking a deep breath as he looked at Bruce’s door. He knew the man was behind it, sitting at his desk- working away, probably on that proposal for the board meeting in three days. Tim could even visualize his posture.

He reached up, ready to knock on the door- and simply froze. He let his hand drop, sighed to himself. He was bursting with excitement and yet he was strangely nervous. Nervous because he didn’t know how Bruce was going to react to the news.

Nervous because maybe he was still digesting it a bit. Two weeks, and he still woke up and looked down at his belly, which hadn’t changed at all- and he knew it wouldn’t for a while- and thought that maybe he’d dreamt the whole thing up. But then Jason nuzzled into him, got a hand on his belly and asked how his babygirl and their baby were doing-

And it was real, real and exciting and terrifying and so much more than he ever expected already.

Tim straightened his shoulders, forced himself to knock on the door before he could lose his nerve again. He was opening it before Bruce said anything, popping his head in. Bruce glanced up at him, before cracking a relieved smile.

“Thank god,” he said, as Tim stepped in, shutting the door behind him. Bruce had his tie loosened, his hair in slight disarray from tugging at it. “Exactly the brain I need right now.”

“Having trouble?” Tim asked, walking over, stuffing his hands into the pockets of his fitted grey slacks. He’s forgone a suit in favor or a sweater vest, the sleeves of his button down rolled up-

And he could remember the way Jason pressed his face into the soft fabric, how he’d nuzzled Tim’s belly before he left- how Tim had laughed with his fingers in Jason’s hair.

“Trouble is putting it lightly,” Bruce said, as Tim leaned against his chair. “I have written and rewritten parts of this to the point that I feel I’ve come full circle to the original draft.” Tim leaned closer, quickly skimming over his laptop screen.

“Email it to me,” Tim offered, “I’ll give it a better look. Fresh eyes.” He cracked a smile, and Bruce was already pulling up his email.

“Thank god for that, I didn’t want to take it home and ask Damian to do it.” The younger omega, Tim knew, wasn’t fond of this aspect of his life. He could handle the business aspect exceptionally well- but the people portion, it messed with him.

He was only sixteen, though. He had time before he really needed to master it. At least, a little.
“He’d hate you,” Tim teased, taking a step back as Bruce pushed his chair back. “So, are we getting lunch? I’m starving.” And Tim honestly was, and he wasn’t sure if it was because he expected to be, or because he really was-

He honestly didn’t even care.

“I considered working through it,” Bruce admitted, “I feel like I’ve got an endless stack of work to do, and the moment I walk out of this building other work starts.”

Tim hummed, knew the feeling. He was still going on patrol at night- as much as Jason wanted him to not- but since no one else knew beyond the two of them and Roy, there was no one to take Jason’s side. But he was working more surveillance, and Tim swore the moment he finished with one document three more appeared that he needed to go through.

“Let it go,” he said, “there’s more important things in life.” He was smiling as he said it, and Bruce glanced up at him, quirking up a brow.

“You’re in a good mood,” he noticed- and Tim thought a part of it was hiding his fear, hiding what he had stopped in to do in the first place. And a part of it was raw and true.

“I’ve got plenty of reason to be in a good mood,” Tim reasoned, before he swallowed. Knew it was now, or never. And never wasn’t acceptable to him, under any circumstances. “Bruce,” he started, keeping his hands in his pockets, trying to look casual, to not let on to all his nerves. “I’m pregnant.”

Tim swore everything in the room stopped, in that moment. Swore he could feel his pulse not only in his chest, his skull, but even in his fingertips. Swore he could feel Bruce’s eyes sifting through every fiber of his being, as if trying to decode if this was true.

It made him think of when he’d come out to him about he and Jason- about the fact that he was dating the fallen son. That he was in love with Bruce’s brightest ghost. And even now, having been with Jason for four years, having been bonded for over a year- he still harbored a worry that eventually, the truce Jason and Bruce had built, the attempt at everyone being a family again- that it would crack, shatter, the shards would dig into his hands and he would watch the life he loved so dearly and craved bleed right out of his palms.

Bruce stood up from his chair, broke Tim from his thoughts, and stared down at him. Tim returned the stare- had learned how to never pull his eyes away from Bruce’s.

“If you’re wondering, yes, we planned it,” Tim admitted. He and Jason hadn’t voiced their desire for a family to anyone except Roy- and well, maybe Tim had broken and told Stephanie once, how he and Jason felt like they were ready. “I know I’m still young, but with the lives we lead... it felt like a now or never sort of thing.” He shrugged a shoulder- and god, Bruce’s silence, it was killing him.

But then, before Tim could say another word, Bruce’s face split into the sort of grin Tim had rarely ever seen on him. Tim’s breath caught, and he nearly choked on it.

“How long?” he asked, and there was something in those eyes- a sort of restraint that Tim was trying to comprehend.

“A little over four weeks,” he admitted, “I know most people wait until they’re further along to tell anyone but... I don’t know, you’re my dad Bruce. I couldn’t just keep it a secret.”

“So no one else knows?”
“Roy does,” Tim admitted- and Bruce only nodded. Whatever Bruce suspected Roy was to Tim and Jason, he never once actually spoke of it. Tim appreciated that, because it wasn’t easy to explain. “But that’s it.” He pulled his hands from his pockets then. “I know that... I know you’ve always had reservations about Jason and I, but I want you to see how serious we are. How much I love him. We’re going to have a family.”

The word had barely left his mouth when he suddenly had Bruce pulling him in. Tim stumbled a step forward, pressed up against the alpha’s chest, as Bruce’s arms locked around him. Tim let his cheek rest against Bruce’s chest, as one of Bruce’s hands rubbed along his spine.

“I did, at first,” Bruce admitted, “But Jason’s grown. You’ve grown. Hopefully even I have.” He gave Tim a squeeze. “I knew you loved him before you and he bonded. I know I wasn’t... there for you in the beginning, and I’m sorry. But you- you deserve this. He deserves this.” His hands moved to Tim’s shoulders, eased him up. “I’m happy for you. For you both.”

Tim smiled then, reached up with one hand to cover one of Bruce’s, let his own knuckles brush against the scar on his neck. He never made a point to hide his scar from he and Jason’s bonding, even though he knew many omegas did. But the idea that the scar was anything but a sign of how much he and Jason loved was archaic, and Tim had no room in his life for that.

“So, you know,” Tim said, as he broke away, moved more towards Bruce’s side, forced him to begin walking towards his office door. “That means you’re going to be a grandfather.”

“I would complain about you making me feel old,” Bruce teased, “but I don’t think I’ve got a single part of me that could lie that well right now.”

“Bruce Wayne not able to tell a lie? Well, maybe I’ll just have to keep getting pregnant.”

Bruce laughed at that, and it was a real laugh, the kind Tim never heard enough. It made him feel warm inside, fuzzy and full of soft static. “Let’s get lunch,” Bruce said, pausing at his door and opening it, “You’re eating for two now, after all. And I don’t want Jason after me for making you miss a meal.”

Tim laughed, stepping out- and all his nerves, they had lifted away. If Bruce could be positive about this, there wasn’t even a possibility that anyone else in the family could be negative, could have any sort of doubt in Jason and Tim, and what they were doing.

Not that Tim would have let it ruin this, for either of them. They were starting their family- and nothing was going to take this away from them.
Chapter 98

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "same dickdami anon from earlier and i don't have a prompt but i'd love to maybe see something with the girls? or when damian is pregnant with their youngest? i know this isn't helping you at all i'm sorry i'm so starved for dickdami in your omegaverse."

I'm voting for seeing the Wayne kids and their dads when the kids are a bit older. So, Masira is 7, Nadya is 8, and Tommy is 13. Which puts Damian at 31, and Dick at 43- and, because he’s in it, Tim is 37.

“I’m just saying, with the press conference pushed to four, we’ll have enough time to grab dinner with the lawyers and talk about this new deal,” Tim said, from where he sat at the corner of Damian’s desk. “We can even drag dear old dad into it.”

Damian clicked his tongue, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You know those conferences never go according to plan, Drake. We will be stuck there all evening- and unless you want to get dinner at eight at night.”

Tim winced. “Jason is supposed to leave at meet with Roy tonight- they’ve got a job. I have to get home for the kids. I mean, Riley could handle it alone but I’d rather not. And Lian isn’t coming to stay this time.”

Damian moved to rub one of his temples. “What is we pushed the dinner with the lawyers until tomorrow?”

“We have dinner with the mayor tomorrow to discuss conjoined planning and funding for the new youth center.”

“Shit.” Damian shoved his laptop away, not wanting to look at it. “I abhor this, I hope you know.”

Tim laughed softly, reaching out to rub Damian’s arm.

“I know, I know babybat.” He looked about to say more, when there was a knock at Damian’s office door- and not a moment later, it was being open, and there was a rush of movement, as two bodies happily ran into the room, yelling baba! in unison. Damian perked up instantly, smiling and pushing his chair back as both his daughters half threw themselves on his lap, hugging him tightly. He got his arms around, hugging them both.

“Hello little loves,” he said, “What are you doing here?” They were still sporting their school uniforms, and Tim glanced at the time on Damian’s laptop- realizing they must just have gotten out of school. That would mean Jason must have his kids all gathered up at this point as well.

“We wanted to surprise you baba,” Nadya said, smiling the same sort of smile Damian imagined his mother had once had, when she was younger. She looked so much like Talia it could make his head spin at times.

“We missed you!” Masira piped in, grinning with a smile much more like Dick’s- when he’d been
caught with half a box of cereal gone that you simply knew had not been opened the last time it had been seen. “You were gone when we got up for school. Daddy said you were very busy.”

“And I was right,” Dick added, hanging back in the doorway. Tommy was standing with his father, watching his sisters cling to their baba. “But I thought you could use a little boost.”

Damian smiled his thanks, kissed both his daughters cheeks before they stood up, moved to go greet Tim. Tommy headed over then, leaning over and giving his dad a firm hug. Damian returned it, brushing his hair back. “How was school habibi?”

“Alright,” he said, “Alyssa got into a fight after lunch.”

“Of course she did,” Tim groaned, as he played with Nadya’s thick, dark brown waves. She was smiling- always liked when Tim did things with her hair. “I’m sure I’ll get to hear about it when I get home.”

“She was standing up for Alec,” Tommy added, and Tim smiled. “...Maybe I should get her ice cream.”

From the doorway, Dick laughed. Tim glanced over at him, smiled, before he slid up off the desk.

“C’mon you three. Are you hungry? How about we head down to the cafe down the street and get something to munch on.” There was a round of cheers, and Tim turned to Damian. “Promise I’ll have them back in one piece in twenty minutes.”

Damian glanced at the computer, and Tim added, “Don’t worry, I won’t make you go to the press conference alone. We’ve got time.” Damian nodded, watched his kids wave a quick goodbye as Tim herded them out of the office- got a very thankful grin from Dick, before the door shut behind them. Damian slouched back in his chair, sighing and Dick crossed the room. He could feel the stress and exhaustion rolling off his mate, as he leaned down, kissed his forehead, the bridge of his nose, the corner of his mouth.

“Rough day?” he asked, as Damian turned towards his mouth, stole a sweet, chaste kiss.

“Mhm. And it is not over yet.” He opened his eyes- felt his heart jumping slightly at seeing Dick smiling at him. Years later, and he still got a childlike elation, when Dick smiled at him like that. “We have a press conference still, and somehow we need to squeeze in dinner with the lawyers.”

“You know, you promised Tommy you’d both be going out tonight.” Damian groaned at that, reaching up to scrub his hands over his face. “He was hoping if you went, Tim would be okay with Riley going out too.”

“It will be so late,” Damian mumbled- and he had planned on suiting up, of course. But he had forgotten about his little Robin wanting to join him. And if Damian didn’t go out, Tommy wasn’t going alone.

Damian still wanted an adult nearby. And he preferred when it was him.

“I’d do it,” Dick offered, “but only if Bruce will be home. We can’t leave the girls alone.”

“I know,” Damian sighed. “I do not know what to do. There’s no way to get everything done today.”
Dick hummed, reached up to cup Damian’s cheeks, kissing him gently again. He guided Damian forward, until his husband was leaning over, as Dick leaned back against his desk.

“Don’t be stubborn,” Dick teased, “Stand up.” Damian huffed, but pushed himself up, pressing right up to Dick, the alpha getting his hands up under Damian’s jacket, on his waist. “It’ll be okay. You and Tim will make it work. Don’t talk to the damn lawyers- lord knows Bruce always pushed them off enough.”

“Perhaps I should just make father do it alone,” Damian mumbled. Dick smiled.

“There’s an idea. Then you can have dinner with us, and get into some trouble with that little bird of ours.” Damian smiled, and Dick leaned in, kissed him again- slowly, this time. “And maybe when you get home after that,” he whispered, “you and I can get into some trouble.”

“Oh?” Damian whispered, as Dick’s mouth moved off his lips, to his jaw- and then down, onto his neck. Damian shivered, his eyelids fluttering. “Beloved,” he breathed, “Tim will be back with the kids-”

“In like, fifteen minutes,” Dick mumbled, kissing Damian’s pulse, enjoying the way his scent was a memory, buried so deep in his mind. Enjoyed the gentle pull of Damian’s pheromones as he relaxed him. “And I’m just kissing you.”

“You never just kiss me,” Damian reminded him- grasping gently at his shirt. Dick chuckled, nipped at Damian’s neck, before pulling him in tighter, to rest against his chest, so he could get his arms tightly around him.

“I am now,” he offered. He stroked Damian’s back, and the omega sighed, relaxing against Dick- letting himself feel secure.

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“Can I have a bite?” Masira asked, looking up at Tommy with big, pretty jade eyes. Tommy smiled, passed her the- rather giant- brownie he was eating as they walked back towards Wayne Enterprises. Tim was flanking them both, with Nadya at his side, who was happily munching on a pink frosted doughnut.

The youngest took a giant bite, passing it back to her brother, before cramming a giant bite of her cookie into her mouth as well.

“Remember to chew,” Tim said, “God you eat just like your father.”

Nadya giggled, and Masira only smiled, mouth full of sweets. Tim noticed there was a tear in her stockings- and he wondered who went through more- her or Alyssa.

He really wished the Academy would get over the whole *gendered* uniforms. They’d save a lot of headaches if these girls could just wear pants.

Tim herded them back into the building, as they finished off their snacks. One elevator ride later, and they were heading back for Damian’s office- Tim giving a nod to the secretary, who smiled at the gaggle of kids.

Seemed he *always* had one around him- be they his kids, or someone else’s.

“Baba we’re back!” Marisa announced loudly as Tim opened the door. She led the charge in, followed by her siblings, Tim coming in last. Damian was pacing now, talking on his phone- and
Dick intercepted his youngest, grabbing her and hoisting her up, spinning and completely distracting her. Masira laughed, threw her arms around her father’s neck and clung, while Nadya and Tommy patiently waited a step back.

She was, undeniably, the baby of the family.

Damian ended his call a moment later, setting his phone aside, and Dick set their daughter down, let her fun over to him and hug him, Damian squeezed her, laughing as he said, “You smell like a bakery habibti.” Masira only grinned, until Nadya was pushing her way in, demanding another hug. Damian gave it, had endless amounts of affection for his children.

He stood up finally once his children let go of him, gently guiding them towards Dick.

“Tim and I have work to do,” he said, “but I will be home soon. For dinner, even.”

“Really?” Tommy asked, perking up.

Damian smiled. “Yes. I do believe I promised someone a night out.” Tommy looked about ready to vibrate out of his skin with excitement, and Tim couldn’t help but grin over it. “Oh,” Damian added, turning to him, “Would you mind if perhaps I stole Riley for the evening?”

“You’re asking for one of my monsters?” Tim laughed. “Sure. I’ll call Jason, he’ll bring him over before leaving to meet up with Roy. Keep him in one piece, please.”

Damian nodded, as Dick tried to gather his children up. Nadya and Masira were busy exclaiming Riley! happily, while Tommy frowned and pointed out he was his friend and he was coming over to see him.

It had both Damian and Tim exchanging glances and laughing.

“I’ll see you for dinner,” Dick said, once he got his kids to the door. Damian nodded, waving at his children, waiting until the door closed to glance at Tim.

“You are giving me a look.”

“How are you going to make dinner and take one of my kids if we have dinner plans?”

“We do not,” Damian said, walking over to Tim and looping his arm into his. “We have a press conference and then we are going home to our families. Father will take the lawyers.”

Tim laughed at that, leaning over to kiss Damian’s temple. “That’s some magic you worked, Dami. I’m impressed.”

Damian smiled, giving Tim’s arm a squeeze- already looking forward to the chaos that was always dinner with his family- and the pride-filled thrill that was seeing what his oldest could do, filling both he and Dick’s shoes as Robin.
Alec leaned down, tried to bury his nose in his large, plush scarf, as he walked quickly through the brisk winter air, heading for the large glass doors of Wayne Enterprises. He stepped inside, happy with the rush of warm air, and sighed. His gloved hands felt frozen around the two cups he was holding, as he headed for the elevator, slipping on. He was blissfully tucked into his scarf, hat, and coat enough that no one seemed to recognize him, as he managed to hit the sub-basement number, as the elevator finished emptying.

He rode it down, stepping off and heading for the security desk. The officer glanced up at him, raising a brow, and Alec set his cups down, pulled his scarf down, before digging his ID badge out of his pocket. He slid it on the table, and the officer gave a shocked smile.

“Well hot damn, never see you down here kid. Or much of anywhere.” Alec gave a tentative smile—he hated making appearances for very long at the office, but the security staff were always friendly to him—tended to call him kid instead of addressing him by his name. He didn’t mind it, Mr. Drake-Todd always made him feel weird.

He gathered his badge back up and shoved it into his pocket, picked up both cups as the guard released the lock and he pushed it open, heading inside. The sub-basement was the main workshop for Wayne Tech, and only certain employees had access.

Alec, luckily, had access to everything.

He glanced at the doors, pausing at the number he knew was the workshop Owen worked in, and shuffled the cups around, holding one against his body as he pulled his ID badge out again and swiped it. It unlocked, and he pushed it open, heading inside. The sub-basement was the main workshop for Wayne Tech, and only certain employees had access.

Owen was across the room, tablet cradled in one arm as he dragged a stylus over it, displaying blueprints to something on the large screen in front of him. For a moment, Alec simply hung back—Owen looked so focused, lacked that care-free easy smile he always had outside of work. Mostly, Alec liked that he was wearing his glasses—which he only wore for reading.

And Alec had found out, most of the time while he worked.

“Tyler, I thought you were heading to lunch—” Owen said, not glancing up. “What’d you forget this time?” Alec didn’t say a word, began walking across the room. He was mostly there when Owen
glanced over his shoulder- pausing and lowering his tablet a bit.

“Surprise,” Alec said, stopping a step back as Owen turned around. He offered up one of the cups. “I brought you hot chocolate.”

Owen stared at him for a minute, before he cracked a smile- the kind Alec knew so well, that made him feel like he’d swallowed butterflies- and set his tablet and stylus down. “You,” he said, taking the cup, “are the sweetest.”

Alec flashed a smile, and Owen leaned in, kissed the tip of his cold nose.

“And freezing,” he added, “is it still an icebox out there?” Alec nodded. He set his own cup down, figured it still needed some time to cool, and unwound his scarf, before taking his hat off. He sat them aside, shook his hair, watched Owen turn back to his screen.

“What are you working on?” he asked, working his coat open.

“Reworking a stabilizer for military grade terrain bikes,” he said, sighing softly. “I’ve had it down to near perfection for a damn week. But no matter what I do, I can’t get it to stabilize a bike to the extreme angle the contract requires. Not unless I can increase the size- but we’re already at its max dimensions.”

Alec said nothing, glancing around his boyfriend at it. He figured there might actually be a contract for this, sure- but he also knew that would be going on the latest round of bikes for the families. He knew the look of eventual Bat upgrades when he saw it.

He was still reading it over when he heard Owen curse, and glanced over- noticed him setting his cup down and reaching up to cover his mouth.

“Did you burn yourself?” Alec asked, and Owen sighed- looking defeated.

“Yes,” he admitted, and Alec grabbed his arm, forced him to turn and smiled.

“Should I kiss it?” Owen stared at him for a moment, before he burst into laughter- and Alec’s smile turned to a grin. He loved that laugh, loved how alive it made him feel.

“You’re ridiculous,” he offered, before sticking his tongue out teasingly. Alec leaned down- but instead of kissing it licked with with his own, and had Owen jerking back, snorting and breaking into a fresh round of laughter. “Oh my god,” he managed, and Alec kept his grin. He reached out, got a hold of Owen’s stripped button down and tugged him in, leaning down, thanks to that solid inch at least he had on Owen, to kiss him properly.

Owen smiled, got his hands on Alec’s hips and squeezed, kissed him slowly.

“Better?” Alec asked, and Owen nodded.

“Mhm. Definitely.” He leaned in, pecked him again, before he pulled back, turning back to his blue print. Alec left him to it, moving around the workshop to get a glance at everything. Owen shared the workshop with another engineer named Tyler, who had left the majority of his project out- a large, solid bike secured upright on one of the large tables.

Alec assumed they were working on this together- and was shocked he hadn’t heard much about it yet. Owen wasn’t fond of his lab mate, and typically when they had to work together on a project, Alec heard about it. In detail.
He glanced along the bike, standing close, mentally comparing it to the ones his family rode. It looked bigger, bulkier than Alyssa’s- so it would make sense that the stabilizer had to be small.

“I’m going to pull my hair out over this,” Owen said, stuffing his hands in his pockets and glancing over at Alec. Alec glanced back, turning slightly so his hips bumped the table. Normally, it wouldn’t have mattered- but the bike jostled, and the locks holding it in place gave easily, not properly secured. It slid, tilted- was about to topple over.

Three things happened, in that very moment:

Owen yelled Alec’s name.

Alec’s head jerked back to catch the bike as it fell free.

And Alec braced himself to hurt. A lot.

But the bike never crashed into him- Alec watched as it froze, hovered a few inches from him- its bulk supported by thin air. He blanched, stared at it, before he turned, glanced back at his boyfriend-

His boyfriend who was staring right at it. Behind his glasses his dark eyes were black, his pupils having consumed his irises. It made his handsome face almost terrifying.

Alec was quick to sprint away from the area, turning and watching as the bike was slowly lowered, so it rested on its side on the table. He glanced back at Owen, just in time to see his pupils receding, the brown of his irises returning.

“What,” Alec stared, staring, and Owen’s cheeks flushed.

“Fuck... I... I can explain,” he started, lifting his hands. He held them up defensively, but submissively- as if showing he held no threat.

But Alec didn’t need him to. He’s grown up with metas all around him, he knew a power when he saw it- and he wondered how he had gone months and never noticed anything.

“You’re a meta,” he said, and Owen winced.

“Listen, listen. I... I know it’s weird. I’m not dangerous. I swear. Alec, really.” He sounded terrified- and Alec wasn’t sure he’d ever heard Owen really scared. “Fuck, I... I just... no one knows, I’m sorry. I just don’t know how to explain it. Shit.”

He’d also never seen him at such a loss for words.

He crossed the space between them quickly, reached up and gently gripped Owen’s wrists. The blond winced, glanced away.

“Please don’t hate me,” he offered, “I know I’m a freak. I’m so sorry.”

Alec stared at him- simply stared. He inhaled, slowly, before, “I need to show you something.”

Because he knew, it wasn’t going to matter what he said.

“Right now?” Owen asked, and Alec nodded. “Uh... but, what about-”

“Just come with me,” Alec said, letting go of him and grabbing his coat, pulling it on. “Okay? I promise, this is okay. Like, really okay.”
“But it’s not-”

“Trust me.” He grabbed his hat, pulling it on, and Owen only nodded. And for a moment, Alec realized he really did trust him.

*

“I don’t get what’s at your house,” Owen said, following his boyfriend inside. It had begun to snow, and Alec trailed snow over the floors as he headed straight through the house. He heard the door shut, Owen trying to catch up. “Alec? Listen. Can I just-”

“You can say whatever you like,” he said, punching in the security code at his basement door. The house felt like a ghost around them- silent and empty. Both his dads had gone to visit Roy, and he hadn’t seen Alyssa that morning, figured she hadn’t come home after her date the night prior. After patrol. “But just let me show you this for. You won’t believe me, unless you see it.”

The lock released and Alec pushed the door open, glancing back. Owen looked pale, but he nodded, following Alec down the stairs. They got to the second door, and Alec entered a separate code, heard it click open and stepped down, into the family’s cave.

He heard Owen’s breath release behind him, as Alec said, “Vocal security recognition: Harbinger.”

A moment, and the computer was responding- “Voice recognition: confirmed. Hello, Alec.”

“What,” Owen stared, turning around until he’d gone in almost a whole circle. “What is all this?”

“Our own personal cave,” Alec said, tugging his hat and scarf off, tossing them onto the main computer counter. “An offshoot of the Batcave, I guess.” He tossed his jacket over the chair. “I told you it was okay. My dads are Red Robin and Red Hood. My sister’s the second Red Hood- my brother was Aryah, before he retired.” He folded his arms, watched Owen still trying to take in everything, to see it all. “Tommy didn’t get hurt in an accident, he was almost murdered while working as Nightwing. His dad is Batman. My grandpa is the original Batman.”

Owen gawked at him, and Alec sighed.

“I’m Harbinger. I don’t exist except inside the heads of everyone else. I’m our eyes and ears- our new age Oracle. Not quite as cool, sadly.” He shrugged a shoulder. “So, when I say it’s okay, I really freaking mean it.”

Owen clamped his mouth shut, which had fallen open, and Alec shifted, feeling so exposed now. He’d never told anyone about all of this. That had always been a family rule- you didn’t just tell people. Not until they were a part of the family too.

“You’re not a freak,” Alec added, “At all. You’re special. I’m not scared of you. I know Superman and Wonder Woman. I’ve been kidnapped before. You lifting a bike with those pretty eyes of yours- that’s like a bedtime story.” Owen looked at him, his eyes softening, before,

“Pretty eyes, huh?”

Alec laughed, and Owen crossed the room, gathered the omega into his arms, holding him close.

“So I’ve been dating a superhero this whole time?” Alec rolled his eyes.

“I’m not a superhero okay? I just. Help out.” He shrugged, and Owen nodded, before he blurted out-
“Oh god your dads just got even scarier holy fuck.” Alec laughed, leaning his forehead down onto his boyfriend’s shoulder. “And your sister.”

“Don’t worry,” he whispered, getting his own arms around Owen. “Everyone loves you, and you know it.” He turned, nuzzled against the alpha’s neck. “So, do you just telepathically move things?”

“Sorta,” Owen whispered, rubbing one hand alone Alec’s spine. “I don’t really control it. When I get freaked out or over loaded or really emotional it just happens. I don’t really have any control.” He squeezed Alec. “I thought you were going to get hurt and it just took over.”

Alec lifted his head. “Well, I appreciate it. You know... I know someone who might be interested in help you get a little control, if you want.” Owen quirked up a brow, and Alec smiled. “I did say my grandpa was the first Batman.”

Owen’s eyes went wide. “Uh... can I think about that?” Alec nodded. “Okay. It’s just... I’ve never told anyone about this. And I don’t know if I’m really ready to suddenly have everyone in the know.”

“S’okay,” Alec whispered, leaning back a little, rubbing his hands slowly up Owen’s chest. “So... when you get overloaded huh?” He gave a devilish smirk, and Owen laughed.

“Remember the first time you blew me and the power suddenly went off?” Alec snorted, dropped his head back down onto Owen’s shoulder and laughed, and Owen grinned sheepishly. “So, yeah.”

“Thought I noticed the lights flicker once or twice before,” Alec whispered. “So if you fucked me, would the power go out for a block?”

Owen choked, sputtered out, “Have you been thinking about that?” Alec sucked on his lip, didn’t raise his head-

Because, okay, maybe he had a little. For a while. Or a lot, since his last heat, a few weeks prior. He hadn’t let Owen yet, not more than with his fingers, and the alpha seemed more than content as they were- was still always asking to make sure Alec was comfortable-

Always seemed to understand when he just wasn’t feeling it.

But... but he was curious. And his last heat had been nothing but a blur of himself whining into his pillows, his fingers as deep as he could get them and still not enough. He’d had a fever dream of Owen pushing him down into his bed, of biting at his shoulders and neck and making him sob into his pillows-

And he’d liked it.

“No,” Alec lied, lifting his head. “I was just curious.” He looked away, and Owen studied him- but didn’t argue at all. Alec was thankful for it. Instead, Owen just leaned over, kissed his temple.

“So, since you kidnapped me from work,” he said, “do I at least get some couch cuddles? Or are you taking me back?”

“Depends,” Alec said, squirming around a bit.

“On?”

“On how well you kiss me,” Alec whispered. Owen smiled, pulling him in, flush against him,
pressing their mouths tight together. Alec shivered, whimpered gently, clutched onto Owen as his boyfriend kissed him to he swore the brink of death.

And then, just as easily, kissed him back to life.
Chapter 100

Chapter Notes

missezri asked: "If you are still taking prompts for the Omegaverse, I would love to see Grandpa Bruce with any of the babies. He never really had to deal with that before, be interesting to see him left with the kids for a night having to feed baby food and change diapers >

Bruce looked at the utter disaster that was the sitting room, wondering how Tim and Jason had even packed that many toys into a single bag for the kids. He assumed some of them were Tommy’s too- and Avery had quite obviously gotten into her own bag, but still-

“Grampa grampa grampa!” Alyssa was yelling, her little arms shoved up. Bruce sighed, stooped over and picked her up- but the moment she was up, Alec’s lip was quivering, and he had to scoop him up as well, lest he risk another melt down because they were separated.

All he had done was take Alyssa to the kitchen for he swore ten seconds and Alec had lost it. It was partially, Bruce assumed, because he hadn’t wanted to nap- none of them had, honestly. Bruce had so been looking forward to that break, but it hadn’t come. As it was, he’d been going all day with all five of them, and he was so tired deep in his bones he barely knew how to function.

He adjusted the two children in his grasp as they cling to him, watched as Tommy was sitting with Avery, the youngest of the punch picking up toys and chucking them across the room. For a moment, Bruce tried to think of everything that could break if it was hit-

And that was when he realizes he was one kid short.

“Where’s Riley?” he asked, looking around. The twins only giggled, and he set them down on the couch, turning towards Tommy. He knew he had a better chance with him than with the twins- once they decided something was a secret from grandpa there was no way to get it out of them. “Tommy, where did Riley go?”

“Dunno grandpa,” he said, tugging at a coloring book that Avery was sitting on. The motion knocked her over, and she began to wail- Tommy looking suddenly nervous because he didn’t mean to make the baby cry.

Bruce hurried over, picking her up and bouncing her. “Hush, hush,” he offered, settling her against his shoulder to rub her back as she sniffled. “Everyone sit tight,” he said, turning to look at the twins more than Tommy. “I’ll be right back.”

He hurried from the room, and wondered what he had been thinking taking all of them. Alone. But there hadn’t been much choice- Dick and Damian were both taking patrol that evening, and someone had to stay with Tommy. Jason had gone out of town to work with Roy, and Tim needed to be on the streets too- so add three more. And to top it all off, Stephanie had gone into heat, and Cassandra had had no other choice but to remain home with her mate-

Leaving Bruce at five very energetic, very young children.
He hurried out of the room, still holding Avery and simply listening. He heard something fall, in the distance, and narrowed in on the sound, hurrying for the kitchen- where he found Riley.

On the counter.

He’d dragged a chair to the edge, had climbed up, and had the snack bag Tim had packed open. One of the smaller bags had fallen to the ground.

“There you are,” Bruce said, relieved. Tim would have him dismembered if anything had happened to Riley.

He really, really didn’t want to chance that. If anything, Tim had become almost terrifying as a parent. More so than before.

“Hi grandpa,” he said, not looking up as he pawed through the bag.

“What on earth are you doing?”

“It’s bedtime snack time,” he said, scrunching up his face. “You were busy, so I wanted to help.” He lifted up a counter of fruit flavored puff snacks, grinning. “Avery likes these I know.”

Upon hearing her name, Avery squirmed, turned, then squealed, reaching for the container. Riley let her have it, sitting with his legs hanging over the edge of the counter.

“Let’s get you down from there,” Bruce said, daring to set Avery down, before lifting Riley up. He settled him on the floor, watched him take Avery’s hand.

“Am I in trouble?” Riley asked, and Bruce sighed, eyes softening.

“No,” he said, ruffling his hair. “But let’s not climb on the counter again, okay?” Riley nodded. “Now, take Avery back and keep everyone in line- I’ll get those snacks.”

Riley grinned, turning and nearly dragging the youngest out, who was almost waddling in her run to keep up. Bruce sighed, moving towards the fridge and opening it, locating the little tupperware containers Tim had brought over as well.

As if the manor didn’t have enough food.

*

Snack time should have been easy. But it was a mess of Alyssa throwing grapes at Tommy, of Avery crying every time someone else tried to take one of those puff snacks- of Alec deciding he didn’t want to eat until Bruce took his little bowl- and then he was wailing again.

He was more than thrilled that, by the time the cartoon they were all watching was ending and their snacks were gone and forgotten, they seemed to be tired. He took Avery first, left the rest in a cartoon-and-exhaustion induced stupor, to tuck her into her bed. She seemed so tiny, and he could only smile at her.

She looked so much like Cassandra, and Bruce had to wonder if she had looked like this, at her age. He kissed her forehead and switched on her baby monitor, stuffing it in the pocket of his sweatpants and heading back downstairs.

The twins were next. Alec had actually fallen asleep, snuggled into his sister, and Bruce had to very carefully lift them both. Alec curled up into him, Alyssa babbling in her sleep about
everything and nothing at all. It had him chuckling, once he got into the room they were sleeping in and the both of them in bed. The curled up around each other, both out before he could even finish tucking them in.

Finally, it was Tommy and Riley. Bruce clicked off the television, watched as they stood up, and Riley took Tommy’s hand, both trudging upstairs with him. As it always seemed to be, Riley slept in Tommy’s room, and Bruce watched them climb into bed, Tommy flopping down almost in the center, on his belly and stretching out.

Dick used to sleep like that, as a child. A teenager. Hell, Bruce knew he still did- and he wondered how Damian dealt with it.

Riley seemed used to it, contorting until he was curled on his side, snuggled into the pillows. Tommy was already lightly snoring, but Bruce heard a distinct goodbye grandpa from Riley.

“Goodnight boys,” he offered, before slipping out and closing the door. He headed back downstairs, began the work of cleaning up. It took what felt like forever to get the toys all put away- and then the dishes done. That was a nightmare.

By the time that was done and Bruce had collapsed on the couch, he couldn’t imagine why he had agreed to this at all. He pulled the baby monitor from his pocket, his phone from the other, found he had a few messages.

Is Avery okay? Cassandra, maybe an hour ago.

Are my monsters running the manor yet? Jason, exactly thirty seven minutes.

We all wanna know if everyone’s in one piece? Dick, barely five minutes.

Bruce sighed, clicked on Cassandra’s name- and thought about Avery sleeping. Didn’t think about her constant crying earlier- but her silly little giggle that sounded like Stephanie. She’s an angel as always Bruce sent, before clicking on Jason’s message-

And the twins curled up, sleeping, was behind his eyes. Darling and a goddamn n miracle that Tim could have died for. And Riley, trying to take care of everyone- ever the big brother, even to his cousins. Bruce was fairly sure Riley would try to take care of the adults in the family, if they let him.

They’re sleeping- but don’t they always run this place? They’re cute enough to.

Finally, Dick’s message. Bruce sighed, smiled over every memory he ever had of Tommy’s smiling face. He was thrilled that Damian and Dick hadn’t left the manor, that he got to play such a big part in Tommy’s life.

Everyone’s together and sleeping. Have a little faith?

Bruce sighed, tossed his phone aside and leaned his head back, closing his eyes. Sure, he was fairly sure he’d come back from patrol some nights with more energy than he had now- but he wouldn’t trade it. He loved his grandkids, and at the end of the night- he’d never pass up a chance to keep them to himself.
Chapter 101

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "prompt omega verse morning routine for tim and jason with their little kids"

So Riley is 9 and the twins are 7. They’re not super little babies but they’re still young!

Tim scrubbed his hair quickly, trying to get the shampoo out, trying to figure out how long he’d been in the shower- how long until he had until he was border line late.

One of these days, one of these damn days, he’d get up when his alarm went off.

He poured conditioner into his hands, made quick work of his hair, before scrubbing his skin pink, and then killing the water. He hopped out, grabbing a towel and nearly slipping on the bathroom tiles before he made it across them, into he and Jason’s bedroom. He was toweling at his hair, hurrying for his closet and whipping it open, looking at everything from beneath his towel.

He grabbed a few things tossing them on his bed and trying to dry himself off, heading for his dresser. He was in his underwear and hopping around, trying to get his socks on, when there was a knock at his door, and then Alyssa was yelling through it, “Daddy dada says you need to come eat breakfast and get your coffee and be a human!” It came in one breath, and Tim lost his balance, falling onto his hip against the bed.

“Tell dada I’m coming!” he called back, and heard the sound of her running off. God forbid his kids walked for once in their lives.

He threw his button down on quickly, before fighting with his rather tight slacks and getting it tucked in, then grabbed his sweater vest and chose to carry it, as he rushed from the bedroom.

He could wonder where his kids got their whole run everywhere mentality later.

Tim skidded into the kitchen, found three kids sitting at the table, shoving cereal into their mouths- all blissfully in uniform. Looking presentable.

How Jason did that in the time it took Tim to drag his ass out of bed and shower he had no idea.

“Coffee’s on the table,” Jason said, not turning from where he was at the counter, making lunches. Tim plopped down, set his vet on the corner of the table and picked up his coffee, taking a very long drink from it. Exactly how he liked it.

He sighed, feeling a little more alive. “Everyone do their homework?” he asked, and there was a round of nods. He took another sip, watched as Jason finally turned, leaning over the kid and collecting plates as they finished up, dropping them in the sink to worry about after.

“Alright, bags and shoes,” Jason said, trying to corral them all. “Can’t have you monsters being late again- someone will think we don’t know what we’re doing as parents.”
“Do you?” Riley asked, standing up, and the twins giggled. Jason shot him a glare.

“You get to ask that question when you’re my height kiddo,” Jason said, and Riley rolled his eyes, smiling.

Tim wondered when his baby had picked up an attitude- and again, didn’t really need to try to figure out where it came from.

“Hey, hey, kisses,” Tim said. The twins ran over first, and Tim leaned over, kissed them both. “Please behave,” he said, and they both glanced away but nodded, before rushing off. Riley stepped up next, gave his dad a tight hug. “Go easy on your dad,” Tim whispered, “and me too.”

Riley laughed, kissed Tim’s cheek, before hurrying to catch up with the twins. Tim stood up then, headed over to Jason, who was zipping up the last lunch bag.

“I don’t know how you managed this,” Tim said, and Jason glanced over at him quickly.

“Well, I haven’t gotten to shower yet and I think I may have momentarily stepped into the speedforce. Maybe I belong in the Flash Family.” Tim laughed, set his coffee down and wrapped his arms around Jason, snuggling into his back. “Maybe one day I’ll get to shave before I take the kids to school.”

Tim laughed at that. “I dunno, maybe you should just skip it for a few days...” he trailed off, let go of Jason so his mate could turn around, quirkling up a brow.

“Oh?” He tugged Tim in, and the omega reached up, ran his fingers along Jason’s morning stubble.

“Yeah. I kind of like it,” he admitted, and Jason leaned down, nuzzled his cheek and neck- and Tim laughed when it tickled him. He smacked Jason, before from the other room, by the door, they heard a chorus of voices yelling we’re going to be late!

“Bench this discussion ‘til later,” Jason said, kissing Tim’s temple, before he grabbed the lunch bags off the counter, checking the pocket of his jeans for his keys. “Will you be home for dinner?”

“Yeah, short meetings today.” Jason nodded, paused to give Tim a second kiss, a peck at the lips.

“Remind ‘em who’s boss babygirl,” he said, before he hurried past him. Tim heard the kids chattering, knew Jason was passing out their lunches- and then the door opening, closing a minute later.

He picked up his coffee- and if he listened hard enough, could hear the sound of the van doors opening, of Jason yelling for everyone to kick it into gear.

He shook his head, finishing off his coffee and setting his mug in the sink. He grabbed his sweater vest, tugging it on, turning as he did so- and found his travel mug settled by the now empty coffee pot.

He smiled, and really- Jason was too damn good at handling the chaos that was their every morning.
Chapter 102

An Anon asked: "just imagine how it was for the wayne family when tim got pregnant. the paparazzi are everywhere asking bruce about tim they really want a picture of him. bruce wayne first grandchild"

So Tim is about 14/15 weeks along now. The whole family knows, but they haven’t made any sort of announcement yet about a baby.

Tim thanked the barista for his coffee, taking a quick sip as he adjusted the strap of his bag, heading out of the cafe. It was a favorite of his, just down the block from Wayne Enterprises- and very easy to get to, if he ever got a break.

His cotton dress left him feeling a bit of the chill in the air, through his leggings- but he ignored it, focusing on the warmth of his coffee. He was cutting back on his caffeine, and it was dreadful and made him truly consider murder, which simply made this cup all the better. The small mid day boost he was allowed. When he’d started getting a smaller size, two weeks ago, he swore every employee in the cafe had stopped to stare at him, to ask if he was okay.

He’d laughed about it. Oh, he was fine. Just pregnant and looking out for his baby, was all.

He paused as the sidewalk traffic clogged, dared to glance at the thing watch he was wearing. Didn’t normally wear one, but this was cute. Dick had given it to him, on his last birthday. He had maybe twenty minutes before he was supposed to meet with Bruce and a few of the lawyers, to go over the legalities of trying to get out of a deal they had in the works with a company they had realized- thanks to a little night investigation- had ties to a trafficking ring.

They wanted no part of that.

“Tim!” His name was shouted and Tim turned, caught the flash of a camera. He winced, sighed- swore this always happened whenever he had to come to a stand still for even a minute. The paparazzi were all over this part of the city.

He offered a little wave, began walking again- and, of course, they followed. They always seemed even more interested when he stepped out in anything but a suit. He paused near the door, heard another click, and then a very loud-

“Tim, we’re all dying to know- is that a baby bump?”

Now that had Tim full on freezing.

He tugged at his fitted jacket, swallowing. He had hoped it would keep his slightly rounded belly hidden enough. He wasn’t showing much- but he had become rather aware of it, over the last week. The muscles of his abs had softened, pushed out into a subtle swell.

Absentmindedly, he reached down, pressed his hand to his belly, before he turned, saying nothing.
and hurrying into the building, amid a mass yelling of his name. He hurried for the elevator, catching it and riding all the way up to Bruce’s floor. He was maybe five steps off when he saw Bruce coming towards him, the man grabbing his arm and swiftly turning him, guiding him back on.

“Uh, hi,” Tim said, as the doors closed. “Don’t we have a-”

“They want to do it over lunch,” Bruce said with a sigh. “And you know lawyers. Didn’t have much of a choice.” Tim nodded, sipped at his coffee, and Bruce eyed him.

“Don’t worry, this is my midday boost. Totally allowed.” Bruce hummed, stepped off the moment the doors were opening. He was a few steps in front of Tim, when Tim realized the paparazzi were still hanging around outside. “Bruce, wait!” he yelled, hurrying after him as they man opened the door, stepped outside-

Snap!

“Bruce! Bruce is Tim pregnant?”

Snap!

“Bruce are you excited to be a grandfather?”

Snap!

“Bruce will you insist they give the baby the name Wayne since it is a part of your family?”

Tim reached Bruce amid all the questions, saw the actual shock on his face. He leaned over, whispered, “I guess I’m finally showing. They caught me on my way inside.” Bruce glanced at Tim, who shrugged a shoulder, cleared his throat, and said very loudly,

“We have places to be, so, to answer your questions- yes, I am expecting. No the baby will not have the last name Wayne, it will have my partner and I’s names. And as for excitement- well, I can leave that one to Bruce.” He glanced up at Bruce, who didn’t move for a moment, two-

Before he wrapped his arm around Tim, pulling him in for a one-armed hug. “I’m very excited,” he said, and then, with a big smile, “and very proud.”
Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "Omegaverse: maybe Tommy's youngest sister having trouble accepting Riley as her brothers bf. Like she's always adored Riley, but she's scared this might mean that he's going to take away her big brother."

Both Nadya and Masira have actually always adored Riley, so it’s not exactly like Riley is taking Tommy, it’s a mix of just her brother growing up and of the fact that she really can’t tease that Riley is her’s anymore.

So, Riley is 21, Tommy is 19, Nadya is 14, and Masira is 13. This is over a month into their relationship.

“Are you going somewhere?”

Tommy paused by his door, having pulled it half shut. Masira was standing in her own doorway, watching him with those dark eyes she got from their dad. Not quite as dark as his, but still haunting.

“I was gonna go catch a movie with Riley,” he said, and watched the light drain from her eyes.

“...Oh.”

She turned away then, mumbling a have fun and heading back into her room. Tommy frowned, pulling his door shut, manage to take two steps down the hallway, before he was turning, heading back. He paused and Masira’s door, knocked, before he cracked it open, popped his head in.

“Hey,” he said, sliding in and closing the door behind him. Masira was sitting on her bed, cross legged, headphones in. She glanced at him, said nothing as she looked back at the book in her lap. Tommy walked over, dropped down on her bed, reached out and pushed the headphones back until they fell around her neck. “What’s going on?”

“Homework,” she said, lifting up the book, a copy of Of Mice and Men. She set it back down, flipping the page, and Tommy shook his head.

“Not that, Mas. What’s on your mind?” She glanced at him, shook her head, and Tommy sighed. “Sis, c’mon- talk to me.”

Masira pursed her lips, before she shut her book and tossed it towards the edge of the bed. “You’re actually serious with Riley, aren’t you?”

Tommy furrowed his brow. “...Yeah, I am,” he said, blatantly confused.

“You were never serious with anyone before,” she offered, pulling her legs up and hugging them. And... that was true. Tommy’s couple brief boyfriends before hadn’t been much of anything-except let downs. “You’re never around now,” she said, “You’re always with Riley. Always. I come home from school and you’re already at his house. Or when you’re here you just hole up in your room and pretend we don’t know what you’re doing.” Tommy blushed at that. “Even on
“patrol, you run off with him any chance you get.”

She sighed, pouting a little- and Tommy frowned, realized what was going on.

“Mas,” he said, reaching out to rub the space between her shoulders. “Hey... I’m sorry. I didn’t realize you missed me being around.”

She snorted. “Don’t flatter yourself,” she mumbled, got that air of attitude like Nadya seemed to have most waking hours. But he could see through her’s- it was a lie. A bad lie.

Tommy just looked at her, a look he’d given her so many times, over their lives. She glanced at it, before sighing- and nodding, subtly.

“I just don’t want you to disappear,” she said, and Tommy got his arm around her shoulders, squeezing.

“I won’t,” he said, “I promise. Listen, I’ll figure something out. You and me, we’ll have a whole day to ourselves, okay? We can do whatever you want.”

“Whatever I want?” she asked. Tommy nodded, and Masira straightened up. “Okay. I wanna spend a day binge watching Scrubs before patrol, which we blow off half way through to get ice cream before kicking some real ass. And you convince baba to let us drive the Batmobile.”

Tommy snorted, leaning into his sister. “The Scrubs, patrol, and ice cream are a go. I can’t promise there’ll be asses to kick- but I’m sure the city will deliver. About the Batmobile though... that one might take teamwork.” Masira glanced over at him- and grinned.

Because if there was one thing they were good at, it was teaming up against Damian to get what they wanted.
Chapter 104

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "i love alec so much please write about him more something about him when he was young being clingy to tim just holding and grabbing mommy"

Alec is clingy to everyone that’s a part of the family. But he has his moments where he’s even clingier than usual.

So Riley is 5, Alec and Alyssa are 3, and this is while Jason and Tim are trying to plan their wedding.

“I mean, how many people are we honestly inviting?” Tim asked, as Jason set the pastry box on the counter. “We agreed small.”

“I’m not saying invite the whole League,” Jason pointed out, “but our family isn’t exactly small.” Tim pursed his lips, looking back at his tablet, trying to figure out how many flowers to play an order for, to decorate the tables for the reception. He was toggling between options, when there was the sound of small feet- and suddenly a tug at his pant leg. He looked down, and Alec was standing there, tugging on his leg and looking up at him with a pout.

“Up!” he demanded, and Tim set his tablet on the table, turning and scooping him up. He held him towards his waist, and Alec all but clung to him, squirming about.

“Honey, daddy’s really busy,” Tim said, trying to look through the flower options one-handed now. “You were watching cartoons with Ri and Lys.”

Alec whined a little, burying his face in Tim’s shoulder, and Tim sighed. He glanced over at Jason, who left the counter, walking over and trying to take Alec.

“C’mere buddy, maybe if we get a snack-” Jason cut off when Alec whined louder, clinging to Tim, who mouthed to Jason he’s been clinging all day. Jason only nodded and backed off, and Tim left the tablet alone, rubbing Alec’s back.

“You not sleep well last night sweetheart?” he asked, and Alec said nothing. “You didn’t even want to nap. Are you sip?” He managed to get his wrist to the boy’s forehead, but Alec wasn’t any warmer than usual. Tim went back to rubbing his back- accepting that it was just one of those days. They happened.

“Come look at these,” Jason said, pulling Tim back to business. He’d flipped open the pastry box. Tim walked over, glancing down at the neatly cut cake samples he’d brought home, all packaged perfectly. “Anything stand out?”

“I think taste before presentation, hun.” Jason rolled his eyes at Tim. “We’re doing so much salmon and teal coloring- think the cake should match or stand out?”
“What is we dye it blue and watch everyone end up with blue tongues.”

Tim laughed at that, bumping his hip into his husband as Alec shifted in his arms. “You do that and we’re getting a divorce before we’re even married for a day.” Jason laughed, turning and pulling open a drawer. He came back with a fork, spearing into one of the samples and popping a piece into his mouth.

Tim waited expectantly, glancing at Alec, who seemed content so long as Tim held him. He rubbed his back again, and the boy nuzzled into Tim’s neck, right against the scar from he and Jason’s bonding.

Jason didn’t say a word about the cake, simple speared another piece of it and held the fork out for Tim, who leaned it, plucked it off into his mouth. He chewed, swallowed- paused.

“Lemon?”

“I didn’t think I’d be as much of a fan either but...” Jason shrugged. “It’s not bad.”

“It needs something,” Tim said.

“The guy at the bakery said they make one with a raspberry filling.”

“Okay, now that sounds like a good cake.” Jason laughed at that, just as Alyssa and Riley appeared in the kitchen.

“Are we having cake?” Riley asked excitedly, and Alyssa ran over, throwing herself at Jason’s leg and clinging, bouncing on her little feet.

“Daddy and I are trying to decide what cake to have at the wedding,” Jason filled in. “We’re still having dinner. These are just little samples.” Alyssa was still tugging at Jason’s leg, chanting gimme gimme gimme over and over again. Jason stooped down, picked her up, as Riley made his way over, getting on his toes and trying to see up onto the counter. “Sorry princess, but there’s not enough for everyone.”

Alyssa pouted, but Jason kissed her forehead and gave her a good squeeze, and the affection staved off the possible tantrum. Riley seemed far less affected, shrugging a shoulder and turning to Tim, reaching up to tug gently at Alec’s ankle.

“Alec you’re missing the show,” he said, referring back to the cartoon marathon Tim had been dealing with all day long. Alec gave a little whine, snuggling closer to Tim.

“I think Alec is very tired,” Tim said, “but how about to take Alyssa back out? I’ll come sit with you soon.” Riley nodded, just as Jason set Alyssa down, and took his sister’s hand, leading her out of the kitchen. Tim looked at Jason, who was already flipping the box shut.

“I don’t think we’re getting much done tonight,” he offered. “Maybe we can get a babysitter and actually go to the bakery like a normal couple.” Tim smiled, and Jason leaned in, kissed his cheek. “Go take our little prince and sit with the rest of the monsters, I’ll make dinner.”

Tim nodded, heading out of the kitchen towards the living room. Knew Alec wouldn’t leave his lap the whole time- and just hoped he’d be in a good enough mood that dinner wouldn’t be too difficult. Maybe he’d go to be don time instead of pitching a fit, like Alyssa liked to do, and often dragged him into.
Chapter 105

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "baby alyssa always trick jason she acts all cute the moment he lean to give her a kiss thats her chance and pull his hair"

So the twins are 2, and Riley is 4!

Jason leaned against the back of the couch, peering down at the pile his kids had become. Riley was curled up against the arm of it, snuggled under a blanket, half awake as he stared at the television. Alec had already fallen asleep against him, his little feet pressed against his sister, who was the only one still sitting and alert.

“I think it’s nap time princess,” Jason said, and she tipped her head back, looked up at him with those big blue eyes she’d gotten from Tim. “Your brothers are down for the count.”

Riley mumbled incoherently over that, pushing his face into the couch more. Alyssa shook her head, offering up this smile that Jason swore he’d seen on Tim’s face before.

He chuckled, walking around the couch, bending down to kiss her forehead. The moment he did, she reached her little hands up, got a hold of his hair and tugged. Jason winced, a quiet ow! coming out, and Alyssa fell into a fit of giggles.

“Monster,” Jason teased, when she let go and fell back into the couch. He shook his head at her, before bending down and scooping up Alec. The little omega stayed sound asleep, as Jason pushed him up onto his shoulder, playing a balancing act he’d perfected, as he managed to scoop Riley up as well. His oldest clung to his father, yawning, and Jason looked down at Alyssa. “You stay put you little devil,” he said, and she, he swore, batted her eyelashes at him and flashed a smile.

Jason headed up the stairs, stopping at Riley’s room first to lay him down in his bed. Half asleep, he squirmed around until he was sprawled on his belly, mostly under his blankets- and Jason left him like that, shaking his head and heading across the hall, for Alec’s room. He tucked his younger son in, watched Alec curl up into his pillow, before leaving them, heading back downstairs.

Alyssa was on the couch, exactly where he left her.

“And then, a moment later, she was lifting her arms, her hands flexing as she said, “up!” Jason cracked a smile, walking over and scooping her up. The moment he did, her hands were in his hair
again, tugging. He groaned, and she erupted into a fit of giggles.

“What am I going to do with you?” He asked, as she tugged again. He winced. “Princess,” he whined, and Alyssa pulled back, lifting up her little chin—like she knew she had Jason wrapped around her fingers already.

“You’re still taking a nap,” he said, and she pouted again. He leaned away when she reached for his hair, hurrying up the stairs and stopping at Alec’s room again, and not her own. “What if I let you nap with Alec?”

As if he’d even try to separate them.

Alyssa sighed. “Okay dada,” she said, and Jason slipped back into the room, heading for the bed. He tucked Alyssa in next to her brother, who rolled over and snuggled into her the moment they were both under the blanket.

Jason leaned over, kissed her forehead. “I love you,” he said, and Alyssa flashed a big smile, when he pulled back—before it was broken by a yawn.

“Love you—” another yawn, “too dada.” She turned, pushed her face into Alec’s hair, and Jason stepped quietly backwards, not wanting to look away for as long as he could.

Monster as she could be, that little girl had his heart. They all did.
“Riley- *Riley*! Don’t go out so far!” Tim yelled, standing as the soft waves brushed at his thighs. His oldest was already a few yards away, kicking happily, swimming as if he was *born* to be in water.

“I’m fine daddy!” he yelled back, even as Tim continued to wade closer, trusting Alyssa on her own, back were she was splashing towards the shore.

“I don’t care, you get your *butt* back here mister! That’s too far without me!” The water hit Tim’s waist, and Riley was still a few feet away. There were other families in the ocean, laughing a distance away from them, but not enough that Riley couldn’t hear his father.

“Riley, *listen to your father!*” Jason now, standing back in the sand, completely dry. Alec sat at his feet, intent on the castle he was building.

Riley huffed, turned, and in a few kicks was at Tim’s side. Tim hooked an arm around him, hauling him back a few feet, as Riley squirmed, unhappy.

“I’m a good swimmer!” he yelled.

“I know you are, Ri-bean, but this is the *ocean*, and the waves can pick up at anytime.” Tim let go of him, the water back at his thighs. “Just stay close, okay? Before we leave we’ll go swim farther out.”

“Promise?”

“Of course I do.” Riley grinned, and Tim returned the smile, before he heard Jason *yelling* their daughter’s name. He turned, watched his mate sprinting across the sand, scooping her up and turning on his heel, nearly falling on his ass to keep her from touching the rather gelatinous lump she had been heading for.

“Dada lemme touch it!” she squealed, turning in his arms and reaching towards the jellyfish.

“Over my dead fuckin’ body,” Jason said, marching right back to where he’d left Alec.

“Language!” Tim yelled, knowing it was *pointless*. They’d already gotten quite the *healthy* lecture from one of Alyssa’s teachers on her language. He sighed, shaking his head, as Jason dropped their daughter down into the sand. She sprawled out, her foot knocking into one of Alec’s many sand structures- and suddenly he was tossing sand at her, *yelling*.

Tim reached up and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Do not swim out,” he said sternly, and Riley nodded. Tim headed for the short, was out of the
water as Jason knelt down, helped brush the sand off Alyssa.

“We’ll fix it baby,” Jason said, as Alec folded his arms, pouted. “Honest.”

“Or, better idea,” Tim said, crouching down and brushing Alec’s dark hair back. “How about you and Lys bury dada in the sand?”

“Excuse me?”

“Yeah!” Alyssa yelled, throwing her hands up, nearly smacking Jason in the face as she did so. Alec grinned, promptly shoving over a bunch of his structures as he began digging, trying to make a little concave for Jason to lay. Alyssa hurried over and helped, as Jason glared at Tim.

“I hate you,” he said, and Tim smiled.

“I love you too, sweetheart.”

* *

“You have to get his legs nice and good, or he’ll get out,” Tim said, leaning back in his beach chair. All three kids were now crowded around Jason, who had laid out on his back in the small ditch they dug, and was letting them bury him, as suggested.

Because, Tim knew, he’d do anything for their kids.

“Which one of you is digging me out?” Jason asked, as Alec dumped an entire bucket of damp sand onto his belly and began packing it together.

“Daddy can do that,” Alyssa said, and Jason grinned.

“Good plan, sugarplum.”

* *

Tim held his phone out, taking a final picture of Jason, as the kids hurried towards the ocean to rinse the sand off them.

“This is perfect,” Tim said, cocking his hip. “I’m sending this to Roy.”

“How about after you dig me out?” Jason asked, even as he squirmed, began to free himself from the rather heavy sand. Tim ignored him for a moment, attaching a number of pictures from the event, before he loosely crossed his arms, phone limp in his hand.

“Hmmm, I dunno. What’s the magic word?”

Jason stared at him, before he offered a devilish grin. “I’ll fuck you into your dreams tonight.”

Tim laughed, tossing his head back, before he dropped down to his knees, setting his phone aside and pushing the sand off Jason’s chest. “With three sleeping kids in at the other end of the suite? I doubt it honey.” He worked at the sand on Jason’s abs now, as Jason got his hands free. He reached up, covered Tim’s own hand, slid it along his belly until it hit the waistband of his swim trunks.

“Mhm. Three exhausted and dead to the world kids who could sleep through the city burning down.” Tim smiled, leaned over Jason, as his husband arched up, kissed him. Tim hummed against his mouth, before he added,
“What makes think we won’t be dead to the world?”

Jason chuckled, flopped back down, and looked up at Tim with those heart stopping eyes, that smile that he had fallen for, over and over again, every day of their lives. “Because I know you, babygirl. And if I even hint at sex, you’re awake and ready to go for about two days straight.”

Tim bowed his head, laughing because it was true, as he could hear, in the background, their kids laughing against the splashes of the ocean.
Chapter Notes

I really missed Riley and Tommy. I just needed something fluffy with them.

Riley’s 23, Tommy’s 21. This is shortly before Alec’s kidnapping, and Riley’s life sort of spiraling for a bit.

“Baby, should I just leave you and that book alone for the night?”

Riley glanced up, across the room to where Tommy was leaning in the doorway. He’d taken one of Riley’s flannels, left it open so there was a healthy amount of dark skin visible, leaving down to the waistband of his underwear. Tommy quirked a brow, and Riley laughed at himself, reaching up to adjust his reading glasses.

“Sorry dollface,” he said, shutting the paperback as Tommy crossed the room, hopped up onto the bed. Bigger than Riley need, for just himself- but then again, how many nights did he plan to spend alone in his apartment? “I get wrapped up.”

“I know.” He reached out, took the very battered paperback from Riley’s hands. “You’re just like your dad.” The omega flipped the book open, the paperback’s spine cracked in many places. “How many times can you read Mrs. Dalloway in one lifetime?”

“Not enough,” Riley said, leaning over and kissing his boyfriend’s cheek. Tommy gave a little sigh, and Riley leaned down, nuzzled his neck. “So no gallivanting tonight, Nightwing?”

“Depends- do I have to vie for your attention? Because this big isn’t big enough for you, me, and Mrs. Dalloway.” Riley snorted, laughing into his boyfriend’s neck, before he hooked an arm around Tommy, pushing him down to the bed. The paperback fell to the floor, as Riley easily pinned his boyfriend down, lifting up just enough to stare down at him.

“You’ve always got my attention, pretty boy,” Riley offered, as Tommy reached up, got his hands in Riley’s hair and pulled it free. He smiled, giving it all a tussle, before Riley gave a playful growl, and Tommy was laughing.

“You’re just a big pussy cat,” he mused, “with this mane.” Carefully, he pulled Riley’s glasses off, reaching towards the nightstand and settling them on it. “ Wouldn’t want to break those.”

“Oh? Don’t be too rough on your poor little kitty cat.” Tommy smacked Riley, who was laughing again, leaning down and kissing the bridge of Tommy’s nose. “But really, you’ve got all my attention Tommy. Just tell me what you want.” He paused, moved lower, pecked his lips affectionately, “and I’ll make it happen. Give you the world, dollface.”

Tommy smiles, his chest going tight with pure adoration- because he knew it was true. Riley would give him anything, for just a tiny smile.
Chapter 108

Chapter Notes

jinxous-all asked: "We need more Alec and Owen too adorable"

Alec and Alyssa are 22, and Owen is 23. This is after they start actually having sex (I don’t have it in me tonight to tackle that ficlet sadly).

Alec grunted, cracking his eyes open as his boyfriend’s full body weight rolled onto him. He frowned, resting his chin on his pillow. “Owen,” he said, but the alpha didn’t respond, still asleep, sprawled out on his back. “Owen.” A little louder now. The alpha grunted, fluttering his eyes open as he nuzzled into the back of Alec’s neck.

“Mornin’ sugar,” he mumbled, and Alec continued to frown.

“You’re laying on top of me.”

“Mhm.”

“...Move.” Owen yawned, snuggling down instead, pressing a lazy kiss to the omega’s neck.

“You’re comfy. Five more minutes.”

“I’ll throw you outta this bed.” Owen chuckled, as he carefully pushed himself off Alec, flopping down next to him.

“I know you could,” Owen agreed. Because when it came down to size, he was a god two inches shorter than Alec- and even if they were built the same for the most part, he knew Alec at least knew self defense.

And using his powers- well, if he could control them well enough- it’d be cheating.

Alec shifted, slid up against Owen’s side and curled up into him, cheek resting on his chest. “You’re gonna be late for work,” he said, and Owen just curled an arm around him.

“You’re not helping.” Alec shrugged a shoulder- truth be told, he’d be content if Owen stayed in his room everyday. Or if he just lived in that closet of an apartment Owen had. Just so long as neither of them left.

It was a little embarrassing, to be so attached but-

His thoughts broke when his door pushed open, and suddenly Alyssa was jumping onto his bed. “Mornin’!” she yelled, and Alec nearly bounced off the bed, grasping at the blankets and tugging them up to he and Owen’s chins-

After all, they hadn’t bothered with clothes when they’d finished up the night before and passed out.

“Lys, get the hell out!” Alec yelled, as Alyssa settled down, folded up her legs and just looked at
“Blondie’s gotta get his ass in gear or he’s gonna be late,” she mused- and Alec wondered if she had been *listening*. “If I leave, you two are gonna pass out... or fuck again, I don’t even know which.”

Alec’s face brightened, and he wanted to pull his blanket up over his head. Or punch his sister. *Or both.*

Because *that* was still something he was getting used to. Hell, *all* of the physical intimacy he and Owen shared-

Alec wasn’t sure if it ever wouldn’t have that strange-new feeling.

“So up, up, *up*. Dad has coffee going so daddy’s not a monster. Go hook up an IV to it Alec and let your boyfriend put himself together- daddy said he’d even drive him.”

Owen sat up, the blanket falling down, pooling around his waist, and Alec- he told himself not to look. Not to study the jut of his collarbone or the slim, tight muscles of his arms or-

“Could you, uh...” Owen twirled his finger, and Alyssa sighed- reaching up and covering her eyes as if they were *kids* again. Owen took advantage of it, tossing the blanket off and crawling over Alec- completely *naked*- and grabbing his sweatpants, hopping into them. “I’ll be quick,” he said, heading out of the room-

And when Alec looked back, Alyssa was peeking through her fingers.

“*Really* Lys?”

“What?” She dropped her hands, shrugging. “Just quality control- makin’ sure he’s good for my baby bro.”

“I’m *older than you.*” Alec grabbed a pillow, chucked it at her, and Alyssa caught it with a grin-tossed it back and smacked Alec right in the face.

“Put on some pants and come get coffee. And the next time you and blondie wanna get down and dirty- please remember *we share a wall.*” Alec frowned, as Alyssa climbed off his bed, laughing. “You’re too *cute* to be threatening.”

“I’ll hack everything you own.”

“You really wanna see what’s on my Instagram?” She winked. Alec huffed, as Alyssa stepped out, pulling his door shut, before he flopped back down onto his back.

It wasn’t like he’d had to deal with Alyssa growing up and *sharing a wall*. Wasn’t like he hadn’t heard his fair share of things- and Riley too, hell even their *dads*-

Oh god *what if they had heard?*

Alec reached up, covered his face with his hands- and thought that yeah, maybe he’d never leave his room. Ever again. *Ever.*
Chapter 109

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "All your fics are amazing but I've got a soft spot for any timdami in
your omegaverse au! There's just something sweet about the fact that they're so in tune
with each other and I'm a sucker for fluffy platonic relationships. I like to think that
they're very receptive to little bouts of physical affection with each other. I also think
it'd be cute if Tim teased Dami by threatening him with hugs and kisses, if for nothing
else than to get a reaction from him. Lbh, Damian's pouts are adorable."

So, Damian's 26 and just had Masira a few months ago. Tim is 32. And Damian is
very tired bless his soul (Nadya is probably about 15 months old, and Tommy is 6).

“You look like you haven’t slept in a solid four days,” Tim said, leaning against the doorway to the
sitting room. Damian lifted his head from the back of the couch, turning to face him- jade eyes soft
and utterly exhausted.

“Only four days?” Damian asked, “I’m doing well then.”

Tim laughed, walking into the room and dropping down on the couch next to him. “The girls go
down for a nap?”

“About ten minutes ago.” Damian glanced at the baby monitor settled on the arm of the couch,
looked like he had a moment of knowing fear that sooner or later, one of them would start
 crying. “How did you ever handle two at once?”

“I’m magic,” Tim offered, leaning in and tossing his arms around Damian. “C’mere, lemme just
spread a little on you.” He rubbed against Damian’s arm, and the other omega snorted, trying to
shove at him.

“Drake.”

“Feelin’ it yet babybat?”

Damian laughed, as Tim leaned in, kissed one of his cheeks. “Tim I swear on the high heavens,
release me.”

“You can break this hold.” Tim squeezed harder, kissed his jaw now. “You’re not even trying.”

“-tt-” Damian frowned, his lip protruding in a pout he had never outgrown, and Tim was laughing,
kissing his temple and nuzzling his hair.

“I have half a mind to tell Dick to just take Tommy over to my place, and I’ll stay here. We could
curl up and take a nap. And I could handle the girls if they woke up.”

Damian sighed over that, turning and leaning heavily onto Tim. He always slept the best when
someone else was present, and he’d learned that when he was utterly exhausted, there was nothing
like having the other omega snuggling in with him. He was calming in a way that was never
overbearing. Even in that moment, Tim’s pheromones were light, but made Damian feel slightly
fuzzy, in his veins.

“Tommy will be very disappointed if he doesn’t get a car ride with you,” Damian admitted, as Tim reached up, threaded fingers through his hair. “He’s talked about you all day. I swear you have a fan club in him.”

Tim grinned. “Well great, I’ll just take him off your hands and keep him.”

Damian shoved at Tim, causing them both to sprawl out on the couch, Damian draped on top of Tim. “You’d have to kill me,” Damian pointed out, and Tim cupped his face, pressed on his cheeks and nearly laughed as Damian tried to scowl.

“Well then, I’ll just borrow him for a bit. And stop scowling, you are the least threatening thing right now, Dami.” Damian did, and Tim released his face, choosing to wrap his arms around him and tug Damian now to rest properly on his chest. “Now get down here and just relax for a minute-before that mate of yours brings us your little prince and I have to leave.”

Damian said nothing, nuzzling into Tim’s chest, breathing him in and sighing in relief. At least for a minute, he’d have a little peace.
Tim knew when something was one Jason’s mind. It was subtle- Jason was good at hiding his own distraction from the world. But Tim always noticed this almost haze in his eyes, the subtle pause before he would begin speaking, as if he had to be pulled back into himself. The way he’d tap his fingers on his thighs, over and over again.

Tim stretched out in their bed, knowing he needed to pull himself from it soon. Needed to suit up and meet Bruce for patrol. But the bed was warm, it smelled so strongly of Jason, had hints of Roy in it now, from his visit a few days prior. It was a sort of heaven Tim hated to ever pull himself from.

The fact that it was lacking Jason physically though, was just another sign that something was up. Tim sighed, pushing himself from the bed and combed his fingers through his hair, heading from their bedroom out towards their living room. He expected to maybe find Jason reading- but the couch was vacant.

The kitchen was empty as well.

“Jason?” Tim called, but got no response. He frowned, heading back for the bedroom, checking his phone. Nothing. Tim frowned, heading back out- and noticing Jason’s leather jacket was missing from it’s hook. Tim slipped into his shoes, grabbed his cardigan off the hook and- after double checking to make sure he had the keys in his sweater pocket- headed out the door. A few flights of stairs, out the apartment complex doors-

And there was Jason, puffing away at a cigarette, scrolling through his phone. Looking...

Like he was off, in another world.

Tim frowned, pulling the cardigan around himself tighter and folding his arms. He didn’t like when Jason was like this. He wasn’t shut off- Tim wasn’t sure Jason could ever wall himself up against him, but he was still... distant.

Time walked over, pausing next to Jason as the alpha’s eyes flicked over to him. “Hi.”

“Hey. You woke up.”

Tim nodded. “Was sort of hoping I’d wake up with you next to me,” he pointed out, before he looked at Jason’s phone. “Whatcha got there?”

“Lian,” Jason said, holding his cigarette between his lips and passing his phone to Tim. “Roy sent me some new pictures.”
Tim took the phone, scrolling through and smiling to himself. “She’s getting so big,” he said, “god, she has Roy’s stupid grin.” Tim felt his cheeks almost aching from the smiles- half wishes Roy had brought Lian with him, during his last visit. He knew it would have... complicated things, slightly, but he adored the little alpha, and knew she adored both him and Jason.

Jason only nodded, taking one last drag from his stub of a cigarette, before he dropped it. Tim glanced down, as Jason pulled out another one- and realized that hadn’t been his first cigarette.

Jason didn’t usually chain smoke.

“Babe,” Tim said, reaching over and easing Jason’s phone into the alpha’s pocket, as he lit his cigarette. “You going to talk to me, or are we going to run around whatever’s up for a few days?”

Jason gave a chuckle, around his cigarette, tucking his lighter away. It was the silent you know me too well that he always had for Tim. Tim could feel the subtle pull of momentary amusement, in their bond. “It’s a conversation for another day. Maybe.”

“Maybe?” Tim leaned against Jason’s arm, watching the smoke drift up from his cigarette. “Jay, talk to me.”

“You’ve gotta suit up and meet B.”

“I can be a little late.”

Jason sighed, glanced down- and for a moment, Tim wondered if he was actually going to speak. At all. The moments dragged, heavy, until- “Do you ever think about the future?”

“All the time,” Tim said, a little confused. He thought about where the company was going, thought about every case the family had open and where they were going, thought about-

“I meant us,” Jason said, as if he was inside Tim’s head, could see the list ticking off. “Our future. Where we’re going.”

Tim licked his lips- wasn’t exactly sure what Jason meant. They were bonded already, and if meant getting married, that could come whenever they felt ready-

“About... having a family.”

Oh. Oh.

Tim blanched, and Jason took another drag, laughing bitterly at himself. “Ever think about us making a baby? Waking up in the morning for someone aside of us and this city? Ever think about being a dad?”

Tim licked his lips again, because, honestly-

He hadn’t.

“Forget I mentioned anything,” Jason said, and Tim could feel his discomfort from Tim’s silence. The omega frowned, as Jason glanced away. “Go suit up. B will be pissy if you keep him waiting.”

“Jason-”

“Another time, babygirl.” Another puff at his cigarette, and the he turned his head, smiled at Tim- and it was real, it was loving, even if Tim could feel Jason’s discomfort. “Come home to me in one piece?”
Tim nodded, leaned up, kissed Jason’s mouth. He tasted like smoke, but it was something Tim had strangely fond memories of—like the first time he had kissed Jason, and how he swore he tasted the embers of the hellfire in his belly, in their first kiss.

* 

Jason stared up at the ceiling, holding the phone to his ear. The bed next to him was chilled—lacked Tim as he was out in the city. Jason had been tempted to go out as well—but after admitting to Tim what he’d been thinking—

He felt like he needed to be locked up.

Because he was terrified the things he wanted, that they didn’t coincide with the future Tim hoped for. They hadn’t talked about a family, in their years together. The first two had been enough to establish a relationship, to move past hate fucking to actually loving.

The year since their bond had been enjoying being in each other’s heads. Realizing that they had made a forever commitment— and loving every second of it.

But this had never come up. Jason had known for some time, in the back of his head, that he wanted to be a dad. But it was only recently that he’d really thought about it—and seeing Lian growing up, it wasn’t helping.

“He didn’t really say much,” Jason said, knew Roy was bustling about his home, cleaning up now that Lian was tucked into bed. “I didn’t give him much chance but... fuck Roy. I didn’t fuck this up, did I?”

Roy sighed. “Jaybird, I don’t think it’s possible to fuck you and Tim up. You guys are... hell, it’s like you really were cut from the same stone. Don’t jump to conclusions like the both of you are so damn good at. Just... give him a little time to think it over.”

Jason inhaled slowly, and then—“I wish you were here.”

Roy chuckled. “No Jay baby, you don’t. You don’t need me right now, you need Tim. We both know it.” Jason sucked on his tongue—it was true, but a lie as well. He cared about Roy, he and Tim both did— and even if they were unofficial in so many ways—

He was still comforted by Roy. Felt like sometimes Roy was the link he and Tim needed, when they got too into their own heads.

“Give him time,” Roy said again, “Let him think about it. Let him have an opinion. I think it’ll work out.”

Jason hoped it would— because he wanted to be a dad, and he knew that.

But he knew, more than anything, he couldn’t lose Tim. And he worried that, if Tim was opposed to the idea, that his mate would get lost in the idea he was denying Jason something. That Tim would do exactly what Jason would—

Think he was ruining the other’s life, and feel the need to right that— by removing himself.

* 

Tim had been distracted, day in, day out, mulling Jason’s words over. How convenient that the next day Jason took a job with Roy and was gone. How perfect that Tim was left alone with his
thoughts, and mateless. Unable to sit Jason down and talk about it.

Actually- Tim realized maybe it was perfect.

Perfect because he hadn’t been sure what to think, and he really did need the time to think it over. Because at first- Tim hadn’t been sure. He’d never thought about kids, hadn’t realized maybe Jason would.

And the idea was terrifying. Or, those first two nights alone, ins his bed, in the dark. What if he wasn’t good enough. What if Tim couldn’t take care of a baby, what if he couldn’t give a child what it needed-

What if he failed in all the ways he possibly could.

But that third night, pushing past the fears- he gave the rest of it consideration. The thought, as his hands rested flat against his abs, of Jason’s hands over top them, of his belly swollen and knowing there was a life they had created together. Of Jason nuzzling his neck and the two of them smiling.

Thought of Jason holding a baby, and in that moment, Tim’s heart had swelled so much, he wondered if Jason could feel the affect on him, no matter how far away he may have been.

Tim rationalized the fears were to be expected- they were both still young, but it wasn’t as if they couldn’t support a family now. And...

And Tim didn’t see a reason to wait, if Jason wanted this. Because, after a few nights to truly think on it-

Tim wanted a family, too. Want them to have a family together.

He let himself into the penthouse from the roof, began to process of removing his suit as he headed for the bedroom- and found the light on.

And Jason, sitting in bed, reading. The alpha glanced up, as Tim pulled his gloves off.


“Was going to come home tomorrow, but a late night drive seemed like a better idea.”

“Oh?”

Jason nodded. “I missed you, babygirl.”

Tim felt the tug in his chest, and if it was his own affection or Jason or a combined effort, he had no idea. He walked into the room, dropping his gloves and mask, his cape fluttering down on top of the mess. Around the bed, and he stopped, as Jason set the book aside, reaching out to work on his utility belt.

“I missed you too,” Tim admitted, as the utility belt clattered to the bedroom floor- and Jason began to work of unhooking and unzipping Tim’s suit. “I’ve been thinking, Jason.”

Tim could feel the shock of dread, in Jason’s chest. And it made his stomach turn, made him sick that Jason could feel that around him. “Oh?” Jason whispered, as he began to work the top of Tim’s suit off his body. Tim paused long enough to tug it off, shuck it to the ground.

“Yeah. Jason...” he swallowed. “Baby I love you. You know that. We wouldn’t...” Tim reached up,
traced his fingers over the scar on his neck, from their bond. “We wouldn’t have bonded if I didn’t. If I didn’t believe you loved me. And I’ll admit... I never thought about a family, before.” He saw the flicker in Jason’s eyes, and continued before it could become a tremor. “Until now. I was... scared, thinking about it at first. Still am. What if I can’t be the dad a kid needs? I don’t know what I’m doing but... but I can learn.”

Tim climbed onto the bed, straddled Jason and reached out, cupped his face.

“I’m terrified but... Jason... hell, let’s do it.” Jason stared at him, wide grey eyes that always made Tim’s belly quiver. “I love you, and I want our future to have everything. A family can be part of that.”

“Are you sure?” Jason’s hands flexed not touching Tim yet. “Tim, I don’t want to force you-”

“I want to have your baby, Jason.” Jason inhaled sharply, and Tim smiled- sweetly. That kind that had so much love in it that it was impossible to miss. The kind that had Jason’s heart thudding madly in his chest. “We’re young but we can do this. The two of us, we can do anything.”

Jason returned the smile, finally reached out, got his hand son Tim’s waist. “I love you,” he offered, leaning up, kissing Tim slowly, softly. “I don’t deserve you.”

“You deserve the world,” Tim breathed, chasing Jason’s mouth for another kiss. “Let me give it to you.”

“You already did,” Jason admitted, and Tim laughed, laughed from his gut and leaned into Jason, until he was flopping back into the pillows. He kissed him again, smiling so much into it it was almost pointless- but Jason giggled against his mouth, rolled them over until he had Tim pinned beneath him.

“I’ll stop my suppressants in the morning,” Tim offered, reaching up to brush Jason’s hair away from his eyes. Even saying that had a sudden tendril of excitement coiling in his belly- and when Jason’s eyes, he swore, lit up, it tightened to bursting. “It might even be out of my system by my next heat.”

Jason leaned down, brushed his nose along Tim’s. This close, he smelled so damn calming, like everything Tim loved so much- had loved their first night together. Before it was love, when it was hate and desperation.

Oh, how life changed.

“Maybe,” Jason offered, one of his hands finding the edge of Tim’s lower half of his suit, tugging on it, “we should get a head start.”

Tim laughed, tipping his head back. “I probably need a shower first.”

“Mmm, you’re perfect just the way you are, babygirl.” Jason nuzzled his neck, kissed at his scar. “What do you say?”

Tim smiled, let his eyes fall shut as he lightly dragged his nails along Jason’s shoulders. “That I love you,” he offered, and he felt his heart seizing up, chest flooded to capacity with he and Jason’s affection.

“I love you too, Tim,” Jason breathed, against the scars from his teeth. “I always will.”
Chapter 111

Chapter Notes

Still on a bit of a kick for JayTim in the Omegaverse before their kids. This one is all for when they told Roy they were expecting Riley- so Tim is only like three weeks along. And Roy’s the first person to know.

Tim was up off the couch, tablet forgotten, the moment he heard the doorbell. Jason was in the kitchen, and Tim was yelling I’ve got it before his mate could even react.

He yanked the door open, glancing up with a big smile at Roy, who quirked up a brow at the fact that Tim had blatantly run to the door. “What’s got you so excited Timmy-” Roy cut off when the omega all but yanked him into the penthouse- the door shutting as Tim tossed his arms around him, hugging tightly. Roy laughed, hooked an arm around him, as Jason appeared, wiping his hands on his apron. “Jaybird, what’s gotten into Tim?”

Jason smiled, folding his arms, as Tim glanced back at him. Jason gave a little nod. “Tell him, babygirl.”

“Tell me what?” Roy asked, as Tim took a step back, looked like he was about to bounce right out of his skin.

He was positively beaming when he said, “We’re having a baby.”

Roy stared for a moment, before his own grin appeared. “Really?” Tim and Jason both nodded, and suddenly Roy was lifting Tim up. The omega laughed, hooked his legs right around Roy’s waist and tangled in his hands in his hair, as he leaned over him, let Roy kiss him- Well, like it was his baby, too.

Jason moved towards them, and the moment Tim lifted up to breathe, Roy was turning, getting a hand in Jason’s hair and tugging him in, kissing him too. Jason smiled into it, as Tim giggled, felt giddy right down to his gut.

“Explains why it was so urgent I come over,” Roy said, supporting Tim for a moment so he could unwind his legs and steady himself. “I was a little worried someone was dyin’.”

“Total opposite,” Jason said, slinging his arm around Tim’s shoulders and turning to kiss his temple.

“How far along are you?” Roy asked.

“Only like, three weeks,” Tim admitted, leaning into Jason. “We haven’t told anyone else yet.”

Roy’s smile softened then, and he leaned in, kissed Tim’s cheek, and then Jason’s. The three smiled silently, reveling in the moment- until Jason was pulling away, turning back towards the kitchen, complaining he was afraid dinner would get burnt. Roy and Tim exchanged smiles, before they followed him in- Roy commenting he’d have to get him some new dad themed apron or something.
“Jaybird,” Roy said, later that night- stretched out in Jason and Tim’s bed. He had Tim curled up against his chest, sleeping soundly, one of his legs draped over Roy’s.

Jason lifted up, turning on his side and glancing over Rim’s shoulder at the other alpha.

“You guys could have told anyone first.” Jason smiled, leaning down to kiss Tim’s bare shoulder.

“We could’ve,” he agreed, “But we chose you. We weren’t going to tell anyone this early, but... we both were a little too excited. We wanted you to know.” Roy smiled, watched as Jason kissed Tim’s bicep now, the omega mumbling in his sleep, nuzzling further into Roy’s chest. “You’re a part of us, Roy.”

“There will always be the two of you,” Roy said, his own heart hammering sweetly over the way Jason touched Tim to gently- how there was so much affection in him around his mate. The only thing that was possibly even more tender was when it was Tim touching Jason.

“And you, as long as you want us.” Jason straightened up, leaned over Tim and kissed Roy gently. “We wanted you to know because we love you. You’re family, Roy.”

Roy smiled, sank his hand into Jason’s hair and held him there, kissed him again. Jason made a little noise- and against Roy’s chest, Tim stirred.

“Lian is going to be so excited,” Roy said. Jason smiled over that, before he pulled back, as Tim lifted his head, yawned.

“What’d I miss?” he mumbled, eyes still half shut. Jason and Roy both chuckled over that, and Jason laid out behind him, draping his arm back over Tim, his hand curling into the curve of Roy’s waist.

“Nothin’ babygirl,” Jason offered, “go back to sleep. Enjoy our night in.”

Tim hummed, let his head drop back down, and Roy settled back into the pillows, closing his eyes as he felt Jason’s thumb rubbing tiny circles, into his skin.

Jason was right- they, as a whole, were a family. Jason and Tim and their unborn child- Roy and Lian-

Unconventional, but family, none-the-less.
Chapter 112

Chapter Notes

Just something that popped into my head! Riley is only 7 weeks old in this- and Tim is a goddamn powerhouse dad. And Bruce and Damian are clueless.

Also, Damian is 17- so this is prior to his accidental pregnancy.

Tim kept one hand on Riley’s sling, strapped to his chest so the little baby was nestled up into him- this other hand gripping the handle to his carrier, while the diaper bag was slung over his shoulder.

The moment the automatic doors opened and he stepped into Wayne Enterprises, everyone paused to look at him. Some were only subtle glances- others completely stopped and stared, as Tim headed straight for the elevator, as if there wasn’t a thing out of place.

As far as he was concerned, there wasn’t. Sure, he hadn’t planned on being back for much work for another solid few weeks- but a job had come up and Roy had needed Jason’s help, and Tim had all but forced him right out the door to take it. Forgetting that there was a board meeting he had to head, while Bruce and Damian were out entertaining a new set of possible foreign business partners.

He couldn’t leave Riley alone- and honestly, he didn’t really want to spend the time away from him. Which had left one option.

Bring him to the office.

Tim tapped his foot, smiling down at his sleeping baby. Riley shifted- he was still sleeping a lot, which was a plus for this. Tim rubbed his back through the harness, watching as the doors opened and he stepped out, onto his office floor. The moment he did, the secretary was standing up, her eyes big as saucers.

“Mr. Drake! I didn’t think you would be in-”

“We have a meeting,” Tim said, rather matter of factly, as he walked up to the desk. She stood up, trying to slyly look at the bundle against his chest- and Tim only smiled. “This is Riley.”

She squealed a little, leaning in and taking in a better view. “He is adorable! I was wondering if you’d be bringing him by at any point.”

Tim smiled, watched as Riley cracked his eyes open, looked around. The secretary gave a little gasp.

“Look how grey they are!”

“Just like his dad,” Tim admitted fondly. “Are they in the conference room yet?”

“Yes, I think they may have started. No one expected you to come in, and with both Mr. Waynes out of the building-” Tim waved her off with a charming smile.
“No worries, I’ve got it.” He continued past her desk, down the hallway towards the large conference room they favored for board meetings. He could hear voices, as he got his free hand on the door, pushing it open. The moment it was, however, the voices stopped and all heads turned to him-

And Tim was met by a room of wide eyes and a few slack jaws.

“Sorry I’m late,” he said, walking in and closing the door. He headed for the head of the table, as a woman moved from it, nearly falling into her seat as Tim set down his carrier and diaper bag. “As you can see, I had to get ready for two this morning. Now, what have we covered?” He looked around the room, but no one spoke up. He hummed, resting one hand on Riley’s back as he cocked his hip. “Let’s get this out of the way, shall we? I am well aware there is a bay strapped to my chest. I am also well aware that I am capable of both parenting my son and running this company- and entertaining the lot of you with statistics and plans for the next hour or so. Now, is there anyone who has a problem with this?”

A few mouths closed, and there were shaking heads, mumbled nos. Tim smirked.

“Good. Now, I’ve been kept up to date despite my absence regarding company growth and plans, and I think we’ve got a lot of potential to discuss today.”

* 

When Tim left the conference room, over an hour later, and made it into his office, he would have slumped against the door in relief if he wasn’t carrying so damn much. He hurried over to his desk, dropped the diaper bag in his chair and settled the carrier on his desk.

He’d been terrified of Riley waking up and crying through the whole meeting. He hadn’t let it show- he was too damn good at making sure no one ever saw his fear when it came to business- but it had been there. Riley was sleeping a lot, but he woke up at odd hours and Tim knew it was getting dangerously close to his next feeding.

But he’d slept, soundly- comforted by Tim’s hand rubbing his back through the sling, occasionally brushing at the dusting of hair atop his head. There had been a few moments where he opened his eyes, and Tim had glanced down, offered the smallest smile at him- and Riley had simply gone right back to sleep.

“You’re such a good baby,” Tim said, lifting him from the sling and settling him in the carrier. He unbuckled it, as Riley squirmed, awake now that he was moved, and grunted, unhappy. Tim chuckled. “You can wail now if you need to Ri-bean- you’ve earned it.”

Tim got another grunt, a gurgle, and he dropped the sling on the chair as well, as he opened the diaper bag, began piling stuff on the desk. Unfolding a large changing cloth, pulling out wipes, diapers-

He had just gotten everything out to change Riley, when there was a knock at his door, before it opened, and Bruce popped his head in.

“I shouldn’t be shocked,” he said, smiling as he stepped in. Trailing a step behind him was Damian, looking exhausted. Tim wasn’t shocked- he knew the teen hated this part of his life.

“You were busy,” Tim said, reaching for Riley and lifting him up. “Someone had to lead that meeting- and you know I don’t care for half those damn members. Like hell I’m leaving them alone.” Tim leaned in, kissed Riley’s nose as he squirmed. “Someone needs to be changed.”
Damian made a face over that, as Tim laid Riley down, began unbutton his onesie.

“Don’t make that face,” Tim said, “Maybe I should have you do it. Practice, in case you ever decide to have kids one day.”

“-TT-.” Damian folded his arms, looking disinterested, as Tim’s phone began to audibly vibrate in his pocket. He sighed, pulling it out and booping Riley on the nose as he answered with a quick hello?

Bruce walked over, making sure Riley didn’t roll around much as Tim straightened up, sighing. “Uh-huh. And how long will he be free?” There was a pause, then another sigh. “Alright, yes- set him up, get him some coffee or something. I’ll be right there.” Tim ended the call, shoving his phone back in his pocket. “That deal I’ve been working with from home- the small business in Germany- turns out one of the owners was in town meeting with lawyers, and heard I was in the building. He’s demanding to meet with me face to face.” Tim raked a hand through his hair, and Bruce glanced from him to Riley, before smiling.

“Go,” he said, “Damian and I will watch him.”

“Father what-”

“Really?” Tim asked, and Bruce leaned over, kissed one of Riley’s plump cheeks.

“Of course. I’m not passing up the chance to spend time with my grandson.” Tim sighed, relieved, and leaned in, pecking Bruce’s cheek affectionately.

“Thank you. I’ll be quick.” He hurried towards the door, giving Damian a quick wave, before it was out it quickly, nearly running towards the elevators.

Damian hesitated, before he walked towards the desk, looking down at the small child. “Father?”

“Hmm?”

Damian swallowed. “Have you ever changed a diaper in your life?”

Bruce leveled a glare at him- but it faded quickly. “...A few times.”

Damian sighed, reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose. “It cannot be that hard,” the omega reasoned, glancing at everything Tim had left laid out. “Right?”

Ten minutes later of reading instructions on the wipes box and only getting Riley tangled in his onesie- and both decided it was not. Damian groaned, as the baby squirmed and let out a wail, as Bruce tried to get the onesies properly open.

“There are buttons, father,” Damian said, “how difficult can it be?”

“Do you want to try?”

The face Damian made was sheer terror.

“Make him stop crying,” Damian commented, as Riley wailed so hard his face went red. “Oh god is he going to combust?”

“The baby isn’t going to blow up Damian,” Bruce said, glaring at him through the corners of his eye. “Now just- do something.”
“Like what?”

Bruce was about to say rather loudly- that he didn’t know, but there was a sudden knock at the door, before it as cracked open and the front secretary was peeking in. “I don’t mean to interrupt,” she said, “but it sounds like someone is… rather unhappy, in here.”

Damian turned towards her before Bruce could answer. “I don’t know how to make it stop,” he said, and his face must have read desperate, because she was walking in quickly, door closing behind her, as she moved over towards the desk.

“Let me guess,” she said, cocking a hip, “neither of you have ever changed a diaper in your life?” There was silence, and she shook her head, shooing Bruce right out of the way- like he didn’t own the damn company and he was just in the way. She took up his spot, finding the snap on the onesie Bruce couldn’t. “My husband is quicker at this,” she admitted, as she worked as if this was second nature. “Our little girl is four now, but you don’t really forget some things.”

In what felt like the blink of an eye, she was rebuttoning the onesie, tossing the rolled up diaper into the trash and then gathering up the bag. “There, good as new. Perhaps ask Mr. Drake to give you a few pointers- something tells me he’d be even faster at this than me.”

Bruce and Damian only nodded, Bruce scooping up Riley, who had stopped crying, as she left them alone again.

“Father.”

“Yes?”

Damian swallowed. “We are Batman and Robin- and we could not change a child.”

“I know.”

“Father.”

“What Damian?”

“Don’t ever let Drake leave again.” He glanced at Riley, and even though the rosiness in his cheeks had gone down, Damian was still slightly terrified he would wail again. Bruce chuckled, rubbing Riley’s back and keeping him against his chest.

“It just takes some practice,” he offered, carefully holding Riley with one hand as he began removing things from Tim’s chair. “I… have not had practice.”

He sat down, leaning back as Riley kicked a little, gurgling happily. “Drake did not seem to need it.”

Bruce chuckled. “Trust me, Damian- I’m sure Tim was just as nervous at first. Now,” he nodded towards the diaper bag. “Open that up and find the formula- or I bet we’re going to have a screaming baby again within the next few minutes.”

*

Damian spent ten minutes rummaging through the bag, putting the bottle together- and then having it heated up. By the time he finally had that small task completed, Riley was fussing again, and Damian was terrified he was going to scream his little head off.
“There should be a cloth in there,” Bruce said, as Damian walked back over, holding the bottle. Damian paused at the bag, pushing around a few extra clothes- found it and nearly tossed it onto his father’s lap. Bruce frowned, managed to get it up on his shoulder, as Damian held the bottle out. “Check the temperature.”

“I am not trying this.”

Bruce almost laughed. “Get a few droplets on your wrist. You can’t forget he’s only a baby, his mouth is sensitive to heat.”

Damian sighed, managing to get his wrist revealed and shook the bottle. It was pleasantly warm but not hot, and he passed it to Bruce a moment later, who had turned Riley and was cradling him now. He offered the bottle and the baby happily latched onto it, kicking his little feet.

Damian watched as his father’s face softened- and it was strange to see him like this. That look- he’d seen it when Bruce had looked at Tim, while he was still pregnant. This strange soft fondness that he wasn’t even sure his father knew was leaking onto his face-

It was even stronger now. Hell, he swore he saw it when someone so much as mentioned his grandson-

“What if he throws up on your suit?” Damian asked, a little horrified.

“Then I get a new one.”

“Father that is Armani.”

Bruce huffed, glancing up at Damian. “And this is my grandson.” He paused- then smiled. “Maybe you should try it.”

“Absolutely not.” Damian didn’t mean to let the terror slip into his voice- but, well, Riley was so small and when he cried, Damian swore the world was going to crack in half.

Somehow it felt wrong to have his hands on something that was seen as precious.

Despite his refusal, Bruce was standing up- slowly and awkwardly, so as to keep Riley content, nodding towards the chair. Damian swallowed thickly, walking over and dropping down into it- shrugging out of his jacket and tossing it up onto the desk. Bruce stooped over, and Damian took the cloth off his shoulder, draped it over his own- and then suddenly Bruce was shuffling Riley into his arms.

“Keep him propped up slightly,” Bruce said, helping to adjust Damian’s arms, “and help hold the bottle- he can’t do that yet.” Damian took a hold of it, his fingers brushing along one of Riley’s tiny hands. He stared down and-

And he was still terrified. But... maybe his nephew was kind of cute, at least.

He did have Jason’s eyes.

“Not so scary,” Bruce commented, and Damian glared up at him.

“You were as terrified as I was,” Damian pointed out- and Bruce shrugged a shoulder with a smile. *

Tim let himself back into his office quickly. It hadn’t even been a full hour, but it had dragged and
he had felt bad, shuffling his son off to Bruce and Damian- even if Bruce had volunteered.

Upon entering his office, however, he found his desk cleaned up, the diaper bag repacked- and Riley, asleep in his carrier.

“Everyone in one piece?” he asked, heading for the desk. Bruce was rocking the carrier gently, while Damian sat in Tim’s chair, scrolling through his phone.

“-Tt-, of course. It’s just a baby.”

Tim settled his hands on his hips, and Bruce honest to god laughed. “We had some help,” he admitted, “and... let’s call it a learning experience.”

Tim smiled, leaning into the carrier to kiss Riley’s little nose. “I’ll really have to give you a crash course,” he said, “unless you plan to have Alfred around every time you’re alone with Riley.”

Bruce reached over, settled his hand reassuringly between Tim’s shoulder blades. “Consider me always ready and willing to learn.” For a moment, the two exchanged sweet smiles, before Damian was huffing.

“Count me out.”

Tim glanced back at him. “Oh? So no babies for you, babybat?”

“They are loud,” he said, “louder than Grayson.” Damian meant to say the name with disdain- but it came out affectionately, despite himself.

“I find that hard to believe,” Tim admitted. “Maybe you’re just scared.”

“-TT-” Damian rolled his eyes- but his otherwise silence was enough of a give for Tim. He reached out, ruffled the younger’s hair- which earned him a scowl.

“S’okay kid,” Tim offered, “You don’t have to want your own or anything. But maybe someday you’ll want to at least spend five minutes alone with mine. We’re family, after all.”

Damian glanced away, arms folded tightly. “Yeah,” he said, attempting to look annoyed and failing, “Maybe.”
Chapter 113

Chapter Notes

tisi-white asked me for some Jason with his babies! Riley is only about four months old here. And Jason is an adorable dad.

Jason leaned over, settled on his knees, and gently placed Riley down on the soft blanket he’d spread across the floor. Once he had pulled his hands away, Riley already had his lip quivering, eyes looking watery.

“Hey kiddo,” Jason said, crawling back so he could sprawl out on his belly, with his son. “What’re those tears for? Tummy time is fun.” He stuck his tongue out, making a face, and Riley’s lip stopped quivering. He gave a little giggle, keeping his head up on his own now, hands grabbing at the blanket like he wanted to grab at Jason’s face. Jason smiled, leaning in and kissing the top of his head. “That’s more like my Ri-bean. You’re just cranky aren’t you?”

Not that Jason needed to ask. Riley had been up on and off all night crying. Tim had been out on patrol for the first half of the night- had come home to Jason pacing the penthouse with a sleeping Riley- who seemed to wake up and wail every time his father put him down.

They’d taken turns- but ultimately, Jason told Tim he’d take care of it- knew Tim had an early morning meeting on top of everything else.

Riley had a slight fever, but he didn’t seem sick, and it wasn’t high enough to warrant even a call to the doctor.

“What’s up with you buddy?” Jason asked, as Riley looked around. Usually, he didn’t hate tummy time. Sure, at first he had- but Jason and Tim had learned- or read- that that was fairly common for babies. Riley seemed to enjoy it now- especially since he could hold his head up on his own.

Riley gurgled, gave a little babble, and Jason reached up, wiped the drool off his chin with his thumb. Riley watched the movement, before he managed to ball up some of the blanket, stuffing it into his mouth and gnawing on it.

Jason folded his arms, resting his chin on them, simply watching. This was a normal part of his day- ending up sprawled out on the floor with Riley. He found the baby was typically far more content if Jason was close by.

And like hell he’d miss a moment of bonding time.

“That can’t be yummy,” he teased, and Riley looked up for him. “You ate an hour ago- if you’re hungry again you are gonna eat your daddy right outta his rich boy funds before you’re two.” Jason chuckled to himself, and the sound had Riley squirming happily, babbling more. Jason reached out, plucked him up, and in a shift motion rolled onto his back, holding Riley up above him as the baby cooed happily. “You gonna sprout into a giant beanstalk, huh, Ri-bean?”

Riley giggled, and Jason lowered him, kissed one cheek, before lifting him again. He made a face up at the baby, got another round of giggles and squirms, and lowered him to kiss the other cheek.
He kept going, getting Riley’s nose, his chin, his cheeks again- until he was laughing himself, almost drowning out Riley’s little sounds.

Over the commotion, Jason didn’t even hear the front door unlock, or Tim’s footsteps. Only when his mate was standing over him, hands on his hips and offering a little smile did he realize he was even home.

“Well hello gorgeous,” Jason offered, tilting Riley a little so he could see his father better. “Look who’s home, Ri.”

Riley cooed, and Tim snatched him up, kissed one of his cheeks before holding him against his chest, as Jason got up.

“What are you doing home babygirl?” He leaned in, kissed one of Tim’s cheeks.

“I thought you might want a little break,” Tim offered, rubbing Riley’s back. “I know you didn’t sleep.”

“To be fair, you didn’t really either.”

Tim shrugged a shoulder, glancing down at Riley. “Someone has lungs on him like his father.”

Jason snorted, leaning back in and offering, close to Tim’s lips, “Baby you’re the one that screams.”

“Jason-” Tim was cut off, when he got a proper kiss. It was brief, but the affectionate pull Tim felt in his chest was more than enough to make up for it. “Go take a power nap,” Tim offered, “I don’t have another meeting for a good two hours. I’ll keep an eye on our monster.”

Jason would have protested- but he really hadn’t slept at all, and he wasn’t sure how late Tim would be that night, if one of them would be going out-

He gave Tim another kiss to his cheek, and a kiss to the top of Riley’s head, in a silent acceptance.

*  

Jason felt fingers running through his hair, and turned towards them- could smell Tim’s cologne where it clung to his wrist. He sighed, slit his eyes open- became aware of the dip in the bed, where Tim was sitting, of the gentle weight on Jason’s chest.

Tim was smiling at him, sweetly, the kind that had Jason’s heart fluttering like a mad animal in his chest. He returned it, couldn’t stop himself, before he glanced down at his chest-

And there was Riley, sound asleep.

“He drooled on your shirt,” Tim mused, almost laughing, and Jason only chuckled.

“Not the first time. Or the last.” He reached up, got his big hand on his son’s back. “Was I out long?”

“It’s been about four hours.”

“Babe-”

“Relax. I cancelled the meeting. I don’t have the energy either.” Tim stretched out, on his side, curling up into Jason. “If you put him in his crib, we can both get another hour or two of sleep,
before he’s hungry again.”

Jason smiled, as Tim’s fingers laced with his, over Riley’s back.

“I don’t really want to,” he admitted, and Tim hummed, smiling. Truth be told, neither of them did- even if Jason knew it was better for Riley to be on his back and tucked up safely.

But just for another minute...

“Tim?”

“Hmmm?”

Jason glanced at his mate, before looking back at their son. “Thank you.”

Tim said nothing, only moving impossibly closer- and Jason could feel his affection, his contentment, deeply rooted in his own chest.

And he couldn’t be happier.
I was asked recently-ish for some Jason and Roy loving on Tim while he was pregnant, and thought today could use a little fluff so, we’ve got this little thing (not exactly what everyone asked for but hey it’s something)! Tim’s about three months along! And Lian is three.

“Jayjay Jayjay Jayjay!” Lian’s voice seemed to ricochet off the penthouse walls as she ran through the door, which her father had opened, and *threw* herself against Jason’s legs. Jason laughed, bending down as Roy stepped in, and scooped up the little girl, kissing one of her cheeks.

“Hey there princess,” he offered, as she threw her arms around his neck and tucked her face right up into the crook of it in a tight hug. Jason squeezed her tightly. “I missed you.” He glanced up when Roy walked over, accepted the quick kiss the other alpha offered him.

“She wanted to see you and Tim,” Roy offered, “So I told Kori we’d be here. Hope that’s okay.”

“Of course.” Jason swayed a little, as Lian sighed- content as could be, as Roy heard movement, coming from across the penthouse-

And a few moment later, Tim walking in, flashing a smile at him. Roy returned it, taking in the soft glow he swore there was, to his cheeks- and down, to the small, gentle swell of his belly. And his heart *leapt*.

“Timmy!” Lian said loudly, glancing up to see him over Jason’s shoulder. Jason chuckled and set her down, let her tear over towards Tim, clinging to his legs now. Tim laughed, bending over to hug her, before he lifted her up, settling her on his hip easily.

“Hey there buttercup,” he offered, “Did I hear you came all the way here to see Jason and me?” Lian nodded, glancing down, and Tim added, “Did you come to see the baby too?”

Another nod, as Lian’s little hand rested just at the beginning of Tim’s baby bump. “How does a baby fit in there?” Lian asked, and Roy snorted, across the room, covering his mouth as Jason slung an arm around his waist, pulling him in closer.

“They’re still really small,” Tim said, walking towards the living room. He settled down on the couch, holding Lian in his lap. Behind him, his alpha filtered in, Jason moving to sit next to Tim, while Roy settled on the arm of the couch, watching his daughter. “They have to grow for a while still before they’re the size of a baby, like you think of one.” Lian stuck her tongue out slightly as she thought- before she reached out, put her hands on Tim’s belly.

“Baby,” she said, looking very serious, “get big fast so you can play with me.”

Tim laughed, leaning in and kissing her forehead, missing the way Roy’s smile softened so much, over the affection he was showing his daughter.
Kori was there within an hour to pick up Lian for the weekend. While her visit was brief, Tim liked seeing her reunited with the other two alphas- liked the warm hugs and friendly little kisses exchanged, before she scooped up Lian and promised they wouldn’t have too much fun.

Once the door was shut, Tim smiled, turning to face Roy, while he leaned back against his mate, let Jason’s hand curl at the dip of his waist. “I never got my hello kiss,” Tim teased, and the alpha grinned, moving in and leaning over, one hand catching Tim’s chin and tipping his head up gently as he kissed him. It was soft, slow- but had Tim’s chest going tight with affection—

And Jason’s hand tightening on his waist, because he could feel Tim’s affection, for their friend. Lover.

One of Roy’s hands reached out, rested on Tim’s belly, and Tim smiled into the kiss- was still smiling, when Roy pulled away. “It’s not the same,” Roy admitted, “seeing the pictures compared to this.”

Tim laughed, as Jason leaned down, placed a subtle, sweet kiss to the scar on his neck. “I feel huge.” Tim admitted, as Roy’s hand slid from his belly towards Jason’s, their fingers lacing together.

“Stop,” Roy said, as Jason huffed against Tim’s neck.

“I make one joke about you doing back flips with a belly and all I hear is how you’re giant,” Jason said, pressing tight to Tim’s back and squeezing Roy’s fingers. “Babygirl you could still hide that bump if you wanted to.”

“Please don’t,” Roy said with a laugh, bowing to nuzzle the other side of Tim’s neck- breathing in his sweet scent. Something about it had changed- like there was an even stronger hint of Jason under Tim’s skin. And beyond that, there was something so soothing about it now. “I think it’s adorable.”

Tim sighed- beginning to feel boneless when Roy kissed his pulse, as Jason nuzzled his scar again. Pressed between the two alphas, it was easy to get lost in their scents, to let himself dissolve into this endless sea of calm they washed over him. He inhaled slowly, shivered on his exhale, and could feel Roy responding, felt his teeth drag against his pulse, smelled the way his pheromones were dying to switch from calming to arousing-

But he was fighting it.

He hadn’t been with the two of them, since Tim found out he was pregnant. He’d been with Jason, alone- but the two of them-

“...just... are you two sure you’re...” Roy straightened up, “okay with this, now?”

“No course,” Jason said, lifting his head, leveling his stare with Roy’s. “Why wouldn’t we be?”

“I don’t know. Just...” he pulled back- completely, and the lose of contact made Tim ache in his chest- and he could feel Jason’s ache, even more acutely than his own.

“There’s a place for you,” Jason said, pulling away from Tim, walking around him so he could cup
Roy’s cheek, get a hand on his hip. “Roy, there’s always a place for you.” Roy turned, nuzzled Jason’s hand, and Tim watched the redhead’s eyes go half lidded. “C’mere you idiot,” Jason said, fondly, leaning in-

And Tim could get lost, watching the way they kissed. He smiled, folding his arms, refused to tear his eyes away, as Roy seemed to melt for Jason- clutched at his shirt and kissed like he’d never be kissed again.

When he was pulling back, sucking in a breath, Tim added, “If anything, I could see how the two of you might not want me in the middle of things.”

Tim had never seen Jason move so fast in his life.

The alpha was suddenly grabbing him- hoisting him up so that Tim was draped over his shoulder. Tim gasped, Jason’s arm hooked over the back of his thighs.

“What are you doing?”

“I ever hear you say somethin’ like that again,” Jason said, jerking his head for Roy to follow, as he marched through the penthouse, “and I’m checking you into Arkham, babygirl. Like hell would we not want you.”

And before Tim could open his mouth, Roy adding, catching his gaze as he followed behind them, “You’re gorgeous Tim. You always will be.”

Jason walked right into their bedroom- was far more gentle, as he laid Tim out- and without a word, Roy was climbing up onto the bed, holding himself over Tim and nuzzling his hair, then under his jaw- peppering little kisses everywhere he could. Tim sighed- arched slightly, as Jason walked around the bed, climbed onto it so he could lay out next to Tim, slide his hand between the two and rest it on Tim’s belly.

“I’ll spend this whole damn weekend reminding you both how much I want you,” Jason whispered, as Tim let his eyes slid shut, Roy’s mouth finding his. The liquid sounds of their mouths fell to background noise, as Jason added, “Never wanted anyone else like I do you two.”
Chapter 115

An Anon asked: "So how much do we have to pay you to continue the omegaverse RoyJayTim!"

Tim gasped, tipping his head back into Jason’s lap, as his mate was holding his wrists down against his thighs. Tim squirmed, as Roy kissed down his bare chest slowly, down his ribs- and then over the slight swell of his stomach, pausing to glance up at Tim.

He could barely remember, how Roy’s soft kisses, Jason’s gentle touches, had become this. How his clothing had been stripped of him, and here he was- held down in a loose grip by his mate, with Roy trying to kiss every damn inch of him.

“Roy,” he breathed, as the redhead dipped lower, turned and teased the head of Tim’s cock with his tongue. Tim tried to squeeze his thighs together, felt how wet he was- and god, he’d wanted this, when he knew Roy was coming to visit. Wanted the both of them-

Roy’s mouth opened up, sucked at Tim’s cock, as Jason said, “That’s it Roy. Show him how good he should feel.” Tim gasped, arched- and Roy’s fingers were pushing up, teasing his slick hole, before pushing inside. The omega shivered, as Jason squeezed Tim’s wrists. “Tell us what you want, babygirl.”

Tim’s mouth fell open- but he was drowning. The pheromones were thick in the room, from the both of them. Roy, trying to express his want, and Jason, cloaking Tim in that musky sort of earthy scent that was somehow calming and enlivening, all at once. Stronger, now that Tim was carrying his child- and he had no idea if Jason even realized.

Tim licked his lips. “Want,” he managed, his hips lifting as he fucked over Roy’s tongue, “you both.”

Jason chuckled, let go of Tim’s wrists in favor of brushing his hair back affectionately. “I know that honey. What exactly do you want.”

Tim didn’t even know. All he knew was that he needed them both and he needed them now.

And maybe, when this whole pregnancy thing was done, he could look back and wonder why the hell his hormones had gone so hay-wire- but in that moment, he wasn’t complaining at all.

“Timmy,” Roy whispered, pulling off his cock, “You wanna ride me?”

Roy knew Tim liked that, liked to be over him with Roy’s hands on his thighs, with Jason’s hands on his waist, while his mate kissed him senseless.

Tim whined. He felt almost feverish, like a heat, and he knew that was impossible but- but-God he just needed them. Needed how good he felt, with these two-

Needed that boost to his damn soul that made him feel beautiful and ethereal again.
Roy pushed himself up, sat back against his heels, as Tim sat up, and Jason stood up. He leaned over, sank a hand into Roy’s hair- tugged at it as he kissed the other alpha, and whispered- loud enough for Tim to hear-

“Fuck my babygirl right, Harper.”

Roy groaned, as Jason’s other hand worked his jeans open, reached inside to palm him- and Tim knew Roy was already hard. He always was.

He watched, chewing on his lip, as Jason and Roy worked together to strip the redhead of his clothes- whined when Jason got a hand around Roy’s bare cock and stroked, squeezed- had the alpha arching and gasping out.

“On your back,” Jason growled, as Tim was quick to move. Roy grinned, arched a brow teasingly- and Jason shoved him down, so that Roy was sprawled out, hair fanning over the pillows and looking like a gift Jason was all but serving to Tim, on a damn silver platter.

Tim smiled, crawled over him, one leg swinging over his hips, as Jason held Roy’s cock by the base, his other arm going around Tim, grasping his hip. Tim tipped his head back, let his mate guide him down onto Roy, eyes falling shut as he felt the alpha pushing into his overly wet body. Roy groaned, hands fisting in the sheets, until Tim was settled perfectly in his lap, Roy fully inside him.

Jason let go, walked around the bed, as Tim tipped his head back down, glanced at Roy through thick lashes-

And god, Roy was looking at him like Tim wasn’t real.

“If you could see yourself,” Roy managed, licking his lips- and Tim fought down the color trying to rise in his cheeks. “God, Timmy, you’re beautiful.”

This time, Tim did blush. It was then that he felt Jason’s hands, on his waist- looked over and there was his mate, stripped down now and leaning in, kissing the scar on Tim’s neck, helping to lift his hips, guiding him into a motion that had Roy twisting the sheet he was grabbing, pushing up to meet each movement.

Tim moaned, hips twitching as his thighs carried him. God, he wasn’t going to last- he knew it, not with how good Roy felt inside him, not with how tightly Jason’s hands were holding him-

And when Jason started mumuring into his neck, his ear, how gorgeous he was and how much he loved him- Tim could barely breathe. Worse, when Roy managed to sit up, grabbing one of the pillows to lean against, so he could get his hands on Tim’s thighs, rubbing scars and echoing the words.

Maybe Tim really needed to hear them.

Maybe he really needed to hear them from the two that mattered most.

“C’mon babygirl,” Jason mumbled, nipping at his earlobe. “Come around Roy. Let him feel you feelin’ good. You know he’ll come too.” Tim whimpered, and Roy’s hands ran up, squeezed his hips, just below Jason’s hands, before he wrapped a hand around Tim’s cock, stroking him quickly.

Tim was gone, on that contact. Was crying out until his voice was hoarse, coming up onto Roy’s abs as he squeezed the alpha so tightly Roy couldn’t breathe. He let Tim ride it out, until he was slowly, leaning over against Jason, trying to catch his breath-
And his mate was lifting him right off of Roy, laying him out on the bed and opening Tim’s legs, as Roy sat up. Tim shifted- shivering-

God, he was on display and it felt good-

And Roy was over him, a moment later, pushing right back inside him and fucking him with abandon, as Tim moaned with each damn moment their bodies were pushed flush together.

And Jason, Jason was talking them through it. Holding Tim’s legs open as he leaned over him and telling Roy to come, stealing kisses and tugging with those sharp teeth at Roy’s lip. Tim arched, when he felt Roy’s hips stuttering, the alpha filling him and making him feel warm-

And when Roy pulled out, stretched out next to Tim and draped an arm over him, Jason was moving, grabbing Tim’s thighs and lifting his hips, slamming into him so hard Tim screamed. His hands scrambled along the bed- one reaching up to cling to Roy’s arm, as his mate fucked him like he was in heat and Jason was just as desperate, driven wild by Tim’s pheromones-

Fucked Tim like they were young and desperate all over again.

Then again, Tim wasn’t sure a time would ever come when they wouldn’t be.

Roy’s hand moved to Tim’s belly, splayed there as he nuzzled his neck, sucked bruises into the tender skin as Jason fucked Tim like he knew every secret, inside his body. Like he knew exactly the angle he needed, the pace, the damn pressure to put on his nerves-

Because he did and god it was good and Tim-

He was going to lose his mind again.

“Come for him too Tim,” Roy whispered, voice sounding a little tired, a little worn. He rubbed his thumb in little circles, while Jason groaned out Tim’s name. “You’re so pretty and we wanna see you at your best.”

At his best when he felt like the world was ending.

At his best when he felt so good he couldn’t think.

At this best when-

Tim swore time cut off entirely when he screamed himself raw, Jason’s name and his nails digging into Roy’s arm and his body clenching so tightly around Jason the alpha’s hips barely moved. He shuddered and cursed and was coming again, could feel Jason’s pleasure over it, through their bond. Knew how damn happy it made him-

And he could barely register, when Jason could move again, when he was desperate, chasing his own orgasm. Was only aware of Jason filling him more, of how hot and wet he was, inside, when his mate finally pulled out, crawling onto the bed on his other side and seeking out his mouth, kissing him in this sluggish and satisfied way.

“Fuckin’ love you,” Jason mumbled, and Tim smiled, still felt delirious. Jason leaned over him, found Roy next- kissed him right for Tim to see, to hear Jason mumble his love for the other alpha as well.

“If you weren’t so damn pretty,” Roy whispered, as Jason flopped back down to the bed, “We wouldn’t fuck like damn animals, Tim.”
Tim laughed, at that. Tipped his head back and smiled and felt warm, in his belly.

This, this was what he needed, to feel like himself again. To breathe that confidence, back into his damn bones.

“And next round,” Jason offered, voice hoarse, “I except the babygirl I know who owns this damn bed.”

Tim grinned, closing his eyes and enjoying the warmth on both his sides. With how high he felt, in that moment- that was something he knew he could deliver.
Because of my thoughts on Masira and the Batmobile..

Nadya is 17, Masira is about to turn 16- and, for reference only, Tommy is 22. This is prior to Tommy’s attack and Alec’s kidnapping.

Nadya flipped the page of her book, settled at her desk, glancing over at her tablet as it lit up, signalling a new email. She sighed, swiping the screen to bring it to life, as her door was suddenly shoved open, her room filled with the sound of running footsteps-

And suddenly a pair of slim but toned arms going around her neck, her sister falling heavily into her space. Nadya huffed, eyes darting to her sister as she frowned. “What? I’m working.”

“It can wait Nadya this is important!” Masira was almost yelling in her ear, and this wasn’t new for Nadya, but she still cringed.

“I have homework and I’m working on company business- those are very important.”

“I think I’m getting a car.” She said it as if everything Nadya had just said went unheard.

Nadya shrugged out of her sister’s grasp, picking up her tablet and moving to respond to the email. “Okay? Mas take a look at your last name- of course you’re getting a car.”

“D’ya think it’ll look like the Batmobile?”

Nadya sighed again. “Of course not. You really think that’d bode well with the whole secret identity thing you’ve got going sis? It’s just going to be a normal car that’ll make most of the city jealous.”

“But like... what if it looked a little like the Batmobile.” Her voice had gone wishful, and Nadya shook her head-

But she smiled. Her sister was endearing when she got that tone. “Maybe it will at least be black,” she reasoned, and Masira squealed. Honestly, Nadya wasn’t sure what her fathers had gotten the youngest for her birthday- but with how obsessed Masira was with the damn Batmobile, and that she had been talking about getting her permit the day she turned sixteen since she was probably fourteen-

Well, it’d make sense.

“Will you go for rides with me?” Nadya leaned back in her chair, swiveling to better face her sister. “We can roll the windows down and you can get your hair all messed up and we can get milkshakes and listen to music too loud-”

Nadya smiled then, folding her arms. “Three conditions,” she said, “One, you don’t take a thousand selfies with me and my messy hair. Two, I pick where we get the milkshakes, and three,” she paused, before smiling more, “the music has to be that playlist we’ve been setting up together.
I’m not sitting through hours of just your music.”

Masira nearly bounced, reaching out to hug her sister. Nadya wrapped her arms around her, squeezing tightly-

“And you are not allowed to call the car Batmobile 2.0.”
Chapter 117

Chapter Notes

jinxous-all asked: "Can we see more Alec and Owen, it's really hot where I am so maybe the air is broke so it's hot, but cuddles are a necessity *^*"

Alec’s now 23, and Owen’s 24 :) So they’ve been together for a bit (not a full year but almost).

Alec groaned, sprawled out in just his briefs on Owen’s bed. There was sweat along his spine, behind his kneecaps, felt like it was seeping into every crevice of his body and made him feel disgusting.

“Thought the AC was fixed?” he said, as his boyfriend all but dragged the large fan he had kept in his tiny excuse for a living room into his even tinier excuse for a bedroom.

“Thought so too,” he admitted, setting it up across from the bed and bending to plug it in- stripped down to just his underwear as well. “Landlord said they got the air fixed but half the damn complex is still melting.”

Alec gave little humph as his boyfriend turned the fan on. It didn’t do much- the air was still hot, too wet and heavy. He groaned, rolling onto his belly and hoping his cheek might find a cool spot on the pillows- but not luck.

He felt the bed dipping as Owen climbed up onto it- and then weight on his thighs, as his boyfriend settled onto them.

“What are you doing?” he mumbled, against the sounds of Owen bending down over him, bracing himself up on his hands and kissing the salty skin between Alec’s shoulder blades. “Dude, I am sweaty. Don’t.”

Owen stopped, laughed, his breath rushed puffs against Alec’s skin. “First off,” he said, the ends of his hair tickling Alec’s skin, “you called me dude. How romantic. Second, I know what you’re like sweaty. Usually it’s my fault.”

Alec blushed over that, grumbling- but then Owen’s mouth was back on his skin, easing slowly down his spine. And despite the heat, Alec still couldn’t hate how hot Owen’s mouth was.

“And I mean, if we’re already a sticky mess...” he trailed off, and Alec knew the grin his boyfriend had. He frowned, twisting to roll over and effectively knocking Owen right off him, so he was sprawled out against the wall.

“We’re not having sex,” Alec said- and then, “At least, not until I’ve cooled down a little. Besides... you have to warm me up.” He offered a teasing smile, before he rolled onto his side, facing the fan and more than happy to soak up all the slightly less warm air.

“Yeah?” Owen asked, shifting so he could stretch out along Alec, kissing his shoulder, nosing at one of the few freckles he’d inherited from Jason. “I can live with that.” He draped an arm over his waist, splayed his hand out on Alec’s belly and rubbed- felt Alec arching back gently, nearly
He knew all his tender spots, now.

“We could go back to my place,” Alec said, as Owen’s thumb traced around his belly button. “Trust me, I can make it so cold it’s an ice box.”

“Odds are someone’s there,” Owen reasoned, tangling their legs together now- sticky-hot skin working together and yet neither could pull away, neither wanted to. “And I like when you get to be loud.”

Alec blushed, cursed himself for it-

“And besides,” Owen whispered, “I don’t mind the wait. You know I love this.” He squeezed Alec, to emphasize- and it was true. He’d die happy so long as he was holding the omega. How Alec curled up and seemed smaller than he really was- despite being taller than Owen he always seemed like he shrunk down into near-nothing. How it felt like Owen could wrap completely around him and hoard him all for himself-

Maybe he was just selfish.

He was okay with that.

And if Alec wasn’t, he had yet to complain.
Riley let himself into the manor, shoving his sunglasses up off his face and into his mess of a mane, loose and tangled from the drive over with the windows down. It was late afternoon, and he’d meant to get here sooner, but he’d had some running around to do- and the traffic around the city was so damn crazy and he had no idea why.

“Tommy?” he called, heading for the stairs, and pausing when he heard, “Hello Riley,” coming off from the side. He turned, and Damian was smiling at him, holding a cup of tea as if he had just walked out of one of the sitting rooms.

“Oh, hi Dami,” Riley said with a smile, hand on the banister. “Wasn’t sure if you were here or in the city or the cave or what. I just stopped by to see Tommy.”

Damian kept his smile. “My father and Grayson are both in the city. Tommy has been in his room all day.” The smile faded a little, like Damian didn’t like that. But he pressed on- “Dick thought it might be nice to take Masira out since Nadya is always with father.”

“I bet she’s in heaven over that. Knowing Mas it’s an adventure to her.” Damian only nodded.

“Tell Tommy to keep me company if the two of you get bored.”

“Got it.” Riley winked, and Damian chuckled as the young alpha took the stairs two at a time. He hit the top floor and turned, heading for his boyfriend’s room and pausing, wrapping his knuckles against the door. “Babe?” he called, not opening it, “Dami said you were in here. You feeling okay? I haven’t heard from ya since this morning.” He’d mentioned coming over, but at one point Tommy had stopped responding to his texts, and he’d been all over the city- had just figured he was busy.

Except he’d figured he was down in the cave, working out. He tended to zone out to the world when he did that- but if he was in his room...

Riley shrugged it off, trying the door. It was unlocked- and when he opened it and stepped in, he found Tommy, sprawled out on his bed. His blanket was tangled around him, half on and half off. Riley shut the door, wanted to laugh- knew his boyfriend moved like he was running a marathon when he slept-

But something choked him. Something subtle and sweet and enticing in the air.

“Tommy...” he whispered, walking towards him. He sat on the edge of the bed, the dip in it causing Tommy’s face to scrunch up as he mumbled something, before his eyes opened. That dark blue that Riley swore was the night skyline stared up at him, as Tommy offered a sleepy smile.
“Hey,” he mumbled, as Riley reached out, brushed his fingers through Tommy’s thick, black hair.

“Hey yourself, dollface,” Riley offered, smile going fond. “You feeling okay? I haven’t heard from you in hours and your dad is downstairs saying you’ve been locked up here all day.”

“Was tired,” Tommy managed around a yawn, nearly purring as Riley’s hand moved from his hair to stroke along the back of his neck, and then the space between his shoulder blades, through his tshirt. His skin felt warm, despite the fabric acting as a barrier. Tommy sighed, arching a little- and Riley was sorely tempted to drag that hand slower, slip it beneath the blanket, beneath whatever Tommy was wearing-

And that hadn’t been his intent, coming over. Sure, sure, odds stood about one hundred to one that he and Tommy would fuck when they were together, but-

“Ri,” Tommy breathed, the alpha’s hand moving down his back now. “I think I’m...” he bit his lip when Riley stopped at the base of his back, thumb teasing one of the dimple there through his tshirt. “I think I’m about to go into heat.”

Riley swallowed- but he wasn’t shocked by it. Not with Tommy smelled almost like candy, like he’d be sticky and sweet inside Riley’s mouth-

Not the thought to have. Definitely not.

Tommy was usually so good about knowing when they were coming. Recognizing the cramps and the restless feeling- and Riley always trusted his judgement. He’d never been around Tommy, while he was in heat- at least, not while they were together, not while he was looking at him not as the kid he grew up with like another sibling but-

But like the man he was head over heels in love with.

“I lost track of time,” Tommy admitted, sitting up slowly. His cheeks were flushed, and Riley just wanted to kiss them, nuzzle into his neck and breathe him in. “I felt fine this morning, I swear.”

“It’s,” Riley paused, swallowed. “It’s okay. Not an exact science, I know. Alec’s are like a fucking mystery sometimes.” Tommy only nodded, and Riley wrapped an arm around him, slowly guided him to his chest. Tommy all but collapsed into him, nestling into his heat and breathing in deep-loving that perfect earth scent to Riley’s skin. He shuddered, before he pushed up into Riley’s neck, whined into it as the alpha got both arms around him now.

“Oh god,” Tommy mumbled, “want you.” He kissed at Riley’s pulse, hands gripping at his shirt-and Riley’s heart was hammering up into his throat. “Ri.”

And it’d be so easy, to just tumble down to Tommy’s bed. Riley was sure it’d be heaven, that Tommy would demand everything he wanted just like Riley loved, that he’d be insatiable and it would be the hottest damn night of his life to date-

But, but-

“Tommy, dollface. Slow down.” Riley leaned back, reached up and cupped Tommy’s cheeks, holding him steady. “Take a deep breath. This... it’s not a good idea.”

Tommy swallowed, licked his lips- but he didn’t argue. And Riley knew that it didn’t matter the heat fever growing under his skin, Tommy wouldn’t lose his ability to reason.

Tommy pulled back, shifted completely away from Riley. He curled up, back, against his pillows,
wrapping his arms around himself. “It’s not,” he agreed- if only because they hadn’t made it to this point, yet. Hadn’t talked about it.

There was a lot of trust, Riley knew, for an omega to let an alpha into their bed when they were in heat. And he didn’t doubt that Tommy trusted him like that- but it wasn’t a decision he wanted to make, in the moment. He wanted his boyfriend to ask it of him when Tommy was collected, relaxed- not needing.

And beyond that-

“Let me get you settled,” Riley offered, standing up and pulling the blanket back. Tommy nodded, stretching out and curling up, facing away from Riley. The alpha smoothed his hair back, kissed his temple, as Tommy clung to a pillow- as nearing the point where he’d like to roll over onto it and rut into it, seeking friction while he wished for something to fill him-

Riley sighed, into Tommy’s hair, bent over and nuzzling him, trying to calm him. Waves of pheromones that made Tommy almost sleepy, were far stronger than he was pretty sure he’d ever felt come off of Riley before. He tended to keep himself so reserved-

He felt Riley shudder, into his hair, before the alpha pulled back, kissed his clothed shoulder.

“I’m going to go,” he whispered, “Because I love you, okay?” Tommy nodded, still not rolling over- closing his eyes and telling himself not to ask Riley to stay. Not yet.

He wanted to talk about it too, before that point. Felt like it was a discussion he had to have with a few people.

“I love you too,” Tommy offered, and Riley gave a little smile. He pulled back, turning and heading for the door, even if everything inside him screamed at him to turn around, to crawl onto the bed-

To fuck Tommy goddamn senseless like they both wanted.

“I’ll let Dami know what’s going on,” he offered, opening the door. Tommy gave a little nod, before Riley stepped out and pulled it shut. The moment it was, he leaned against it, reaching up and digging the heels of his hands into his eyes, groaning to himself.

He was hard, in his jeans. Achingly hard and he felt like he could die and it wasn’t something he was quite sure he’d felt, before. Sure, there’d been omegas around him in heat, he’d been with a few- but before Tommy he was mostly with alphas, and...

God he had never smelled anything as sweet and alluring as Tommy had, in that moment.

He bit at his lip, inhaled slowly, stood there trying to not recognize the smell through the door, trying to focus on getting his shit together so he could go downstairs and have a damn conversation. So he could drive himself home.

So he could keep himself from going insane.

*

Damian was in the middle of texting his husband when he heard footsteps at the doorway. He paused, glancing up, caught sight of Riley. “Did Tommy kick you out?” he teased, setting his phone down and leaning over the arm of the couch to get a better look-
And pausing. Had Riley’s eyes always been so dark? In that moment they were all Jason, this hard concrete finding it’s way toward gun metal, towards black- gorgeous but so intense...

“Tommy’s... going into heat.” It came out slowly, like Riley was tasting the words, making sure they were real before he said them. And suddenly the dark of his eyes made sense. He swallowed. “I... I just wanted you to know.” Riley reached up, rubbed the back of his neck. “He’s still in his room. I’m... I’m gonna go...”

There was a moment of silence, and then, added almost breathless,

“I thought it’d be best.”

Damian nodded, didn’t have words as the young alpha turned, heading back out. He heard the sound of the door, before he turned and fell back against the couch.

Riley was walking away from Tommy. And Damian knew how hard that was. He didn’t pretend to be ignorant of his son’s relationship, or to what degree of intimacy he knew the two had achieved.

And he knew, from Dick telling him, over and over again over so many years, how goddamn hard it was to be away from him when he was in heat- because all of the man’s body screamed for Damian, responded like clockwork.

And yet here was Riley- young and in love and Damian knew just as active as Tim and Jason had ever been- walking away. Because it was the smart move.

Because Tommy was young, sure- older than Damian had been, when he coaxed Dick into his bed- when he made the mistake that gave him Tommy but god, could have been so bad-

The kids were being smart. And Damian couldn’t think that there was a level of respect, there, not just for the two of them- but for him as well. All things considered.

Damian reached for his phone, leaving his message to Dick as a draft and opening his conversation with Tim. Without context, he sent off you did good with Riley, before tucking his phone away and standing up- knowing he needed to check on Tommy to make sure he didn’t need anything, before the heat fully took hold.

*

Tim sighed as he scrubbed at the kitchen counter, which was an utter mess from his attempt at making dinner. At least the attempt was in the oven now, and didn’t smell horrible.

He tossed the sponge right into the garbage can, deciding at this point he needed a new one- and maybe a new kitchen before Jason saw- when he noticed his phone flashing. He picked it up, saw Damian’s name, and read silently to himself, You did good with Riley.

Tim hummed, wondering what had happened, noticing the message was sent over a half hour ago. The thought cut off when the front door opened. Tim shoved the phone into his jean pockets, heading for it- knowing the twins were both accounted for already, and with Jason gone-

It could only be Riley, gently kicking his shoes off. “You’re home early,” Tim said, “I thought you said you were heading to the Manor? Figured you’d be coming home at two AM, if at all.”

Riley shrugged a shoulder, tossing his sunglasses into the little key bowl and raking his hands up through his hair. “Tommy’s in heat,” he said, very matter of factly, “figured it was best I come home.”
He walked past Tim, heading for the kitchen, and Tim just stood there for a moment, before turning on his heel, hurrying after his oldest.

“Where’s Jay?” Riley asked, opening the fridge and pulling out a beer bottle.

“He took a job with Roy,” Tim said, watching Riley pop it open. “He’s gone for a few days. You came home?”

Riley nodded, tipping his head back and taking a few long swallows. Like he needed something to dull him. “Yeah,” he finally said, leaning back into the fridge and pulling out another bottle, passing it to his father. “I mean, Tommy and I, we haven’t talked about this sort of thing yet. Just... never came up.” He took another sip. “And, I dunno... with Dami’s history I feel like I need to sit down with him and make sure he’s cool with it too.” Tim stared, as Riley looked past him, at the oven. “We could’ve just ordered take out dad. Jay’s not gonna be happy if he comes home and you ruined the kitchen.”

Tim said nothing, as Riley turned, heading out of the room. He watched him go, before setting the bottle down, now realizing why Damian had sent the message.

* 

Riley flipped the lock on his bedroom door, heading towards his bed. He set his now empty bottle on his nightstand, flopping down on the bed and inhaling deeply, closing his eyes. He was still buzzing from the lingering smell in his mind- from Tommy smelling like candy and wanting to sink his teeth into him-

He toyed with the metal rod through his tongue, pinching it between his teeth as he tried to distract himself- but mere seconds in, and he knew it was wordless. With a low groan, he reached down, popped his jeans open and reached into his underwear, pulling his cock free. He was still half hard- it had taken the whole damn drive home just to get to that point.

He wrapped his hand around himself, stroking up slowly, mostly rubbing his thumb along his slit, toying with his piercing until he was swollen fully in his hand. He was breathing harder by then, eyes still shut- thinking of Tommy sliding down onto his cock as his hand slid down his shaft, squeezed the base.

Thought of Tommy being so wet he was dripping. Thought of him shoving Riley down onto his bed and riding him with that euphoric look to his eyes, his mouth slack as he took the pleasure he’d never known before Riley.

Riley groaned, stroking faster- and if his hand couldn’t be Tommy’s body, at least it could be his mouth, as the omega crawled over him, positioned himself over Riley so Riley could lick up the wet trails on his thighs- push his tongue into his body until Tommy was shuddering and coming from just that, down against Riley’s chin and throat, leaving him filthy.

Wouldn’t be the first time.

“Tommy,” he nearly whined, shaking as he felt his cock swelling, down towards the base. He choked, tried to bring his body into check- he was fairly good at keeping his knot from swelling, had really only experienced it the few times he’d been with someone while they were in heat-

But god, Tommy’s scent was on his hands and in his hair-

He reached up with his other hand, bit at his fingers and pressed his nose against them, could smell Tommy from just touching his hair alone. He gave in then, fucked his fist until he was arching up
and coming over his knuckles, his knot swelling as if Tommy was truly atop him and he could lock them together for longer still.

If only. If only.

*

Riley headed back downstairs only once he’d calmed himself down—washed his hands and decided that he was finally alright now that he’d gotten that out of his system. He found his dad in the living room, curled up against the arm of the couch on his phone.

“I was wondering if you were coming back down tonight,” Tim said, not glancing up—and Riley was rather glad. There was a little color to his cheeks, like Tim might know what he had done.

Honestly, he didn’t doubt it at all.

“Dinner’s a disaster,” Tim said, clicking something on his phone. Riley wondered who he was talking to. “I ordered pizza.” He glanced back up, before he leaned off the couch, set his phone on the coffee table and picked up one of the controllers Riley figured Alec had left there, probably earlier that morning. “Grab another beer and some let some steam off with me.”

Riley quirked a brow—but didn’t argue. He headed into the kitchen, opening the fridge and grabbing two, opening them as he walked back. He dropped down on the couch next to his father, passing him one, as Tim nearly tossed the second controller into his lap.

“I’ve been dying to play that new zombie game your brother got,” Tim admitted, powering up the game system. “Think you can keep up?”

Riley snorted, settling his beer on the coffee table and picking up the controller from his lap. “Please dad, you’re too old to be asking me that.”

“You’ll eat those words later,” Tim teased, reaching a foot over and playfully pushing at his son’s thighs. Riley grinned—and yeah, he figured he would.

*

Turns out, Tim was right. The doorbell was ringing while Riley was loudly cursing, remembering that, yeah, maybe he could beat Tommy at these games, but he sucked compared to his father or Alec.

“Got it!” came a shout from the stairs, and Alyssa was running down them, detouring through the kitchen to grab the money Tim had left out on the counter. There was the sound of the front door shutting, as Riley tossed his controller down on the couch, hands flying up as he died. Again.

“I fuckin’ give up!”

“Language,” Tim teased, even if Riley knew he didn’t actually care. Tim reached for his beer, taking a sip, as Alec appeared on the stairwell, as if summoned by the fact that there was pizza. “If your father asks,” Tim said collectively, “we ate perfectly healthy, wholesome meals while he was away.”

“Got it daddy,” Alyssa called from the kitchen, “Can I have a beer?”

“One,” Tim said, as the game pulled the main menu back up.
“Okay. One for me, and one for Alec-”

“I don’t want one.” Despite the twins being in the kitchen, Tim could hear them clearly- even when Alyssa said, a little softer,

“Idiot yes you do because I’m going to take it.”

“Alec come tag out,” Riley said, turning and folding his arms on the back of the couch, watching as his younger brother piled a plate with pizza. Where he put it, Riley had no clue. “And bring us some?”

It took some maneuvering, both shifting on the couch as Alec squirmed his way right between Riley and Tim, and balancing, in order to get everything out there. But a few minutes in, and the coffee table was littered with plates and bottles, as Alec and his father both stared intently at the television. Alyssa was sprawled out on the large plush chair, commentating the entire game, as she loved to do, while Riley leaned back, stealing a glance at his family.

Maybe it wasn’t the night he’d wanted, earlier- but it was still a good one. Still a damn good one.
Chapter 119

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "How does little Tommy deal with the realisation he is no longer the sole focus of his parents' attention?"

Let’s find out!!! So, Tommy recently turned five, and Damian just found out he’s pregnant! (maybe I’ll write the ficlet where he finds out sometime in the near future!)

“Daddy,” Tommy said, his arms wrapped around Dick’s neck as he carried him down the stairs from his room, where the boy had been lost in deep playtime, his figures and stuffed animals littered all over the room. “Why aren’t we playing?"

“Your baba and I have to talk to you,” Dick offered, hoisting his son a bit higher as he walked into the kitchen, where he found Damian fixing a cup of tea. He walked right over to his mate, leaning in and kissing his cheek, before Tommy leaned over too, smacking his lips against Damian’s cheek in a dramatic kiss.

“Hello habibi,” Damian offered, reaching up and tapping Tommy’s nose. Tommy smiled, stifling a giggle, as Damian left his teacup on the counter. “Come here,” he offered, holding out his arms. Dick passed their son to him, who clung happily to Damian, squeezing tightly and enjoying the warm, sweet scent in his father’s hair.

“Daddy said we have to talk,” he mumbled, as Damian rubbed his back, nodding towards the doorway. Dick turned and walked out it first, as Damian followed, the two walking into one of the sitting rooms.

“We do,” Damian offered, settling down on the couch as Dick did as well. He let Tommy flop down on his lap, looking up at him with those large, dark blue eyes that still looked exactly like Dick’s.

“Is something wrong?” he asked, and Damian shook his head.

“No. In fact, something is very right.” He glanced over at Dick, and for a moment, the two simply smiled fondly at each other, before Damian looked back at Tommy. “Tommy, you’re going to be a big brother.”

Tommy blinked, stared up at his father, before he scrunched up his face, obviously thinking. “So... do I get to pick?”

Damian and Dick glanced at each other, before Dick asked, “What do you mean?”

“Do I get to pick out a baby?”

Damian stifled a laugh, while Dick let his out, reaching out to ruffle his son’s hair. “That’s not how it works, kiddo,” he offered. “Baba and I made the baby already.”

“You made a baby?” His eyes got big then. “Like when we make cookies?”
“Not... quite...” Dick glanced at his husband, as if he was regretting the turn this conversation was taking.

“We’ll explain it when you’re older,” Damian offered, smoothing his son’s hair back. “But the baby’s in my belly already.”

Tommy glanced down, frowning. “I don’t see it.”

“It’s still too small, habibi.”

“When will it be bigger?”

“Sometime soon.” Damian let one hand fall to his belly, still mostly flat. He’d found out about two weeks prior, and was only around two months along- figured there wouldn’t really be much of anything to show his son for a few more weeks. “It takes time to grow.”

“Like cookies take time to bake!”

Dick choked on another laugh. “Yeah Tommy,” he said, “So, how does it feel? Knowing you’ll be a big brother?”

Tommy stuck his tongue out slightly, thinking hard. “I dunno,” he finally said. “We gotta talk to Riley. He knows about big brother stuff.” Tommy nodded, as if this was a sagely decision, and Damian leaned in, kissed his son’s forehead.

“The next time you are with him, you can ask him all about it,” Damian reasoned.

Tommy nodded, and a moment later, “Can I go play now?”

“Of course,” Damian offered, helping his son to climb off his lap. Tommy hurried off, as Damian called after him, “don’t run on the stairs!” He sighed, when he didn’t hear the sounds of Tommy tripping, relaxing as Dick leaned over, kissed his temple.

“That went well,” Dick said, as Damian glanced at him, smiling.

“I suppose.”

“We have to remember to tease him about babies being like cookies, when he’s older.”

Damian snorted, rolling his eyes. “That comes from you, beloved.”

“Uh-huh. Okay.” Another kiss, now to Damian’s cheek. “I’m sure he’ll be more excited when you get that cute baby bump again.” Dick reached out, settled his hand on Damian’s flat stomach, thumb rubbing in tiny circles.

And silently, Damian knew Dick was saying he’d be even more excited then, too. Silently, he knew Dick was, and had been, promising to not miss a moment of this- like he had, with Tommy.

Because things were as they should be, now. Dick was his, openly loved him- and Damian looked forward to going through this again, with the support he had wanted so badly, during his first pregnancy.

“I’m going to get your tea,” Dick said, standing up, and Damian watched him go- knowing full well that he’d come back. That he wouldn’t worry, this time, about Dick leaving in the night and never returning.
Doublerainbowlover asked: "Do you have some time for Timmy and Tommy bonding time? :)"

This is following Damian and Dick telling Tommy he’s going to be a big brother! So he’s 5, and the twins are about to turn 5 soon, and Riley is 7.

Tim glanced up from his tablet, eyeing the kids that had taken over his living room- not that that was something strange. They had toys tossed all about, and if he had been hearing correctly, Alyssa was currently a dragon and that would explain why both Tommy and Riley were chasing her around.

Alec was flopped a top a mound of toys, apparently a part of the treasure.

He heard a loud thud and pushed up, glancing over the back of the couch- and there was his daughter, sprawled on the floor, Riley laying on top of her and pinning her down, as Tommy looked at them, a little stunned.

“Play nice,” Tim said, as Alyssa squirmed- but didn’t threaten to cry. If anything, he knew she’d shove her brother off despite the size difference- probably pull his hair.

He really didn’t want to have to deal with that.

“You can’t sit on babies,” Tommy said, as Riley rolled off Alyssa. “They break!”

“Lys won’t break,” Riley said- and Tim was pleased to see him pull his sister up to her feet. She ran past him- and Tim heard another thud, and glanced over.

Alyssa had hopped right on top of the toys and sprawled out on Alec- who didn’t look pleased at all. He sighed, set his tablet down and walked over, lifting Alyssa up and tossing her over his shoulder, before stooping down and gathering Alec up in his other arm.

“You two are gonna drive me off a cliff,” he teased, as Alyssa clung to the back of his shirt. Alec curled up into his chest, content.

“Daddy,” Alyssa whined, “I’m a dragon! You can’t pick up a dragon!”

“Just did. You forget, daddy’s secretly a knight.” He grinned, moving to the couch and dropping both the twins onto it, leaning down and kissing Alyssa’s cheek and temple over and over again, until she shrieked with laughter. “And sir daddy says we don’t jump on our brothers.” Tim glanced up, looked at Riley, “or our sister.”

Riley crossed his arms, frowned, but didn’t argue the point.

“Now, how about we go wash our hands, dada will be back soon and he’s bringing lunch.”

Alyssa grinned, grabbed Alec’s hand and tugged him off the couch, hurrying towards the
bathroom. Riley took off after them-

But Tommy hung back, shifting a little and glancing around.

And Tim- he knew the look of a kid who had a question and didn’t know how to ask. Even if he swore his kids had no filters, and probably never would at this point.

“Tommy,” Tim said, and the boy looked up. “Come over here.” Tommy walked around the couch, and Tim sat down, patting the spot next to him. Tommy climbed up- and Tim swore he listened better than his own kids. “You look like there’s something on your mind, honey.”

Tommy twisted his face up a bit, obviously thinking. “Baba is having a baby,” Tommy finally said- and Tim thought it had to be about that.

When He had spoken to Damian about Tommy spending the day, Damian had told him he and Dick had talked to Tommy about the baby.

“Yes, he is. He and your daddy are very happy.” Tim turned so he could partially face Tommy. “Are you happy?”

Another little twist of his face. And then a shrug. “I dunno.” He tugged at his tshirt, glancing down like he was trying to study the cartoon elephant on the front of it. “I wanted to pick the baby but they did that already. What if the baby doesn’t like me?”

“The baby is going to love you. Everyone loves you, Tommy.”

“But maybe the baby won’t. Maybe the baby will think I’m dumb.” He shrugged a shoulder. “What if I hurt the baby.”

“You just have to be gentle. Your baba and daddy will teach you how. And one day they won’t be so small, and it won’t be so scary.” Tim reached out, stroked Tommy’s hair back. “But the baby is going to love you. I bet you’ll make a great big brother.”

“Riley’s a good big brother,” Tommy suddenly said. “Can he teach me?”

Tim laughed, leaned over and kissed the top of Tommy’s head. “I bet he can. How about after lunch I’ll take the twins and you and Riley can play alone and talk all about big brother things.”

“Really?” Tommy lit up over that, and Tim grinned.

“Of course.”

“Thanks Timmy!” Tommy leaned over, wrapped his arms as best as he could around Tim and hugged. Tim hugged him back, before he scooped him up, standing and loving the sound of Tommy’s giggles.

“Now c’mon, let’s get you washed up too. Besides, it’s been quiet too long...” Tim hurried towards the bathroom, half expecting a disaster- and instead, finding Riley hovering as Alec stood on his step stool, stretching to wash his hands, as Alyssa was drying her’s on the towel.

Tim set Tommy down, watched Riley help Alec to the floor- and smiled to himself.

He didn’t doubt Tommy could learn a lot from his oldest.
Chapter 121

Chapter Notes

The twins are a little over a year old, so Riley is three. This is shortly after Jason and Tim moved the family from their Penthouse to their house.

Jason sighed, looking down at Alec’s little bed. The cribs in the twins’ room had been converted to toddler beds, and snuggled in Alec’s were both the twins, looking up at Jason with big, eyes.

He had put them to bed an hour ago, but he’d heard the sniffling over the baby monitor.

“Can’t sleep?” he finally asked, giving them a soft smile. Alyssa sat up, nodding and reaching up, making grabby hands at him. He bent over, scooped her up, which got a little whine out of Alec as he sat up as well. “Don’t worry honey,” Jason said, once he had Alyssa securely holding onto him. “I can’t ever forget you.” He leaned back over, scooped him up as well, turning and heading for the door. He managed to get the light off by brushing his arm against the switch, as he headed for his bedroom.

He wasn’t exactly shocked the twins were awake. They hadn’t been sleeping well, since the move. The change seemed to have thrown them off a bit. Didn’t help that they hadn’t seen Tim the entire day- they were sleeping when he’d left for his first meeting, and now, dark outside, and he still wasn’t home. Entertaining business partners from overseas still.

Jason leaned over the bed, let the twins squirm from his arms. “Bed,” Alyssa said, tugging at the blanket, and Jason chuckled.

“In a minute,” he said, carefully pulling the blanket out as they both crawled over it, so he could tuck them in. “Stay put, okay?” He got two nods, watched as Alec took Alyssa’s hand, before turning, heading back out into the hallway. Down it and he was pushing Riley’s door open, peeking in. “Ri?”

He watched his son roll over, and he was awake, too. Jason sighed.

“Can’t sleep kiddo?” He shook his head, and Jason walked over, reaching down to stroke back his long hair. “You wanna get in bed with me and the twins?”

A big nod, and Jason smiled. scooped Riley up. He held hi against his chest, Riley’s arms going around his neck and his legs clinging to Jason as he walked back to his room, founds the twins still snuggled in where he had left them. They squirmed excitedly over seeing Riley, and Jason sat his son down on the bed, before walking around it and sitting down himself. He propped himself up against the pillows, and Riley crawled over everyone- including Jason’s lap- so settle in on his other side. Alec turned and laid his head on Jason’s thigh, Alyssa wrapping her little arm over her brother to cling to Jason’s leg too.

“Daddy?” she said, and Jason sighed, giving her hair a gentle stroke as well.

“Daddy is still working,” he said- and the sadness in all three sets of eyes broke his heart. And god did he understand missing Tim like that. “He’ll be home as soon as he can be.”
“House is big,” Riley mumbled, and Jason settled one hand on his son’s back.

“It scaring you buddy?” Riley said nothing, and Jason tried to pull his kids closer. “You’ll get used to it. Someday you’ll like how big it is.” He paused, before adding, “You guys can sleep here. I’ll make sure nothing happens.”

“Dada.” Alyssa, tugging at his sweatpants. Alec gave a little babble, the best echo of the word, and Jason pressed his hand to Alyssa’s back as well, the pressure a small embrace for both twins.

“You’re always safe when I’m here,” he whispered. “I promise.” There was silence, as the kids seemed to relax- but only slightly. Another little breath, and Jason began to hum quietly.

The sound resonated with them all- memories of being sick and being held by Jason while he softly sang to them. The humming turned to soft words, old Spanish melodies Jason remembered from when he was younger. In the dark of the room, the house gave them silence, so that there was only Jason’s voice, and the subtle movements each child made.

Jason watched their eyes falling shut, their breathing steadying- until, some endless amount of minutes later, he was surrounded by three sleeping children.

And the only thing missing, he knew, as his voice lowered to nothing but humming once again- was Tim.
Chapter 122

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked about baby weight I just had to throw something together. Riley is only a month old.

Jason leaned over the crib, smiling at his little baby as Riley squirmed, all tucked in. He reached down, pushed at the tip of his nose, fighting back the laugh as Riley scrunched up his face—but thankfully, didn’t cry. “You sleep tight kiddo,” Jason whispered, “Get rest so you can grow into that beanstalk we expect ya to be.”

He forced himself to straighten up, walk away from the crib. He grabbed the baby monitor on the way across the room, flicking the light off and tugging the door shut behind him as he left. He padded down the hallway in his bare feet, heading for his bedroom.

“Bean is down for hopefully a bit of the night,” Jason said, pushing the door open. Tim was across the room, standing in front of his closet with the door tossed open, examining himself in the full body mirror. “What’re you doing, babygirl?”

Tim sighed, tugging at the tshirt he was wearing— one of Jason’s—pulling it up over his navel, his other hand pinching at the little bump his lower belly still was. He frowned— and Jason was moving before Tim would speak, tossing the baby monitor on the bed and hooking an arm around Tim’s waist.

“You look great,” he said, leaning in to nuzzle Tim’s hair.

“I don’t know about great,” Tim admitted. “It was fine when I had Riley inside me, but now...”

“Tim, it doesn’t disappear over night. Riley is a month old, give yourself a break. Besides, I think it’s cute.” Jason reached down, squeezed the bit of fat and skin, and Tim squirmed, giving a little laugh as Jason tried to tickle him.

“Stop!” he breathed, and Jason’s arm around him tightened. He nipped playfully at Tim’s neck, before his hand delved further, past the hem of Tim’s sweatpants, over skin and blissfully a lack of underwear. Tim gasped, instantly arching as Jason’s fingers rubbed over his soft cock, teasing the warm, soft skin.

“Stop?” Jason asked, and Tim shook his head vigorously.

“Don’t stop don’t stop don’t stop.” Tim trembled, hips pushing towards Jason’s hands. The alpha kissed his mate’s cheek, before pulling away from him, just to step in front of Tim and drop down to his knees. He tugged at his sweatpants, pulling them down his hips as he nuzzled Tim’s belly, kissing the skin that was still tender, had Tim shaking all over. He reached down, got his hands in Jason’s hair as Jason began to stroke his cock, continuing to nuzzle and kiss at Tim’s belly as he hardened quickly in his hand.

“You’re so gorgeous,” Jason whispered, as Tim’s fingers tightened in his hair, tugged as his cock throbbed. Jason knew he wouldn’t last long- they’d only just started with intimacy again, with
wondering hands and gently rutting, with hungry mouths. Jason hadn’t had a single part of his body back inside Tim, wanted to make sure his body had *time* to heal-

But *god*, they’d always had so much damn sex it was wild to be going slow again. Had them both a little desperate.

“You’ll *always* be gorgeous,” Jason continued, kissing down towards the base of Tim’s cock. Began murmuring little nothings into Tim’s skin- not even in *English*, but Tim didn’t need to understand the words. He could feel Jason’s emotions through the bond, the love and excitement- and was shaking, could have sobbed when Jason finally eased his mouth down over Tim.

Jason groaned, his own cock aching over the feeling of Tim’s sliding over his tongue, as his mate rocked his hips. Jason let him do as he needed- let him fuck his mouth and pull on his hair until Tim gave a groan, a small sob, and came over his tongue.

Jason pulled off, swallowing and licking his lips, before he was leaning up again, kissing up over Tim’s small belly. He could *smell* Tim’s excitement, knew his mate was wet- and *fuck* what he wouldn’t give to get to fuck him again-

But he’d wait until Tim told him he was ready, comfortable. Besides, he wan’t even back on his suppressants yet-

“Baby, I feel like I’m going to fall over.”

Jason realized he’d fallen back into his head, and was quick to stand up. He pulled Tim’s sweatpants back up, before he scooped him into his arms, walking towards the bed. He laid Tim out, crawling on with him and wrapping an arm around him, snuggling back into his neck, kissing the scar his own teeth had left there, years ago.

Ti smiled, his hand squirming between their bodies- and Jason was gasping, when it was grabbing at him, through his sweatpants. “You want to fuck me,” Tim mused, and Jason laughed- mostly at *himself*.

“’Course I do,” he mumbled into Tim’s neck, “But not ‘til you’re ready, babygirl.”

Tim hummed, before his hand slid beneath Jason’s sweatpants, the waistband of his underwear- and was pulling his cock free. Jason gasped, teeth nipping at Tim’s neck, as his mate stroked him quickly. Jason’s whole body shuddered, his breathing coming in hitching breaths, and Tim smile, that all-knowing goddamn gorgeous smile that made Jason want to fall apart.

Jason pushed himself up, kissed Tim desperately, heard him mumbling into his mouth *fall apart for me*, and was gone in what he felt had to be record time- hips stuttering as he came up along Tim’s hand, over his wrist. He pulled back, just enough to rest his forehead against Tim’s, as the omega smiled.

“I guess I can’t look that bad,” Tim mused, and Jason laughed, one hand getting at Tim’s hip and pinching the extra flesh there teasingly.

“You’ll never understand how beautiful you really are.”

Tim’s eyelids fluttered, before his smile grew- and Jason hoped that someday, he *would*. He’d just believe the surge of affection he must have felt through the bond-

Because *god*, he was forever the most beautiful thing Jason had ever seen.
Chapter 123

Chapter Notes

I am just really feeling JayTim and my omegaverse lately. Riley’s a year old, and this is just before Damian gets pregnant.

Tim smiled, holding onto Riley's little hands as the boy stood in his lap, bouncing on his chubby legs. He was giggling, gurgling out half words as Tim kept laughing, saying his name and cheering him on.

Not that Riley really needed encouragement when it came to moving. He was always all about the Penthouse- typically it seemed, chasing after or running from one of his dads.

"Bouncy little bean," Tim teased, leaning in and kissing one plump cheek. Riley cooed out a broken daddy and Tim beamed. Riley's words were babbled still, but he had a few down-

"Dada!"

Like that.

Tim smiled, turning his head and following his son's stare as Jason walked out of the kitchen, grinning and heading right for them.

"Are you dancing out here?" he teased, bending down and kissing Riley's cheek. Riley tugged, and Tim let go of his hands, as they went to Jason's hair and tugged. The alpha winced, reaching up to untangling a giggling Riley's hands from his hair and holding them as he did his happy little bounce again. "Careful," he said, "daddy does enough damage to my scalp on a nightly basis."

"Jason."

"What?" Jason asked with a lazy grin. "It's true. Relax, I'm not scarring him- he has no idea what I'm saying. Now, c'mere you." He picked Riley up, holding him against his side and bouncing him a little. Riley shrieked in laughter, fisted his hands in Jason's tshirt and promptly shoved the fistful into his mouth. "Aaaaand that was a record thirty seconds without baby drool on my shirt."

"It's fitting for you," Tim teased, leaning back and folding his arms. Jason only shook his head- not stopping Riley as he gnawed at the now wet fabric. "Besides, his teeth are bothering him again."

"I'll take drool on my shirt over this little monster screaming up a storm again." As if he knew they were talking about him, Riley looked up, babbling around the fabric in his mouth. "Yeah, you know we didn't get much sleep the other night, you adorable terror."

A giggle, and Jason pulled Riley up higher, so that he was partially leaning over his shoulder, kicking his little legs. Tim's smile softened over the pure joy Riley got around Jason, how natural Jason looked, holding him-

He crossed his legs, casually saying, "Jason... what do you think about another baby?"
Jason, who had turned his head, was teasing Riley in words Tim couldn't understand, jerked his head, eyes snapping towards Tim. "What?"

"Another baby," Tim said, smoothing his hands along his sweater. "What do you think?"

"Uh..." Jason swallowed, held onto Riley and simply stared. "Do you want another?"

"I'm asking you."

"And I'm asking you. I mean... Riley's only a year old, and that wasn't easy on you, babygirl."

Tim didn't need to be reminded of the scares he'd had, at the later stage of his pregnancy. Yet... "I know it wasn't, which is part of the reason I'm asking. I... I think if we're going to have another, I want to do it sooner, rather than later."

Jason sat down next to Tim, settled Riley in his lap and grabbed one of his toys off the coffee table. The moment he handed it to Riley, it went right in his mouth. "You've been thinking about this."

Tim nodded, sliding closer to Jason, leaning his cheek down onto his shoulder. "I have," he admitted. "I just... I see how happy you are with Riley. How good you are. And I don't want to risk not being able to have another baby. Besides... maybe I don't want him to be alone." Tim reached over, stroked Riley's wavy hair. "He deserves brothers, sisters... something."

Jason smiled over that, and couldn't argue. Thought of the family they had- and perhaps it was a little muddled but it was good.

"Besides, they'd have about a two-year difference, if you think about it. That's pretty good."

"You want this, don't you?"

Tim nodded then, sliding his arms around one of Jason's, holding on. "I do," he admitted, kissing his bicep once and glancing up. Looking so damn pretty that Jason's heart was fluttering. And it felt so different, from when Jason had asked Tim about having a baby, what felt like ages ago.

Where Jason had been so nervous that Tim would turn him down, would be disappointed in him bringing it up- Tim was confident. At ease.

"Okay," Jason said, a grin pulling at his lips. Because god did the idea thrill him. "What do you think, Riley? You wanna be a big brother to another little monster?" Riley glanced up at him, before pulling the toy from his mouth and tossing it towards the floor with a shrieked laugh. Jason let his grin fully show. "That a yes, I take it?"

Tim smiled, squeezing Jason's arm, before he leaned up, whispered in his ear, "Maybe we can practice a little tonight? You know... make sure when we're ready we've got the whole rhythm down."

A little color rose in Jason's cheeks, and Tim laughed, kissing one, before he reached down, took Riley from his lap and settled him on his own, so the toddler was facing him.

"Tell your dada he's got to finish dinner," Tim said, looking down at the little boy, "so that you can eat and grow up nice and big."

Riley reached out, clutched at Tim's fingers, began chanting the word dinner, and Jason was pushing himself up, shaking his head.
"Alright, alright. Table those lovely thoughts until later, babygirl. And give me ten minutes." He bent over, kissed the top of Riley's head. "Keep him in line, Riley. He's trouble."

Tim laughed, as his mate headed back for the kitchen, before turning his eyes back to Riley and leaning in, kissing the tip of his nose. "You won't be alone," he whispered- because, if he was honest, maybe it was a bit of a fear, of his. He remembered before the family, before Dick was his brother- and the world seemed to lonely, in retrospect. "I promise you, Riley. Not ever."
“Mmm, *Jay*, what are you doing?” The words were laced with a laugh, as Tim felt Jason press right up against his back, arm curling around his waist. They were laying in bed, Tim on his side with Jason originally snuggled up behind him-

Except now his mouth was moving slowly, teasingly, along Tim’s neck. And it was making Tim’s toes curl, the way he could feel his breaths- the way Jason’s arm pulled him back tighter against him.

“Nothin’,” Jason offered, nuzzling Tim’s hair, his hips shifting, carefully rocking into Tim. Tim gasped, before he let out another laugh, tipping his head back when Jason moved from his hair. He stared up at Jason, who had that charming, lazy, *guilty and knowing it* smile on his face.

“That’s not *nothing* sweetheart,” Tim teased, pushing back against Jason’s groin. “Are you trying to start something with me, *Mr. Todd*?”

Jason snorted, leaning his head down and burying it in Tim’s shoulder. “Mood killer,” he mumbled, before he turned, nipped at Tim’s earlobe. “And if I am, *Mr. Drake*? Hmm? Going to kick me out of bed?”

Tim hummed, before he shifted, pulling away and flopping on his back. Jason took the silent hint, pushing up and leaning over Tim, so the omega could reach up, hook his arms around his neck, fingers rubbing at the muscles between his shoulder blades, through his tshirt.

Jason leaned down, pecked Tim’s lips softly. “But really,” he whispered, “We’re both *home* for the night... feel up to it, babygirl?”

Tim smiled, the kind that had Jason’s heart stuttering in his chest, before he tugged Jason down. His *yes* was silent, was a pull in Jason’s chest through their bond, from Tim’s own want. Was the way Tim kissed him, little noises and a skilled tongue pushing into Jason’s mouth, a content sigh-

And then, over the sound of the baby monitor, a little whine. Jason pulled back, and both turned to stare at the monitor, as it went quiet for a moment.

“He might still be sleeping,” Tim reasoned, fingers flexing against Jason’s tshirt- but a moment later, a louder whine, a muffled sob-

And then a full on *cry*.

Jason cringed, was pushing himself out of the bed before Tim could even react. “Sit tight
gorgeous,” he said, heading for the door, “I’ll be back.”

Tim watched him go, before he stared up at the ceiling. He heard the door over the monitor, the sounds of Jason whispering softly to hush Riley- the rustling as he was lifted up.

“C’mon handsome,” Jason was saying, “I just want a couple minutes of your daddy’s attention. How about you give me that, and when you grow up and want a car I’ll be on your side?”

Tim reached up, covered his mouth and muffled a laugh. He heard a couple little whines, before Riley fell into silence- and all he could hear was Jason, humming softly to him. Soothing.

It had Tim smiling. He pushed himself up, was sitting in the bed when Jason appeared, a few minutes later. Something must have shown in his stare, because Jason paused in the doorway, quirking up a brow.

“What?”

“You know,” Tim mused, “It’s kind of sexy, when you do the whole good dad thing.”

Jason grinned, walking over to the bed and crawling up onto it. He pushed Tim down, had his mate laughing and he bent down and nuzzled his neck again. “Does that mean I’m extra sexy when I haven’t showered and I’ve got baby drool on my shirt?”

Tim laughed so hard his belly ached, clutching at Jason’s back as the sound dissolved into a moan, Jason nuzzling his chest now, kissing through his shirt. He might have had a retort, but he was willing to let it go, if Jason would just shove his shirt up, get at his skin-

And then Riley was crying again. Jason groaned, dropping his head down heavy on Tim, who sighed. He shoved at his mate, and Jason rolled off him, as Tim got up now, heading out into the hallway and for the nursery.

“What’s up Ri-bean?” he asked, looking down into the crib. Riley was kicking his little legs, cheeks red as he let out a loud wail. Tim cringed, reaching down to pick him up, holding him out to give him a quick study. Making sure he hadn’t scratched himself somehow- and he didn’t need to be changed-

Tim shrugged, pulling him into his chest and giving him a gentle bounce, as he began to walk around the room. A few hushed words, and Riley began to settle. Tim smiled over that, heading back for the crib- but the moment he tried to put him down, he got a very loud wail in response. Tim cringed, pulling Riley right back to his chest. “Sorry Riley,” he mumbled, “you’re okay.” He cradled the back of his head, the fine dusting of hair he couldn’t believe the kid had already- had been born with- as Jason appeared in the doorway.

“Everything okay?”

 Yeah,” Tim said, glancing back at him. “He just doesn’t want me to put him down. And what Riley wants, we know he gets.” Tim cracked a grin over that, leaning down to kiss the top of Riley’s head. “I’ll just go sit out in the living room with him for a while. Maybe in an hour or so he’ll be sleeping heavy enough for me to tuck him back in.”

“I can do it,” Jason offered, walking over and placing his hand on the small of Tim’s back. “You’ve got a meeting in the morning.”

“Just make me some coffee,” Tim offered, glancing up at Jason. “And maybe give me a rain
check for the sex.”

Jason laughed, kissing Tim’s ruffled hair. “Anything you want, babygirl,” he whispered, as Tim’s smile grew, and he clutched Riley just a little tighter.
Chapter 125

Chapter Notes

Soooo, there’s a lot in The Omegaverse that I never really touched on with Dick and Damian, between when Tommy was born and they officially started their relationship. And I know you guys have been asking for more of them... granted this might not be what you want.

Tommy is 3 months old, so the twins are about two months old, and Riley’s two. And Dick and Damian do this back-and-forth are we aren’t we until Tommy is 9 months old because they’re ridiculous. (Remember there’s already a ficlet for that!)

“Now remember,” Tim said, holding Riley’s hand as he opened the Manor door, “it’s like being at home with the babies. We have to be quiet, because Tommy still has to sleep a lot.”

Riley nodded, tugging at his father’s hand once the door was open. He’d bounced around in his car seat the whole ride over, simply chanting Dami Dami Dami over and over again, so excited to see him. Tim pulled the door shut, before walking through the open foyer, glancing around.

“Damian?” he called, not wanting to be loud- but with the Manor, it could be impossible to know where anyone was at a given time without some sort of clue.

“Tim,” came his response, and Tim smiled, could follow the voice. Riley perked up, trying to run, Tim bending over slightly and walking quickly to keep up with his son. The bag he’d brought smacked against his hip, sporting spare clothing, toys, snacks- anything the two-year-old could need.

“Hey gorgeous,” Tim said, poking his head into one of the sitting rooms, finding Damian sitting in one of the large plush chairs. He was by the window, curtains drawn back, Tommy cradled in his arms feeding happily. Damian smiled at him, the action alone seeming to fade the fatigue that was showing around his eyes. Riley tugged, and Tim chuckled, letting go of his hand and watching his son hurry across the room, throwing himself against Damian’s legs and hugging tightly.

“Dami!” he said, very loudly, and Tim cringed.

“Riley honey, remember, quiet.”

“It is alright,” Damian offered, looking down at Riley. “Hello Riley. Did you come all the way here to see me?” Riley nodded excitedly, and Damian kept his smile, adjusting the bottle he was holding and Tommy was trying to cling to. “How are your little twins?”

“They got big,” Riley said, still clinging to Damian’s legs. “They outgrew their box!”

Tim sighed, letting his bag drop, as Damian quirked up a brow. “He’s talking about the hospital,” Tim said, referring to the incubators the twins had been in after their birth. “But he’s right, they grew so much already.”

“I am glad,” Damian offered, pulling the now empty bottle away from Tommy. The baby gave a little hiccup, and Damian was about to position him on his shoulder, when Tim reached forward,
took the cloth right off his shoulder and put it on his own.

“I’ll do it,” he said, and Damian didn’t argue, passing Tommy to Tim. Tim smiled at him, made a little face, before resting him up against his shoulder, giving him a single bounce before patting his back gently. He paced towards the window, as Damian reached down, helped Riley climb up onto his lap, got his arms around the toddler and gave him a firm hug.

“Are you being good to the twins, little one?”

Riley nodded, snuggling in close to Damian happily. “Uh-huh. They’re loud though.” He made a face. “They cry.”

Damian laughed. “Babies do that, Riley. You used to cry.” He smoothed back the boy’s hair. “It used to startle me, because I didn’t know what to do.”

“Does Tommy cry?”

Damian nodded. “Yes, sometimes. But I know what to do now.” He kissed Riley’s temple, was Tim walked back over, rubbing Tommy’s back soothingly now.

“I’m pretty sure he spit up on me and then went right to sleep,” Tim teased, and Damian’s smile was warm.

“That would be my son,” he offered, “He did not sleep well last night. It’s a bit early for his nap, but I don’t want to wake him.”

“I’ll put him down,” Tim said, “keep an eye on my monster?” Damian nodded, as Tim walked out of the room. He headed up the stairs slowly, down the hallways towards the nursery. He pushed the door open, heading for the crib. Gently, Tim set Tommy in it, pausing to tap his little nose and watch him squirm in his sleep, before he tossed the burp cloth in the hamper and grabbed the baby monitor.

When he came back downstairs, Riley was already sitting on the floor, distracted by some of the toys Tim had brought, and he had obviously pulled from the bag. He headed straight for Damian, settling on the arm of the chair and getting his arms around his neck, kissing his temple.

“You look tired,” Tim offered, as Damian leaned into the embrace.

“I am. As I said, Tommy did not sleep well.”

Tim nodded, and then, cautiously, “...Where’s Dick?”

He could feel Damian’s shoulders sagging. “I have not seen him since yesterday afternoon. He left, and patrolled in Bludhaven. He... did not come here, after.” There was a pause, and Damian added, “I understand that. It would have been late.”

“You’ve heard from him, right?”

Damian nodded. “He called this morning to check on me and Tommy. He said he would be here sometime tonight.” Damian pressed his cheek to Tim’s chest, and Tim stroked his hair.

He knew things between Dick and Damian weren’t great. Honestly, he had sort of hoped that somehow, once Tommy was born, they’d get better.

He knew it was foolish, because a child didn’t fix anything.
But he’d seen those precious moments, when Dick seemed to let go of whatever reservations he had - how he looked at Damian. And Tim knew Damian would never love another like he did Dick.

He wanted his family to be happy. He wanted Damian to be happy.

“Is he staying the night?” Tim asked. “Because if he’s not and you want some help...”

“I cannot ask you to stay, Tim. Not with your babies at home. Also, I am sure Todd would not enjoy that.”

Tim laughed over that. “No, he wouldn’t.” Not that Jason seemed bothered by taking care of the twins alone. Tim would always be in awe of how perfectly in his element Jason was, with their children.

“I do,” Damian said, bringing Tim back, “appreciate your company now, though.”

Tim gave him a reassuring squeeze, rubbing one hand along his back.

*

Hours later, when the Manor door could be heard opening, Riley launched up from his little nest of a large blanket and a stuff animal, on the floor while Damian was reading out loud to him and Tommy, who was cradled in Tim’s arms but content at the sound of his father’s voice. He shouted “D!” and Tim cringed, almost sure Riley was going to tumble in his rush at some point.

But from the hallway he could hear, “Well look at that, there’s a Ri-bean waiting for me.” And the sound of Riley laughing as he was scooped up. Dick walked into the room, holding the toddler against his side as Riley beamed. Dick kissed his cheek, before setting him down, and heading right for Tim.

He bent over, taking Tommy from his arms and holding him up, the baby cooing and squirming at the sight of his father.

“And there’s my little man,” Dick said, pulling Tommy in to kiss one cheek, before lifting him up again. “Daddy missed you.”

Tim smiled, before glancing over at Damian - who was watching with a smile that never made it to his eyes. No, his eyes were sad.

Tim felt his chest tightening up, and knew a bit of that was from Damian himself, his feelings invading Tim’s chest.

He stood up then, saying, “Riley, c’mon with me sweetheart. Let’s go call dada and make sure those twins are keeping him in line.” The toddler hurried over, and Tim picked him up, glancing at Damian and nodding, before leaving the room.

For a moment, there wasn’t a sound, except for the little noises Dick was making at Tommy, and Tommy’s coos and gurgles. Damian watched, before swallowing.

“Will you be staying tonight?” he asked. And he hated that he had to ask, but it was so unpredictable. Dick was split, spending his time at the Manor with his son, and yet still removing himself at times, back to Bludhaven. Damian had dared to hope, when Tommy was born, that maybe he’d at least be here all the time. He had spent most of his nights at the Manor by the end of Damian’s pregnancy.
“Yeah,” Dick said, not looking at Damian. “I told Bruce I’d patrol with him, and it’ll be easier to stay here, instead of making the hike back to Bludhaven.”

Damian clenched his hands on his legs. “I thought you would stay in. You did not see Tommy last night at all.”

“I’m not going anywhere before hat,” Dick reasoned, smacking another kiss to Tommy’s dark cheek, before finally settling him against his shoulder. “He’ll be asleep by the time I go.”

Damian’s hands clenched again. Because yes, he knew that, but- “I believe he missed you last night.”

Dick frowned, walking over and sitting next to Damian. “I’m sorry I wasn’t here. Look, when I’m back from patrol, if he fusses at all, it’s on me.” Dick reached out with his free hand, gently cupped Damian’s cheek. “You look like you need some rest.”

Damian wanted to turn, wanted to nuzzle into Dick’s hand. Wanted to kiss his palm and his wrist and drown in his comforting scent. He missed being wrapped up in it.

Dick had not shared his bed since before Tommy was born. And Damian didn’t mean sex- while he missed that too, his body feeling much more like its old self now- but the sheer comfort of Dick’s arms wrapped around him. Of sleeping nestled against someone, again.

He didn’t sleep nearly as well alone.

“You should stay in,” Damian offered, leaning into Dick’s hand slightly. He reached up, covering it with his own, before Dick could pull away. “Stay with Tommy until he is asleep, and then... perhaps stay in my room tonight.”

Dick did pull his hand back, despite Damian’s hold, then. “Damian, you know I can’t.”

Damian thought that was honestly the stupidest statement. It made him want to scream, because he didn’t understand why Dick couldn’t. Wouldn’t he thought was a better word choice. He knew that Dick felt something, he wasn’t naive- he saw it, felt it in the slides of Dick’s hands, when Damian had been pregnant and Dick had seemed alright letting himself feel something.

And then Tommy was born and suddenly it wasn’t alright again.

Damian didn’t think anyone could blame him for his frustration- but he wouldn’t scream now, not with his son right there, content in his father’s hold. So when Tim appeared, peeking in, he was relieved. The other omega found his stare for a moment, before asking,

“How about I take Tommy for a minute? Gives you guys a second to... catch up.” Damian nodded, while Dick only looked at Tim for a moment, before slowly offering him the baby. Tim took Tommy, heading back for the doorway where Riley was leaning in, who quickly turned to follow his father.

The moment they were gone, Damian frowned. “Grayson, I do not understand you.”

“What don’t you understand, Damian?” Dick asked, standing up. Like he couldn’t be that close to Damian without Tommy as a barrier. “I thought we were clear about this. You and I...”

“We could be the greatest.” Damian stood up, squaring his shoulders. “We always have been, together. And the way you touched me...”
“Good sex doesn’t mean we’re meant to be, Damian.” Dick sighed. “And that’s not happening either, I’ve been clear on that.”

“You’ve been distanced. You’ve removed yourself from my life except where Tommy is involved. You should be here, with us. We are supposed to be doing this together and yet it feels like we are segments that never interlace.” Damian took a step towards Dick. “I miss you, Grayson.”

Dick’s eyes softened, and Damian could read his face. And he didn’t understand the denial he still harbored, that he had harbored for the year it had been, since he first crawled into Damian’s bed-and they’d made Tommy.

Damian knew Dick wanted him, he knew that Dick cared for him.

“I’m going to be here more,” Dick said, “I’m trying, Damian. I won’t let you raise Tommy alone. But I can’t... give you hope for something that isn’t there.” He waved his hand. “The two of us-you know why it can’t happen.”

“No, I honestly do not know. Because every reason you’ve given me has never stopped you from holding me, from acting as if perhaps I am the center of your universe. It’s never stopped you from sharing my bed.” Damian fist his hands. “I am lonely, Grayson. Without you...”

Dick sighed, before he carefully opened his arms. “Come here,” he offered, and Damian stepped into the embrace, pressing his cheek to Dick’s chest as the alpha’s arms tightened around him. He rubbed one hand along Damian’s back, the other cradling the back of his head. “I’m still here for you. I’m still your family, Damian. You’re not alone.”

“It feels it,” Damian admitted, eyes falling nearly shut. “At night when I am still stuck here, and the house sleeps. And I know no one is coming to me later...” He swallowed.

“Hey, you’ll be cleared for active duty again soon,” Dick whispered, “And then I’ll be here playing the good dad while you jump off rooftops again.”

Damian sighed. And it was true, he missed being Robin, but-

The city wasn’t the company he wanted.

Dick squeezed him again, before letting go. “Come on. Let’s go find Tim before he makes off with our kid. I’m sure his company is helping. Maybe you and Tommy should be over at the Penthouse with he and Jason and the kids more.” Dick took Damian’s hand, gently guiding him towards the door. “I bet it’d make taking care of the kids easier, and you’d have company.”

Damian sighed, biting his cheek. Because that wasn’t the company he wanted.

As it was, it felt like the only one who could ease his loneliness was Dick- and he was the only one completely set in keeping Damian at arm’s length.
Chapter 126

Chapter Notes

An Anon asked: "mom used to do this thing when i was younger& thought about ur omegaverse, we would ask her for a bedtime story but she's AWFUL at coming up with one so she had this "go-to story" where it started like a real story [1/2] abt this crab on the beach but then she'd just tickle the hell out of us to hide the fact that she didn't how to continue but we didn't care because it was fun and i thought abt Dick doing this with his and Dami's kids and how much they love it"

Okay yeah so Dick would absolutely do this!

So Masira is 4, Nadya is 5, and Tommy is 10. Tommy has totally been through this countless times but he’s still into it. And since he’s 10, he’s started his training to be Robin, which is why Dick is so openly discussing bats around the kids- because once Tommy knew, it was kind of hard to keep it from the girls!

“Daddy, daddy, story time!” Masira was shouting it, standing up on Tommy’s bed and bouncing as she spoke. Dick laughed, standing in the doorway of his son’s room, as Nadya squirmed past him, hurrying towards the bed, fresh from brushing her teeth. Tommy was sitting up by the pillows, eyes glued to his Gameboy. He glanced up as Dick walked in, both his sisters scurrying up towards him, cramming themselves around him as if their father needed the majority of the bed to sit.

“Alright,” he said, as Tommy closed his game, leaning behind Nadya and setting it on his nightstand. He sat down, rubbing his chin like he was thinking, as Masira squirmed, curling right up against Tommy and elbowing him in the ribs, as she seemed to do every night, trying to get closer. Nadya had her legs pulled up to her chest, content to be curled up on herself. “So, once there was this beach, and there was a crab—"

“Daddy you always tell that one,” Nadya pointed out, and Dick paused, smiling. “So you’re too smart for me to get away with the same story twice, right?” Nadya nodded, and Dick kept his smile. “Hmmm. Okay. How about this. Once there was a cave. And it was really, really big.” He held his arms out, trying to gesture. “It was situated under a castle, but no one ever knew about it. And in this cave, there were bats."

“Like baba’s chest,” Masira shrieked, flopping partially into Tommy’s lap. He reached down, trying to hoist her up, but she was limp and giggling, and Dick grinned. “Exactly like the big bat on baba’s chest.” Dick glanced at Tommy for a moment, but his son was smiling— “And these bats, they liked to share secrets.”

Dick glanced at all his kids, before Tommy burst out, “What secrets daddy?”

“You really wanna know?” All three nodded, Nadya leaning even closer, gripping her arms around her legs tighter. “Okay. But they’re really important secrets. You have to swear not to tell, okay?”

A round of nods, and Dick shifted closer, leaning over.
“The big bat secret is...” he paused, before lunging forward, getting his hands on Masira’s sides, since she was the closest. She shrieked as he tickled her, ticking her legs and squirming in Tommy’s lap, trying to escape. Against the sound of her yelling, Nadya was screaming daddy! and tossing herself forward, trying to pin down one of his arms.

She landed, and Dick grinned, turning to her and hoisting her up, getting her in his lap and tickling her. She laughed, breathless and cheeks turning red, as Masira clung to Dick’s arm, tugging with her body weight and yelling daddy no that’s a bad secret! Tommy was grinning- and it didn’t matter how many times he had been through these stories at their age, he was still amused.

When Dick finally stopped, he glanced over at Tommy, then at his girls.

“Princesses,” he said, and Nadya and Masira threw themselves at Tommy. He yelped as they landed on him, trying to tickle him, as Dick got him right behind his knees- nearly got kicked for it, but it was worth it to hear Tommy laugh.

“Not fair!” he yelled, “You can’t team-up on me.”

Dick laughed himself, finally stopping and helping to get the girls off Tommy. He stood up, hoisting Masira up with him.

“Alright, alright. Now that we got that energy out, it’s time for bed.” There was a round of unhappy noises, but Dick held firm. “No buts, it’s late. Now, Nadya, I know you brushed your teeth.”

“I did it daddy!” Masira said, and Dick squinted.

“Lemme see buttercup.”

Masira grinned, showing off her teeth, and Dick nodded, before turning to Tommy, who only gave him a thumbs up.

“Okay,” he said, as Masira got her little arms around his neck and Nadya carefully climbed down from Tommy’s bed.

“Daddy,” she said, tugging at Dick’s sweatpants. “Is baba gonna kiss us goodnight?”

Dick’s smile faltered for a moment, before he shook his head. “Not tonight honey. Baba is out playing with the bats.” He paused, then added, “but when he comes home, he’s going to look in on you, like he always does.”

Nadya nodded, and Dick leaned over the bed, kissing Tommy’s hair.

“Lights out soon kiddo,” he said, as Tommy reached for his gameboy again. “Just because you’re not out with baba doesn’t mean you get to stay up until he’s home.”

“O-kay,” Tommy said, and Dick turned, reaching down and managing to get Nadya in his other arm, against his side. He carried the girls out towards the hallway, to tuck them into their respective rooms-

And then to begin his own wait, for Damian to get home.
Chapter 127

Chapter Notes

There’s been talk of the Omegaverse lately, and I missed it so much. Just a little something to get us back into it. Set during the summer (near the end) where Riley finds out that Roy is more than just his dads’ friend. Riley is 8, the twins are 6, and Lian is 12. Damian is about seven months pregnant with Masira, so the poor thing is pretty run down (and for comparison, Tim is 31 now, Jason is 34, which makes Roy something like 36, since his age compared to Jason and Tim was never completely established)

Tim licked his lips, fingers moving quickly over his keys. He wanted to get these last few emails sent out before leaving early for the day, but they were unfortunately taking longer than he expected. Damian's less frequent presence was causing Tim to take over deals his younger brother had been handling, and he was playing catch-up as quickly as he could.

Not that he blamed Damian. While his last pregnancy with Nadya had been a dream, this current one was taking quite the toll on him. Tim wanted to tease it was because he had barely recovered from the last- but well, there were enough jokes about how things were never planned between Dick and Damian.

He reached for his coffee, was taking a sip as he opened the next email, when he heard a loud knock at his door. It sounded like it was coming from two hands, and then the door was opening, and two little eager bodies were spilling in.

Well, not that little.

"Timmy!"

"Daddy!"

The voices shouted in unison, and Tim didn't even get to put his coffee down before Riley and Lian were rushing him. They wormed their way in, Riley shoving gently at Lian and climbing right up into Tim's lap, leaving her to scowl.

"Riley don't shove!"

"Hey, hey, careful," Tim said, putting his mug down. He hooked one arm around his son- and it was a miracle the kid still got in his lap, he was getting way too big way too fast- and reached down, getting his other around Lian and hugging her. He kissed her temple. "Aren't you two missing someone?"

"We left Roy at the elevator," Riley said, leaning forward and poking at his dad's laptop. Tim leaned back, forcibly pulling Riley away from it, just as Roy appeared in the doorway, grabbing it and leaning in.

"Thank god there you two are," he huffed, and Tim bit back a laugh.

"They get away from you?" Roy glanced at him, before he looked away, not wanting to admit
defeat at the hands of kids- but Tim understood. The kids were too smart for their parents' own good. "I'm almost done," Tim said, as Lian moved away from the desk, taking her time to look around the room. She didn't get to visit Tim's office all that much. Usually when she and Roy were in town, it was at the house, or if the entire family was getting together, the Manor. Tim guided Riley off his lap, who headed right back for Roy, leaning his entire weight against him and pushing Roy further into the door frame. "Just a few more emails."

"Okay gorgeous." Roy smiled, before he looked down at Riley, got his hands on his shoulders and pushed him back on his own two feet. "Careful Ri, you're on your way to weighing about as much as your dad, you'll knock me right on my ass."

"I'm gonna be bigger than dad," Riley announced, and across the room Lian snorted.

"Good luck, I'm still taller than you."

Riley frowned, looked about ready to yell, but Roy was taking his hand, turning him away. "C'mon kiddo, how about you and me go take a walk? Your dad'll let us know when he's done." Tom nodded, mouthed his thanks, and Roy was guiding Tim's oldest out of the room.

Leaving just Lian, who walked back to the desk, hoisting herself up onto the corner. She swung her legs, her knees covered in colorful band-aids. Tim noticed as he began typing his next response. "What happened?"

"I fell down training," Lian admitted. "I had to tell Riley I fell racing some friends though."

"That's my girl." Tim flashed her a smile, and Lian completely beamed.

"Timmy?" she asked, and Tim hummed, eyes scanning over what he was typing. "Can I go out with you and Jayjay some night?"

That had him pausing. He glanced up. "Don't you like going with your dad?"

"I do, but... I wanna be Speedy with you and Jay too." Lian folded her arms. "We could be a whole team. Dad can stay home with Ri and the twins and you and Jay can show me Gotham! I still haven't been on Gotham roofs yet."

It was true, Tim knew Roy kept Lian very localized in her Speedy adventures. He also knew the day would come when he couldn't, but god she was still young. "We'll talk to your dad," Tim offered, "but you have to listen to everything I say, if we do. Okay?"

Lian nodded. "Yes ma'am," she said, and Tim snorted, reaching up to cover his mouth.

* 

"Okay so we don't tell your dad," Roy said, opening the giant cookie he'd gotten out of the vending machine and passing half to Riley, "and we act like whatever Jay cooks later is the first thing we've eaten since lunch."

Riley nodded, taking a giant bite, keeping close to Roy as they continued to walk around. Most of the staff recognized him and offered small waves and smiles, and Riley seemed more than happy to wave back, although he was more interested in eating his cookie than actually speaking. It was gone, however, by the time they were back to Tim's wing, and the secretary who had missed him when he and Lian ran by earlier, made a point to get up and come around, bending over to get a good luck at him.
"You're so tall!" she cooed. "You look just like your father."

Roy laughed over that. "He does look just like Jason." He was a known face now, too, at least.

Riley pinched his lips together, seemed to be thinking, before he said, "Can I look like Roy too?"

The woman seemed a bit confused. "You look like one or both your parents," she said, and Riley folded his arms.

"But Roy's my dad too!" he exclaimed, and Roy was suddenly getting his hands on his shoulders, steering him away.

"Okay kiddo let's get back to your daddy. Nice to see you again!" Roy gave the secretary a nervous wave and all but shoved Riley down the hallway, who was squirming and trying to fight back.

"But it's a real question!"

Roy sighed, pushing Tim's door open again, just in time to see him closing his laptop. "Perfect timing," Tim said, walking over with Lian. "How about Lian rides with me, and we meet at the house?"

Roy nodded, snapping his mouth shut, as Tim leaned up, kissed his cheek affectionately.

* 

"Alyssa, get off that chair!" Jason yelled, head turned to see her climbing on the kitchen chair, as he stood at the stove, stirring the massive pot he had going. Alyssa frowned, but didn't move, and Jason huffed. "Now, young lady."

"Yes dada," she mumbled, hopping down, nearly giving Jason a heart attack. He sucked in a breath, thinking she didn't need another scraped knee or elbow- as it was, they had gone through enough band aids for an entire Robin army this summer, he was sure. "Is dinner ready yet?"

"Not yet," Jason said, setting the spoon down and putting the lid on the pot. "We have to wait for daddy and Roy to come home before we eat." Alyssa pouted, and Jason walked over, hoisting her up. "C'mon, let's go find your brother." Alyssa tossed her arms around Jason's neck, clinging happily as Jason walked her out into the living room. Thankfully, Alec was where Jason had left him, snuggled into an obscene amount of pillows the kids had dragged to the couch that morning, watching TV intently.

Jason set Alyssa down next to him, and without a word Alec shifted, curled right up against his sister and clung, still watching the TV. Jason bent over, kissed his hair, as he heard the lock in the door turning. He left the twins content as the door opened, and the first thing he saw was Lian running in. She caught sight of him and ran full speed, throwing herself onto him with a loud Jayjay! and Jason caught her, lifting her up and spinning her around.

"Hey there buttercup," he said, kissing her forehead. "Where's daddy?"

"With Riley," she said, as Tim stepped in, shutting the door and pausing to take his shoes off. "I got to ride with Timmy!"

"Oh? And was that fun?" Lian nodded, and Jason let her go. She turned, heading for the living room, as Jason called, "shoes Lian!" He shook his head, as Tim walked over, reached up and hooked an arm around his neck. Jason smiled, bent down and was greeted with an affectionate kiss. "Hey babygirl."
Tim smiled, leaning in and nuzzling Jason's neck. "Something smells good," he teased, "and I don't know if it's you or dinner."

"Brat," Jason laughed as he got his arms around Tim, hoisted him right up and over his shoulder. Tim shrieked out a laugh, didn't fight as Jason carried him into the kitchen, sitting him right on the table. The moment he did Tim was pulling him in, getting his legs around him and forcing Jason to stay put as he kissed his jaw.

"Missed you," Tim whispered, and Jason's heart throbbed over that. It didn't matter that Tim had been saying that everyday he was gone for the past thirteen years, Jason still reacted like it was the first time he heard it.

"Missed you too. Work was okay?" Tim nodded, nosing at Jason's neck, unable to pull away. "Swamped with Damian gone?"

"Uh-huh." Tim sighed, paused to suck at Jason's pulse, and Jason groaned, sucking in a deep breath.

"Tim, what're you-"

"Sorry," he mumbled, finally forcing himself to pull back. Tim reached up, brushed his hair out of his face. "Got distracted. I'm feeling a little..." Tim paused, sucked at his tongue. "I think it's about time."

Jason quirked up a brow- but it made sense. Tim had been hard pressed to untangle from Jason that morning, and he had been thinking his mate had smelled exceptionally sweet after his hot shower. "I can believe it," Jason agreed, reaching up to cup Tim's face. "You've got a little color to your cheeks babygirl."

"I'll be okay." Tim smiled, and it was dazzling. Before Jason could say another word, the front door was opening again, and the sound of Riley fighting with his shoes followed. There was a loud Ri living room! from Alyssa, and then his footsteps as he ran right for her.

A moment later, Roy appeared in the kitchen doorway, taking a moment to just study Jason and Tim. "Uh, am I interrupting?"

"Never," Jason said, flashing a smile. He'd seen Roy bother Tim had, when he'd gotten into town earlier that day with Lian. And he appreciated Roy taking Riley out with him, leaving Jason with just the twins. "Tim's getting ready to go into heat," Jason added, as Roy kissed his cheek.

The other alpha pulled back, glancing between the two of them, and Tim shrugged a shoulder. "Oh," Roy said, "do you guys uh... you know. Want some privacy? 'Cause I can take like, Ri or something and I bet Steph and Cass will take the twins-"

"Roy." Tim now, reaching over and taking his hand. He lifted it, kissed his knuckles- and his mouth was even warmer than usual. "Why would you go anywhere?"

Roy clamped his mouth shut. He'd been with them, before, when Tim was in heat... but it had been a while. And with the baby they had to lose- he knew time had helped to heal that, but it was still fresh, on the right nights.

"Whatever you're thinking," Jason said, "it doesn't change that if Tim wants you here when he's in heat, you're welcome. Whatever he says goes. And you know I never want to turn you away."

Jason got his arm around Roy's waist, keeping him close to he and Tim, who was nodding.
"I do want you here," Tim agreed. "I didn't plan this, I swear. I just... lost track of time between them. I've been so busy I've missed the signs- and the summer heat made me not even realize that I've been warm." He shook his head. "But nothing has to change. The kids will tire themselves out, and we'll tell them when we put them to bed that it's daddy's heat, and I need my space."

Tim's kids weren't ignorant. And while the twins didn't exactly get it, Riley was old enough to understand a little. Lian, definitely.

"And you and Jason will just have to keep me quiet," Tim added with a little smirk. Roy bit at his lip, cheeks flushing, and Tim giggled over it.

"Okay," he finally breathed, and Tim could smell the rush in his pheromones, over the ideas in his head. "I think we can do that."

"Good." Tim leaned forward, kissed his cheek, before turning and kissing Jason's as well. "Now, dinner? I'm hungry, too."

"Working on it," Jason said, heading right back for the stove.

"Uh, by the way," Roy said, watching as Jason switched right back into cooking mode. "Riley might have... asked your secretary if he can look like me one day. He uh... said I was his dad too."

Roy reached up, rubbed the back of his neck as Tim watched him. "I'm sorry, I couldn't stop him before he said that-"

"Relax," Tim said, waving his hand. "She's a sweet, smart woman. I am sure she had put this together quite some time ago. And Riley's right- you are his dad." Tim smiled, leaning back on his hands, looking gorgeous even if his eyes were a bit tired. "And trust me, this is Gotham, if there's gossip about anyone in the Wayne family... eventually it gets out. We'll deal with that when we get to that point."

Roy nodded, and before he could speak, there was a loud voice form the doorway, "Dada why is daddy allowed on the table and I'm not?" Tim peered past Roy, who had turned, and Alyssa was standing there, pouting, her arms folded. Tim laughed, as Roy walked over, picked her up and showered her plump cheeks in kisses.

"Hey there Lyslys," he said, and she squealed, clinging to him and trying to hide her face in his hair.

"It's because Dada said so," Tim said, "and his word is law in this kitchen."

"Damn right," Jason said, not even turning around. "And right now I'm saying everyone out so I can finish up!"

Roy laughed, carrying Alyssa back out, and Tim hopped off the table. Before he left though, he darted over, playfully smacking Jason's ass and making his husband jump. "Get me back later!" he teased, before he turned, rushing after Roy, so he could properly greet his twins, who he hadn't seen that day since breakfast.
So I felt like it was time for more Omegaverse! (Sorry it’s not that one scene everyone wants me to write just yet). Fun fact, I work with a man named Jason who has twins (a boy and a girl), and he tells me adventurous about them. The idea for this is based off what I’ve heard.

The twins are about two and a half- which means this is before Tim and Jason even get married. Riley then is about four and a half.

"You're really sure you'll be okay?" Tim asked, leaving his suitcase by the door.

Jason smiled, the kind that left crinkles in the corners of his eyes. He was still in his pajamas, but it was only just hitting five AM, and he had ever intention to head back to bed, once Tim was safely secure in the car.

"Of course I am. I'm home everyday with these kids babygirl, I've got this."

"I'll be gone five days Jay." A shrug, and Jason leaned in, kissing Tim's forehead.

"And I'll miss you for five days. But we'll be okay."

"But Bruce and Damian are coming too- and Dick's got his hands full with Tommy and trying to fill in as Batman so no one knows he's gone and-" 

"Tim, hush." Jason reached up, pressed a finger to his lips. "Tuck that anxiety away. It's okay." Tim nodded, and Jason cupped his cheeks, kissing him very gently. "I've got this."

Jason truly wasn't nervous. Sure, Tim would be gone for five days on an overseas business trip with Bruce and Damian, but Jason could handle it. He spent everyday home with his kids, and it just meant that he wouldn't have reinforcements at night.

It also meant there wouldn't be any switching off, to see who was going on patrol and who was reading bedtime stories.

"Bruce is here," Tim said, having turned to peek out the front door's window. Jason nodded, grabbing Tim's bag before he could, as Tim opened the door, heading out into the chilly morning. Jason headed for the trunk of the car as Bruce popped it, settling the suitcase in snugly with the others, before closing it. Tim had the backdoor open, and Jason leaned over, peeking in and smiling at Damian.

"Hey kiddo, how's your munchkin?"

Damian smiled, the kind Jason once would have never pictured on his face. "Passed out in bed with his father," Damian offered, and Jason laughed.

"Like father, like son." He straightened up, and Tim moved in, wrapping his arms around him in a tight hug. Jason squeezed, burying his face in his hair and inhaling, sighing over Tim's sweet scent,
over the tightness in his chest from their bond. "Let me know when you get on the plane? And when you land? And get to the hotel?"

Tim laughed, kissing Jason's cheek. "Of course sweetheart. Let me know how the kids are doing, if they let you get that close to your phone?" Jason laughed, stole a quick kiss, before pulling back and letting Tim climb into the backseat with Damian. He walked around the car, just as Bruce rolled down the driverside window, and leaned over.

"Make sure not to cramp their style too much, old man," Jason teased, and Bruce frowned- but it didn't reach his eyes. "And show off pictures of your grandkids."

That earned him a smile. "That I can do." Jason grinned, giving the roof of the car a pat, and stood back, so Bruce could pull away. He watched the car move into and down the street, before heading back for the house. Once inside and the door securely locked, Jason headed back for the stairs, thinking he'd get a few more hours sleep.

Once he hit the top, however, he heard a very persistent, "Dada!" He turned, looking over at the twins' door- and sure enough, it was cracked open, one set of blue eyes looking right at him.

"Beunos días chiquita," Jason said, crouching down, "what are you doing up?"

Alyssa pushed at the door more, raising her arms, and Jason stooped over, picking her up. He moved into the room, planning on tucking her right back into her bed- but there was already a bundle of blankets in her bed, another set of blue eyes watching him.

"Dada!" Alec said, loud but sleepy, and Jason sighed.

"Hi chiquito," he whispered, "what are you doing in Alyssa's bed?" Alec said nothing, and Jason set Alyssa down in the bed. She squirmed, but refused to lay down.

"Dada-"

"It's still sleep time," he said, stroking her hair. But Alec sat up then, lifting his arms up and grabbing at the air. Jason sighed, before he scooped them both up, settling them on his sides. "Okay," he said softly, heading for the door, "but we have to be quiet. Riley is still sleeping."

Jason was thankful he at least had one kid that knew how to sleep.

He headed downstairs, settling the twins onto the couch. He moved to the TV, popping a movie in before returning with the remote. He settled down, dragging a blanket off the back of the couch that he'd forgotten to put away the night before, as Alyssa and Alec snuggled up to him, one on either side. He tucked them in as the movie started. "Remember the rules- we have to be quiet and snuggle until regular people wake up, okay?"

The twins nodded, little hands clutching onto Jason as they wriggled around, constantly trying to get closer. Jason snuggled back into the couch, sighing and letting his eyes flutter shut, feeling like he could possibly slip back into sleep.

But then Alyssa giggled, and Alec babbled along with the movie, and his eyes were snapping open. He sighed, glancing at the TV- and knowing he wasn't getting anymore sleep that morning.
Because of the cold weather, and upcoming winter, I thought we needed some Jason and Tim keeping each other warm. For reference, Riley is 5 and the twins are 3. This is only a few months after Jason and Tim got married!

Tim heard the door as it creaked open. He didn’t open his eyes, as he knew Jason’s feet were sinking into the plush carpet, before the door clicked shut. He shifted then, turning and keeping his cheek on his pillow, blinking away the dark and looking towards the door, as his eyes adjusted.

Jason didn’t move for a moment, and Tim might have thought his mate hadn’t realized he’d woken up- except this was Jason. He knew every breath Tim took.

“Sorry,” Jason whispered, so quietly it was hard to hear, as he headed for the bed, “I wake you?”

“S’okay,” Tim mumbled, sighing as Jason leaned down, kissed his warm, bed tussled hair. “Did you look at the kids?”

“Everyone is snug as a bug.” He pet Tim’s hair, and Tim sometimes wished he could purr over how tender Jason was with him. “Which is good. It’s cold out there.”

Tim pushed himself up onto his elbows. The blanket dragged down his shoulders, and despite that he made a point of keeping the heat high- his excuse being the kids couldn’t be cold they’d get sick- he could still feel the temperature difference from the air and the heat he had collected, beneath his blanket.

Jason’s hand moved form his hair to the back of his neck, and even though he had been out in it, he was warm. Tim figured he’d hopped in the shower for a few minutes, washed away the Gotham air and the sweat from his suit- but the heat had seeped right into his skin and it was magical.

“You’re warm,” Tim mumbled, and Jason bent back over, nosed at his hair.

“Yeah? You cold, babygirl?”

Tim nodded. “Baby, it’s cold outside.”

Jason laughed over that. Straightened up and slapped a hand over his mouth to keep it quiet. “Gonna sing next?”

“Only if I want to ruin your hearing.” Jason finally pulled away, walking around the bed and tugging the blanket back, crawling in quickly. Tim had kept it fairly warm, and he sighed, rolling over and tossing an arm and a leg over his mate, nuzzling into him.

“You’re warmer than you think,” he mumbled, stifling a yawn.

“Could be warmer,” Tim whispered, squirming around now. He was awake, so... “Warm me up?”
Jason cracked open an eye, responded with a roll of his hips that had Tim biting back a noise. “Yeah? Don’t wanna catch a little extra sleep?”

“Hm, let’s see,” Tim started. “Go back to sleep or spend a couple minutes with my husband, who just returned alive from another night in the city, and let him lull me to sleep with a mind-blowing orgasm?” Tim hummed. “Tough choice.”

“Brat.” Jason nuzzled Tim’s neck, found the scar from their bonding, and kissed it. Tim sighed, and Jason tugged the blanket up over them, skimming his hand down his side. “You want me babygirl, I’m all yours. Always.”

“Oh, I know.” Tim reached down, awkwardly pressed into his pillow as he grasped at his pajama pants, managing to get them over the swell of his ass, the curve of his hips. “I married you to make sure of that.”

Another laugh- and Jason’s laugh was so damn intoxicating. “Tim, I was yours the moment you let me in that pretty head of yours. Before, ever.” Jason reached down, right into his own sweats, sighing when he wrapped his hand around himself. The invitation itself had gotten him half hard, and there was something about Tim calling him his husband that got him going. Maybe because it was fresh, it was new still. Maybe because it was just another affirmation that he’d sworn himself forever to this man- and that Tim would have him.

“Keep the blankets on,” Tim said, and Jason didn’t argue. He crawled over him properly, fumbling a little in the dark as Tim raised his ass. Jason might have asked if Tim wanted to a little work up, but the moment he teased his cockhead along his ass, he could feel how wet he was- and Jason wasn’t asking, was following Tim’s subtle signals, the twitch of his hips as he tried to raise his ass a little more.

He slid in easily, pushed himself down until Tim was pressed tight to the mattress. Tim exhaled, hands flexing and grasping at the sheets. Jason was stretched out along him, but the weight was comforting. He wasn’t so heavy that Tim couldn’t breathe, and he was enveloped in such heat that Tim was almost lulled by it.

“Whatever pace you want,” Tim whispered, as Jason dragged his mouth along the back of his neck. “I’ll come no matter what.”

He would. He always came with Jason, always found release and heaven. Jason smirked into his neck, easing his hips back just enough that Tim could feel him pushing back in. Shallow and slow, but it was pushing Tim into the mattress, forcing his cock which was pinned beneath him to rub along the soft sheets. Tim sighed, let his eyes fall shut, listened to Jason’s breathing as he dug his toes into the bed, got a little leverage to thrust harder.

“Babygirl,” he was breathing, and Tim smiled to himself. He pushed back, got the most delicious groan that seemed to fill the room. “Too good to me.”

“Am I?” Tim’s smile was coy, unseen but creeping into his voice. “Feel lucky you get to fuck me, hot stuff?”

Jason’s hips stuttered, and suddenly he was leaning his forehead into Tim’s hair, choking down a laugh. Tim could feel his laughter, how it vibrated his chest, and pouted. “That was horrible,” Jason admitted, and Tim rolled his eyes.

“You are inside me and laughing.” Jason inhaled, held his breath for a moment, before he pulled
back, then eased so slowly into Tim’s body.

“Sorry,” he whispered, “sleepy Tim just can’t dirty talk.” Tim said nothing, slowly forgetting as Jason kept filling him, over and over again. He could argue that he wasn’t sleepy, but it was a lie. Still, he was relaxed because of it, and it made this all the better.

Tim let his eyes slid shut, focusing again on Jason’s breathing. On the perfect heat when his pelvis pressed right against his ass. On the feeling of being boxed in and secure because he trusted Jason.

His orgasm built slowly. The steady rhythm kept pushing Tim closer, until he was curling his toes into the sheets, his fingers tugging at them, mouth open as he panted simply because he was on the edge, but it felt like he had been for so long. And yet his body wasn’t giving, was still taking Jason’s cock, but not letting him roll over the edge.

Tim mewed, might have pushed back but there wasn’t much room. But when Jason got his teeth on the back of his neck, bit gently- clamped down with enough pressure for Tim to know he was there, but not enough to hurt in any way- it gave him the push he needed. Tim shuddered, whimpering into the pillow in an attempt to keep quiet, his body flexing, clenching up tight around Jason over and over again. That constant, sweet pressure had Jason following, groaning into Tim’s neck as his mate continued to come.

Tim wasn’t sure when it ended. It ebbed slowly, left him feeling like he was floating, slowly peeling away from his body. Vaguely he was aware of Jason pulling out, rolling off him back onto his side of the bed. And then an arm around his waist, and Jason pulling him back against his chest, tugging his pajama pants up.

“Tim.” Tim mumbled something, and Jason sighed. “Timmy, babygirl. You can’t sleep yet, you made a mess.”

“You helped,” Tim mumbled, not really caring. His body was lax, felt like heated water, and he just wanted to sleep. “Worry about it in the morning.”

“You’re gonna be real unhappy about that, princess.” Jason sighed, shifting a little closer to the edge of his side of the bed. “Guess you’ll just have to stay nice and close.”

Tim smiled, grabbing one of Jason’s hands and pulling it up. Eyes still closed, he pressed warm, lazy kisses to it, until they fell off slowly, as he began to fade again. Jason kept a firm hold on him, smiling, thinking that while he hadn’t been cold, he couldn’t complain if Tim wanted to warm him up like this, no matter the time.
I never get to write about the twins enough, at least not together. Alec and Alyssa are both 17, and Riley is 19. (This is two years prior to Riley and Tommy dating).

Alyssa sighed, lifting one leg and hanging it over the back of the couch, scrolling through her phone. There were a few texts from various friends trying to get her to go out for the night, but she wasn’t really interested. The only place she’d wanted to go was out with Riley- but he’d left her home because she was still a minor and couldn’t legally get into the club with him.

Not like it had stopped her before but...

She huffed, dropping her phone on her chest and reaching up, rubbing her hands over her face. She thought maybe she’d go out then, see if her dad was interested in a little double Red Hood trouble- but he had sent a text to the kids about an hour prior that he was leaving suddenly with Damian for a case taking them overseas.

Which meant Tim was working extra late to make up for Damian’s absence.

And thus, Alyssa was bored.

She considered going out on her own, thought maybe Tommy would go out too. Robin and Red Hood could be a fun little team-up. But with her luck, it’d be a night they were letting Masira get her feet wet, which meant Tommy would be completely unwilling to leave his sister’s side- and Dick probably wouldn’t want either of his kids out of his line of sight.

She could just camp out on the couch with Netflix all night, she figured. That wouldn’t be that bad. She was still considering it when her phone buzzed, and she pulled her hands from her face, lifting it up and seeing Ri flashing. She unlocked it, opening his message- and got a picture of some gorgeous woman with lips red as the devil.

And beneath it- She’s gonna fucking wreck me holy shit.

Alyssa groaned, rolling onto her belly and typing out give her my number bro don’t be greedy. Even if she knew he wouldn’t. Even if he’d say she was too old for Alyssa- probably had a few years on Riley, but he tended to go for alphas older than him anyway. Alyssa knew his type- Alphas that were willing to let him feel small, even when he was anything but. Someone who would take every bit of control her brother ever had in his life, and make him forget for a night that there was a reason he needed it.

It made her hurt, a little, in her chest. If only because she knew, and had known for some time, how much someone else loved him, and didn’t fit his type at all. And yet...

She gave up on the thoughts when her phone buzzed again. Not a chance in hell little girl. I’ll take you out on your next birthday and play wingman, how’s that?
Alyssa smiled, even if she didn’t want to. Too damn long. Be safe and remember to come home sometime this weekend. She sat up, shaking out her long hair, before she stood up, figuring Riley was now gone as a source of entertainment as well. She thought maybe she could pull Alec away from his computer or something, see if he’d keep her company. She just didn’t feel like being alone tonight.

She was going to head upstairs, but chanced a glance out towards the sliding glass doors that led to the patio. She noticed the wooden swing moving, could just make out a shape in it, and turned, heading that way instead. She grasped the door, sliding it open, and Alec glanced up from where he was curled, light smoke curling around him.

“What’re you doin’ out here?” she asked, closing the door and heading over. She dropped down onto the opposite end of the swing, eyes flicking to the cigarette in his hand. “Something happen?”

He only smoked when he was stressed. She knew that. Just like she only did it when she was mad—or he was doing it.

Maybe it really was a good thing Riley had gone out, because he hated whenever they did that.

“Nah.” Alec shook his head, and there was a pretty flush to his cheeks. He held the cigarette to his lips, inhaling deeply, before he tipped his head back, exhaling. Alyssa watched, figured her brother was probably pretty in too many ways, and could only be glad he didn’t do this in front of people. She already hated the harassment he got because he was cute without trying.

Sometimes that made her angry because he could roll out of bed and people wanted to eat him up, and she felt like she simply reminded the world of a half dead animal anytime before she showered and properly woke up.

“Don’t feel great,” Alec finally admitted, offering out the cigarette. Alyssa took it, sucking down a breath. It was so much lighter than the ones they used to smoke, when they snuck them from their dad’s pack. Those felt like they could kill a horse- these felt like smoking air. “Heat’s gonna kill my weekend.”

Alyssa paused, cigarette between her lips. “Shit,” she mumbled around it, unlocking her phone. “Already?” Alec nodded, and she opened an app, sighing because yeah, he was right. She made a point to try and keep track of his heats, if only so she could try to make sure to be around if he wanted her to be, had an app that usually an omega would keep to help them keep track. Yet somehow it had slipped her mind... “Start already? You look good.”

“Alyssa paused, cigarette between her lips. “Shit,” she mumbled around it, unlocking her phone. “Already?” Alec nodded, and she opened an app, sighing because yeah, he was right. She made a point to try and keep track of his heats, if only so she could try to make sure to be around if he wanted her to be, had an app that usually an omega would keep to help them keep track. Yet somehow it had slipped her mind... “Start already? You look good.”

“Nah. I think it’ll hit the middle of the night.” He swiped a hand back through his hair. He had the beginnings of shadows beneath his eyes, like he’d stayed up too late the night prior.

Alyssa knew he had, and that he’d probably snuck out of one of his classes and napped in the library. Not that it’d matter, he was so stupidly smart he could pass even his college level class exams without opening a book.

Alyssa passed the cigarette back, and Alec took it, sliding one hand down over his hoodie to splay on his belly. “Cramps started though.” He took another drag, before he turned, tossing the butt of it away. “And that was my third one of the night.”

“Don’t kill yourself,” Alyssa teased, shoving her foot out and pushing at his leg. “Or smoke all of ‘em before I get us more.”

“Wouldn’t matter if Riley’d just buy ‘em for us.”
“He’s more likely to eat his own arm.” Alec snorted over that, and Alyssa leaned back. “You want some company? I’m not doing shit tonight. We can lay on the couch and watch something.”

“Alien marathon?”

Alyssa groaned. “Again? Seriously?” Alec only smiled, looking at her with big gray-blue eyes, and she knew there was no way she was saying no. Even if that was what they’d watched the last time too. “Fine.” She stood up, stretching out her arms and pulling Alec up. “But only because you’re cute as a button.”

Alec rolled his eyes, but made a point to hold onto one of her hands as she led him inside. She searched through the DVDs as Alec stretched out on the couch, tugging down one of the blankets tossed up over the back to tangle around his legs. “Ri coming home?”

“Doubt it. Maybe later if he doesn’t stay the night. His girl’s cute tonight.” Alyssa grabbed the remote, heading for the couch. “Wanna see?”

“Pass.” Alec looked completely uninterested, and Alyssa didn’t blame him. She was usually pretty bemused over whoever her brother was chasing after, but lately it seemed almost painful, with how Tommy looked at him. And she knew Alec saw it, probably before she even did.

She climbed over him, shoving him nearly to the edge until she could stretch out behind him. The movie was just starting as she settled her head on a pillow, her arm draping over his side. Her hand splayed and rubbed gently along his belly, and Alec sighed, relaxing. Even when he wasn’t near or in heat, he’d always liked that- it’d been one way she could calm him down, if his anxiety got bad. Just like how he’d play with her hair, when her nightmares left her in a panic.

“Can you sleep with me tonight?” Alec asked, after about ten minutes of silence had lapsed. He didn’t try to turn to look back, and Alyssa’s hand didn’t stop it’s slow, subtle movements for even a moment.

“’Course,” she whispered, leaning down and kissing his hair. “Kick me out if you need a little relief though, ‘kay? Let’s not make it weird.”

Alec snorted again, tried to kick her, and Alyssa only grinned. She stopped simply to hug him, and he squirmed, huffing at her in mock annoyance, before he reached down, grabbed her hand and squeezed it. Alyssa smiled into his hair, inhaling the scent of his shampoo and smiling because it was the same damn kind he’d used since they’d graduated from baby shampoo. Because it was the scent of her brother, and it was comfort.

And she didn’t need to admit that she was just as happy as he was, whenever he asked for her company at night. She’d never liked to sleep alone, and Alec was one of the best at making sure her nightmares didn’t carry over too long into her waking mind.

She couldn’t even be shocked that one’s comfort always caused the other’s. After all, she was convinced he was just another half of her. As different as they were, he’d always complete her.
Chapter 131

I can never get enough of new dads Jason and Tim with itty bitty Riley. Riley’s about six weeks old, so this is just before Tim starts going back to work.

Jason grumbled to himself, rolling over on the bed and sprawling out. He grasped at one of the pillows, pulling it to him as if it was a small body, trying to nuzzle into it. But when he realized it was cooling, that it wasn’t breathing, he cracked his eyes open.

He’d expected Tim, not his pillow. Jason sighed, rolling over onto his back and yawning, stretching. He’d gone out on patrol the night prior, and he felt out of practice. He’d been staying home with Tim and the baby, and just recently was working a few nights back into his routine, just to ease the stress on the rest of the family.

He sat up, rubbing one hand through his hair, scratching at his chest and belly. He had no idea what time it was, and had to fumble for his phone, squinting to look at the time-

It was after ten. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d slept this late.

He tossed his blanket off, shoving his phone into the pocket of his sweatpants, and headed for the door. Bare feet over the hardwood floors, and the moment the door was open he could hear Tim, this gently little murmuring. Jason couldn’t make out the words, but he’d always know his mate’s voice.

He paused when the hallway opened up to the living room, crossing his arms and looking at Tim. He was sitting on the couch, Riley cradled in his arms. He had a blanket over his own lap, seemed nice and cozy, as he held a bottle for their son, who was contently sucking.

Jason stayed silent, trying to listen. And he realized Tim was reciting a story- not out of any storybook, but from Jason’s own life.

“Alfred told me fell asleep right at the breakfast table. That’s what your dad gets for staying up all night reading.” Tim was smiling, looking down so affectionately at their son. “Are you going to be like him? Am I going to find you with your face next to your plate because you couldn’t put down a novel?” Jason couldn’t help but smile as Tim’s face softened even more. “I love you enough that it’d be okay. I’d laugh and get you a pillow, probably. Anything you ever want, Riley.”

The baby squirmed, and Tim guided the bottle away, setting it on the coffee table and lifting Riley up, cooing at him wordlessly. Riley squirmed, grunted a little, and Tim laughed, settling him over his shoulders so he was resting on a cloth he had waiting there, rubbing his back.

“Jay makes that same face,” Tim said, almost laughing. “When he regrets how much he just ate. Do you have his appetite too?”

“Babygirl, you could eat circles around me.” Tim looked up, and Jason couldn’t keep himself quiet any longer. He walked over, bending over and kissing Tim’s forehead, as he tipped his head
up. “So if anything, we should be worried if he can eat like you. I’ll have to start working to pay for it.”

Tim did laugh now, as Riley gave a little hiccup. “Well we can’t have that, I need you home with the bean so I can make sure Bruce doesn’t make any mistakes.” Riley made another little noise, and Tim turned, kissed the overly soft hair he had been born with. “That was a good one Ri-bean.”

Jason chuckled, reaching down to rub Riley’s back as Tim’s hand fell away. Another hiccup, and then after a solid minute of silence, he seemed content. Jason took him carefully, so Tim could push his blanket off, standing up and balling up the burp cloth, heading out of the room. Jason held Riley up, watched those grey eyes that looked just like his staring down at him. He wondered how much the kid was taking in, if Riley was really seeing the world the way it seemed he was, even if that was ridiculous, for his age.

“Were you being good for daddy?” Jason asked, pulling Riley back in and kissing his plump cheek. The baby squirmed, but seemed content when Jason held him, keeping his cheek against the top of his head. “You’ll always be good for daddy, won’t you? I can tell.” Jason settled down on the couch, moving slowly with the tiny body in his arms. And Riley had been a bit big when he was born, but to Jason he still seemed infinitely small.

“You know, your daddy was so scared at first,” Jason admitted, keeping Riley cradled in his arms. “He did this because he knew how much I wanted you. Because he loves me. He dealt with being scared for someone like me.” Jason kept smiling, his cheeks beginning to hurt. “You changed him forever, kiddo. Me, too- but he’s not scared now. Not with you being here.”

Jason kept Riley cradled in one arm, the other hand reaching out, one finger rubbing along his little hand. Riley grasped at his finger, refusing to let go even with his eyes closed now, as he kicked his little legs, before he seemed to settle in. He was still holding tight when Tim came back, settling down onto the couch next to Jason and leaning on his shoulder, his cheek warm.

“I could watch him sleep all day,” Tim admitted, “I feel ridiculous for it.”

“I’d be watching with you.” Jason glanced over at him, but Tim’s eyes were solely on Riley. “He’s amazing, babygirl.”

“Best thing we ever did,” Tim said with a giggle, turning and kissing Jason’s shoulder. “I’m so glad we did.”

Jason nodded. He was too. Because he knew Tim had been scared, that bringing it up had terrified Jason because he didn’t know how Tim would react. And it had taken a bit of time and encouragement, but god Jason was so glad they’d gotten there. So glad Tim trusted him enough to create a life with him, to believe that Jason would be there, make sure that it was okay, despite Tim’s fears over if he could be a father himself.

“You should have gotten me up,” Jason admitted, “earlier. I could have helped.”

“I didn’t need it. He slept pretty well and ate fine when he first got up. I actually got a little reading done for a case Dick is working while he napped after breakfast number one.” Tim reached up, dragged his knuckles along Jason’s jaw. “Besides, you had a long night. You deserved a break. You’ll get plenty of early mornings without me soon enough.”

Jason chuckled, turning and kissing the tips of Tim’s fingers before he could pull away. “You’re too good to me, babygirl. Always have been- always will be.” The click of Tim’s tongue was his disagreement, but Jason didn’t care. He’d believe it until the day he died-
After all, Tim had given him Riley, and Jason wasn’t sure anyone in the world could do enough to deserve his baby.
I was feeling some RiTom but pre-relationship! Riley is 20 and Tommy is 18. It’s still about a year before they actually start dating.

Tommy kept his hands firmly in the pocket of his hoodie against the autumn air, walking beside Riley who seemed unphased by any of the wind. He was holding both their coffees, messenger bag slung over his shoulder as he talked about how much he didn’t like the class he was heading to.

“Honestly. Like I get it, math is important, and I did fine back in high school but like... why do I have to do it again?” Riley shook his head, and the hair that frame his face, not pulled back into a ponytail, caught the light. Tommy bit his lip, looked away, tried not to memorize how perfect the colors were, how it was lighter than the twins and seemed like some sort of rusted gold when it was pure sunlight and only a few strands.

“It’s not math dude,” Tommy pointed out, moving ahead and opening the door with his shoulder to the lecture hall. Riley ducked in, dodging a few other students leaving.

“Well it counts as the credit,” he said, nodding towards the large lecture hall doors. “I guess Logic gets your mind working in the same way.” They headed in, and Riley slid into one of the rows, plopping down far in the back. Tommy sat down next to him, taking his hands from his hoodie pocket just to take the coffee Riley held out to him. He propped his feet up on the row of seats in front of him, high tops’ soles getting a firm hold, as he took a sip. “And I still don’t get why you came with me.”

Tommy was quiet, taking another drink. He just wanted to be with Riley, even if it meant sitting through a class he had no interest in, either. He wasn’t even a student at Gotham University- but he felt like he should be at this point, with how much he was on campus just to follow Riley around. He was sure his dads would love that. But he didn’t know what he wanted to do with his life, other than put on a cape and try to clean up the city at night. He felt lost- Riley was interested in his social work studies. Alec had gone ahead and started working with Wayne Tech right away- but he was smart enough for that. The only other one his age seemingly lost was Alyssa, and she didn’t seem stressed about it.

Tommy tried to sink down into his hoodie as Riley fumbled around in his bag, looking for a pen. He didn’t have to stress, he knew. He could spend his life just being a face for the company, and it’d be enough. And he didn’t dislike that idea- the media liked him. They had a hell of a better opinion of him than they did of Riley, and even if he wasn’t as business savvy as his grandfather was, or Tim, he at least brought a little liveliness to meetings.

But it still didn’t feel like enough-

“Riley!”
Tommy glanced up as Riley did, watched as a girl moved towards them, leaning over the back of the chairs and smiling. Her blonde hair was falling out of its messy bun, like she’d thrown it up in thirty seconds and run out of her room.

“Oh, hi,” Riley said, leaning back and offering a smile. It was warm, the kind that Tommy loved, and yet hated seeing.

Mostly because they weren’t directed at him.

“I was going to call you,” the girl said, reaching out and dragging her nails lightly over his arm. “Thought maybe you’d want to get dinner, or go out.”

“Yeah,” Riley said, tipping his head back. Tommy wanted to look away, but he was stuck on Riley’s jawline, and how badly he wanted to nuzzle just beneath it.

“Maybe you could come over tonight? I have some responses to grade, but we can throw on a movie and order take out.”

Tommy forced himself to look away then, down at his cup. Because Riley was supposed to go home with him that night. To the Manor. They were going to get some training in and then tear up the Gotham night skyline- just Robin and Aryeh, reminding the criminals why they didn’t want to come out.

And then they’d go back to Tommy’s room. They’d crash in the same bed, and Tommy would get that one bit of fantasy he could indulge in- waking up tangled with Riley. Even if he knew Riley didn’t look at it as anything but platonic, as anything different from what they’d been doing since they were kids- it was something Tommy could hold onto.

But if he had the chance to get laid-

“Sorry.” Tommy glanced up at that, and Riley was still offering that smile. “I’ve got plans tonight with my partner in crime.” He glanced over at Tommy, reaching over to ruffle his free hair. “It’s a date I can’t break.”

Riley shrugged a shoulder. “I know. Doesn’t change the fact we’ve got asses to kick tonight. Besides, she might fuck me like she’s a demon, but her bedside manor is sub-par at best.” He leaned over, grasped Tommy by the back of his head and tugged him in, kissing his cheek affectionately. “You cuddle way better.”

Tommy’s blush deepened, and he nearly choked. He knew Riley didn’t mean anything by it- but it was so hard to not have his heart flutter up into his throat over it.

Riley let go of him, turning to look at the front of the lecture hall, like he might pay attention somewhat, and Tommy took to staring down at his coffee cup. When the professor started speaking, it was all background static, drowned out by the way his heart was hammering.

He was going to lose his mind, one of these days. And maybe it didn’t matter that he didn’t have a plan for his life, because he figured he was going to have it come crashing down around him when he fucked up hard enough for Riley to realize just what he wanted.
Figured nothing would matter when Riley found out all about ever feeling and guilty desire he’d harbored over these years, and felt betrayed.
“Just slip me the keys,” Alyssa said, crossing her legs as she comfortably sat on the counter, in front of the Cave’s massive main computer system. “No one has to know.”

“Baba will know,” Tommy pointed out, as he pulled his hair back into a small ponytail. “He knows everything.” Alyssa rolled her eyes, letting one foot dangle as she bounced her legs. She had all this energy and she didn’t know what to do with it other than constantly move some part of her body. “Besides, he doesn’t even let me drive it. We don’t even have our permits.”

“We know how to drive!” Alyssa argued. “We drive our bikes. I take dad’s all the time— good old faithful loves me.” Tommy rolled his eyes, before he took the few steps to the chair in front of the computer and plopped down into it. “Is Dami patrolling tonight or is it Dick?”

“I dunno,” Tommy said, “maybe both. Grandpa will be here so they’re not worried about Nadya or Masira.”

“Mas should come out.”

“She’s in training. Besides she’ll like, cling to me all night.” Tommy shook his head. “No sisters on patrol.”

“Hey I’m someone’s sister.” She reached out, poked at his chest with the tip of her boot, and he smacked her foot away. She only laughed.

“I can see up your skirt,” Tommy complained, and Alyssa shrugged a shoulder.

“Aren’t you lucky.” Tommy huffed, and she hooked her foot in the arm of his chair, forcing him to come closer. “You’re so cute when you’re annoyed.” Tommy scowled, and it was Damian’s scowl on Dick’s face. It made Alyssa want to laugh out loud, because she’d heard both her dads comment on that before. “Cuter still.”

“You’re weird,” Tommy said, even when he finally let the scowl fall and smiled. He grabbed her ankle, jerking at her leg, and Alyssa nearly lose her balance, sliding along the counter. She huffed, before she let herself go with it, toppled into Tommy’s chair in his lap. They looked at each other before they burst out laughing, and Alyssa tossed an arm up over his shoulders.

“Alec would call us gross right now,” she pointed out, and Tommy gave his eyes another roll.
“I know. Not gross when he wants someone to snuggle at night though, right?” Alyssa grinned, leaned in and pecked Tommy’s cheek.

“Let’s ditch your dads tonight and get into trouble on our own,” she said. “I bet we scare the living shit out of the underworld.”

Tommy hummed, looked to be seriously considering it. “I dunno. Baba will kill me and dad will lock my suit up and probably drop it in the ocean. Plus your dads will kill you.”

“If we do a good job they won’t,” Alyssa pointed out. “C’mon Tommy, be bad with me.” She leaned in, kissed his cheek again. “Want me to sweeten the deal?”

“How?”

Alyssa shifted, forced the air out of Tommy’s lungs as she maneuvered in the chair until she was straddling him. She reached back, grasped the headrest and leaned in, studying his dark eyes, before her stare flicked down to his lips.

And then she was kissing him.

Tommy’s eyes went wide, before they fell shut, and he nearly melted. She kissed harder than the few other people he had, but it wasn’t... bad. Or lacking affection. And maybe it was just because he knew how much Alyssa loved him that filled in the affection bit, but Tommy wasn’t complaining.

She tipped her head slightly, dragged her tongue along his lower lip, and Tommy opened his mouth. She tasted like the cigarette she and Alec had smoked together after school, before he’d gone off home, and Alyssa had tagged along with Tommy. He didn’t mind it though, found he was reaching out, getting his hands on her waist, squeezing and just trying to hold on.

She made a noise in her throat, something deep and Tommy shivered. He could just smell her, feel the pheromones she was good at keeping under control. He knew because he’d seen her flaunt them and then a moment later it was like they never existed.

He squirmed, his hands sliding down, along her hips, feeling the fabric of her uniform’s skirt, which she always folded over at the waist, so that it showed more leg than their dress code allowed. There wasn’t a force yet that had been able to stop her, in all these years.

They slid lower, off her skirt and grasped at her thighs, and Alyssa slid along his lip, bucked right into his belly and made Tommy break the kiss, gasp for a breath and drop his head back. She chuckled, the sort of sound that made Tommy bite at his tongue, and leaned in, nosed at his ear.

“Don’t get fresh,” she chided, as he squeezed her thighs again. “Those hands stay right there mister.”

“Sorry,” Tommy mumbled, could feel the heat in his cheeks. He was breathing a little harder. “I... didn’t mean to.”

Another laugh, and Alyssa leaned back, her hair fanning around behind her. “I know, I’m just impossible to resist. Trust me, I’ve been told. Did I tell ya I’ve got a date next weekend?”

“Yeah?” Tommy couldn’t seem to pull his hands away. Alyssa’s thighs were smooth, but he could feel the muscle beneath there. He’d seen it when she trained, when she worked. He’d been around her enough to hear her joke that she inherited her thighs from her dad.
“Yeah. This senior kept looking at me so I asked him to take me to a movie next Friday. I’m so excited he’s so pretty.” She leaned closer, added, “he smells good too. Granted, you do right now too.”

Tommy felt his belly go tight, and he felt like this when his heats were coming on. He’d felt like this around other people, but he never thought he would with Alyssa. Sure, she was pretty, but he didn’t normally look at girls- alpha or omega.

“Lemme know how it goes,” he managed, and she leaned back a little, lips curving into a smirk.

“Tommy.”

“Hmm?”

“You still haven’t moved your hands.” Tommy glanced down, and instead of pulling away he slid his thumbs along her tanned skin, nowhere near as dark as his but still dark like her dad’s, until they bumped the edge of her skirt. Then with a shaky breath, he pulled them back, forcing them to the arms of the chair and holding tight. “You get worked up real easily,” she said, “sorry. Hope I didn’t... uh, upset you.” She glanced down, and Tommy shook his head.

“No, you didn’t. Sorry, I took the joke too far.”

“Not really.” She shrugged a shoulder. “I mean, you’re cute. I’d kiss ya again, anytime you’re bored.” She winked, and Tommy cracked a smile.

“Really? Sounds like a scandal waiting to happen.” Tommy thought it might be a bad joke, with all the talk that always surrounded Alyssa’s brother, but she was laughing, her pretty face lighting up.

“I said kiss you, not take you on a date.” She leaned in, kissed the bridge of his nose, made him squeeze his eyes shut. “I love ya too much to date ya, kid.”

“Lys I am older than you.” She shrugged a shoulder, before she finally climbed off his lap, stretching her arms up.

“Wanna warm up before patrol?” she asked, glancing over towards the training area.

“We have a shit ton of math homework-”

“And? Wanna warm up before patrol?” She paused, cocking her hip, her skirt giving another glimpse of her thigh. “I’ll be gentle.”

Tommy grinned at that, unable to ever ignore her taunts. He shoved himself up, reaching for his uniform tie and working it open. “You are so on.”
Chapter 134

Chapter Notes

Shortly after that ficlet I just wrote because I had another little next gen batkids scene in my head. Alyssa is still 15 and Riley is 17.

Because it comes up, here's a link from my masterpost on tumblr regarding female alpha anatomy, so it's not super confusing. (It still might be) The graph is NSFW.

Riley glanced around the locker room to make sure he was alone, before he stripped off his tshirt. He dropped it on the bench next to his bag, shoving his sweatpants off too and stretching. PE wasn’t his favorite class, because he had to keep himself in check. Which usually meant not stretching and that left him feeling weird.

He pulled his hair out of its ponytail, was going to fix it when he heard, “You take too long to get dressed.”

Riley jerked his head, staring at the lockers that acted as a half wall against the entrance way. Alyssa was leaning there, arms folded, looking mostly bored.

“Lys what the hell,” he said, “what are you doing in here?” She pushed off the lockers, walking over towards him. “You wanna get in trouble?”

She shrugged a shoulder. “Not really. Did you wait ‘til everyone was gone to strip?” Riley rolled his eyes, grabbing the pants to his uniform and stepping into them. At least it was normal to be caught mostly naked. Riley couldn’t remember a time where his sister ever remembered how to knock.

Okay, none of them were good at that.

“Yeah. Think I need people asking about these.” He pointed to the bruises along his waist. “Or the scars I’m building up?”

“That’s when you get to paint wild stories that are so ridiculous but mostly true. They won’t actually believe them.” She tugged her uniform jacket and button down up, showing off the curve of her waist. “I’ve spun like, six different stories about this beauty. No one really thinks I’m the younger Red Hood and that I mouthed off too much and a fear tox’d up Croc got a claw in me.”

Riley said nothing, grabbing his shirt and working it shut. He didn’t bother tucking it in or with his tie, since he was just going home.

“You got plans?” she asked, and he figured this was the real reason. Alyssa probably wanted company, or wanted him to go out that night.

“Not exactly,” he said, “not going out or anything. Depends on what dad and Jay are doing I guess. If nothing I’m gonna see if Tommy will pull an all nighter and shoot zombies with me.” He grinned. “Why? Miss me?”
She smirked, and it was scary almost- because Riley had seen that exact smirk on Tim. “Not in the slightest. I need you to cover my ass, I’ve got a date.”

*A date.* “Wait, you mean dads don’t know?”

“They know. But they think we’re just going to the movies and that he’s a classmate.” Riley opened his mouth to speak, but the words never came out when another student rounded the corner. Riley glanced at him, couldn’t place a name but sort of recognized him. He was a senior, he knew that much. He’d heard a couple people talk about his smile.

Alyssa turned, flashed her own, and it was one Riley knew. The kind she used when she wanted something. “Hi,” she offered, a little too happy. She walked over, wrapping her arms around one of his and leaning in, even though he barely had an inch on her. Alyssa was tall, Riley knew she’d be taller than plenty of guys he knew by the time she was done. “Ready to go?”

And Riley’s mouth fell open, because *that* couldn’t be her date. The guy had three years on her easily, and-

And Riley couldn’t talk because he had been doing the same thing, at her age. But he wanted to yell at her anyway. Yell at her to not go behind dads’ backs. Because they always knew.

He guessed she’d have to learn that the hard way. Still, he felt like he owed her the knowledge he had, even if he wasn’t that much older.

“Lys wait,” he yelled, as they were about around the lockers. Alyssa looked back, before she patted her date’s arm and pulled away, walking back over. “Sis just tell dad where you’re going.”

“I’m not worried about daddy,” she pointed out, “but dad’s more likely to show up in full gear. Just act like the story they know is what I told you. I’ll be home... eventually.”

Riley swallowed thickly, reached out and grabbed her arm before she could move away. “Alyssa... just... don’t do something stupid, okay?” She looked up at him, and Riley was not okay with thinking this was the tiny sister he used to drag around the house, when he was too tiny to even remember. Didn’t like that she was growing up now. Doing the same things he had. “Like... god, wear a condom okay?”

Alyssa snorted, reaching up and covering her mouth to stifle the laugh. She leaned in, placed an affectionate kiss to his cheek.

“Don’t worry, covered there. Not my first rodeo.” She pulled back, and Riley tried very hard to not think on those words, as he watched her walk away with the omega.

And he *really* tried to not think about his dads finding out about all this.
Just in time for the holidays, some happy JayTim! The kids are 6 and 4, and this is a little more than a year after Tim and Jason got married.

Tim sighed, eyes falling shut against the near dark of the room, as Jason nuzzled his neck affectionately. They were laid out on the couch, the only light that from the overly large Christmas tree that Tim still couldn’t believe fit in their house. Jason’s lips were making lazy trails along his skin, down to the soft cotton neckline of his pajama top, the front plastered with a cartoon gingerbread man.

He’d bought Riley a matching pair. And had worn them nearly every night with his oldest for the past week.

“You’re so warm,” Tim purred, running his hands along Jason’s sides. His mate smiled, chuckled into his skin, and his mouth pressed to the scar on Tim’s neck, kissing lovingly. Tim moaned softly, tipping his head further back. “And definitely trying to start something.”

“What can I say?” Jason asked, moving up towards Tim’s ear, “your Christmas pajamas are irresistible.”

Tim snorted, reaching up and shoving at Jason’s shoulders, trying to push him away. It was halfhearted, and he simply ended up pinned beneath him, laughing so hard his ribs ached. Jason joined in, burying his face in the crook of Tim’s neck.

“I’m cute,” Tim finally managed, as Jason lifted himself up so he could breathe properly.

“Oh, that you are.” He smiled down at him fondly, before he lowered his head, gently kissed Tim’s lips. Tim smiled into it, moved his mouth slowly in time with Jason’s, until he was tipping his head back again, allowing Jason to kiss him deeper.

Until Jason’s thigh was pressed between his legs, guiding his hips to tip, and Tim was gasping into the kiss.

“Sweetheart, the kids,” Tim breathed, even as he rubbed against Jason’s thigh, felt his body reacting in that predictable way it always did, around Jason. He could faintly smell Jason’s pheromones, and they made Tim want to squeeze his thighs together out of reflex- made him wet without a second thought.

“They’re asleep,” Jason pointed out, between kisses. And he wasn’t wrong. Jason had carried the twins up to bed nearly forty-five minutes ago, and Tim had led a barely awake Riley to bed at the same time. But...

“But for how long? Like our kids know how to stay in bed.” Which was also true. Tim was used to waking up to little hands clawing at the blankets of their large bed, trying to haul little bodies up to invade between he and Jason.

“A while,” Jason said, pulling back. He looked perfect to Tim, then. Ruffled hair and starlight in
his eyes, the colors of the Christmas lights playing along his tanned skin. “We usually get a few good hours before they start moving.”

Tim hummed. Jason wasn’t wrong. “Weren’t you going to go out tonight?”

“The city will keep. I’d rather be home with you.” Tim smiled then, reached up with one hand, cupping Jason’s face. He hadn’t taken his rings off, and the metal was warm on Jason’s cheek, caught the lights just like his eyes did. Jason turned, kissed his palm, and Tim felt his chest going so tight, his heart feeling like it could burst.

He noticed from the way Jason’s lips curved into a smile, that he felt it too, through their bond.

“Oh, I would have said no.” Tim whispered, because he couldn’t deny how nice the idea was. How they were warm and comfortable, how the dark was soothing, how the lights made Jason seem like he belonged in the sky. How it felt like something they would have done, a long time ago. Before a marriage and kids and even a bond.

In fact, it all reminded Tim of simply falling in love with Jason.

He lifted his hips when Jason tugged at his pajama pants, tossing the striped fabric down onto the floor. Tim’s underwear followed, and then Jason was between his thighs, pushing his own sweatpants down. Tim reached out, tugging on the fabric and helping, licking his lips when Jason got his cock free and in his hand.

“I won’t do anything with you that you don’t want,” Jason said.

“Okay,” Tim admitted, all too aware he was still wearing his pajama shirt even now that it had been rucked up over his chest and ribs, “and a lot turned on.”

Jason chuckled, reaching one hand down beneath Tim, pressing his fingers against his hole. Tim was already wet, and Jason teased the muscle, made Tim squirm.

“Jason,” he breathed, and Jason’s smile turned to a grin.

“Okay, okay. I’ll tease you when we run less of a risk of getting caught.” He pulled his hand back, let it hold one of Tim’s thighs as Tim lifted his hips, Jason’s other hand holding himself steady as he eased into Tim’s body.

Tim reached up, bit into his fist as he squeezed his eyes shut, fighting down the noises over how perfect Jason always was inside him. He heard Jason groan, shivered as he carefully pushed until Tim’s ass was pressed right to his pelvis.

“Babygirl,” Jason breathed, and Tim arched his back, let his hand fall from his mouth.

“C’mom Jay,” he said, slitting his eyes open and seeing nothing but the colors cast from the tree. “Take me.”

Jason shivered, eased back before giving a sharp thrust. Tim jostled with it, but he smiled, keeping both arms splayed out and moving his hips with Jason. Jason leaned over him slightly, having his turn now to study Tim in the flickers of light. He could see Tim’s scars light up, from the one on his neck that was so good to the old ones, the ones that stretched back to a time before Jason knew who Tim even was.

The ones that Jason had helped him get, during their dark times.
“You’re so beautiful,” Jason whispered, sounding awe-struck. And god, he always was. Tim smiled at that, gave a breathy noise, something between a giggle and a little moan, and Jason wanted to capture it, keep that sound forever. He leaned over, just as Tim lifted himself, pressed his mouth to Tim’s in an affectionate kiss. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Tim reached up, got his arms around Jason’s neck, holding tightly as Jason continued to thrust. They lapsed into a silence of nothing but breaths, Tim choking on the noises he wanted to give, if only out of that parental fear of magically waking the babies. Jason was all too happy to kiss him though, to swallow each sound, until Jason was mirroring them, pressing his forehead to Tim’s as they panted, both so close but going so slow.

Tim got his hands in Jason’s hair when it became too much. He choked out his name and stared into those ghostly gray eyes, trembling around him as he let go. Jason smiled, and Tim couldn’t believe even then, in that moment, he had that stupidly sweet smile that made Tim’s heart flutter up his throat.

Tim collapsed back after, let Jason lose himself in a few quicker thrusts- and then he was biting his lip, muffling his own groan as he came.

He eased himself down to lay on top of Tim, a comfortable weight that Tim always loved. Tim rubbed his hands along Jason’s back, squirming a little and utterly pleased that Jason hadn’t pulled out of him.

“We should stay like this,” Tim whispered, kissing Jason’s cheek. “Until you can go again.”

Jason laughed, maybe a little too loud, and pressed his forehead down to Tim’s shoulder. “Weren’t you worried about our little monsters catching us?” Tim sighed, and okay, it was true, but-

“It’s a nice thought.”

“Oh, it is.” Jason turned, kissed Tim’s scar again. “Another night. Okay?” Tim nodded, and Jason pushed himself up, separating from Tim and carefully pulling his clothing up. He grabbed Tim’s from the floor, as Tim sat up, offered it to him. Tim slid his underwear up his legs, stood up to properly settle them into place, before he took his pants, stepping into them. “They’re still ridiculous,” Jason said, nodding to the whole pajama set, and Tim placed his hands on his hips.

“You thought it was cute on Riley.”

“He’s six.”

“And he loves matching with his daddy. You know the matching set I bought the twins?” Jason nodded. “I bought one in your size. And you are wearing it Christmas morning with them.” Jason stared at his mate, and Tim grinned, leaning in and reaching up, tapping Jason’s nose. “And we’re taking Christmas pajama photos all day.”

Jason opened his mouth to argue- but it was pointless. Because his jabs at Tim were all in fun, and he knew Tim was well aware that he was more than happy to wear matching pajamas with his kids. That Tim could feel through their bond that the idea actually made him feel warm, like he was stuffed full of heated cotton.

“Okay,” he conceded, reaching out and getting his arms around Tim. “Under one condition?”

“Hmm?”

“You kiss me. Right now, under these silly lights.” Tim smiled, reaching up and getting his arms
around Jason’s neck.

“Jason, there isn’t anything else I’d rather do.”
Chapter 136

Chapter Notes

This was actually a commission for missezri. Jason and Tim happy and old and still in
love after all these years!

Tim heard the slide of the back door, and smiled, watching Jason walking towards their porch
swing, offering out the steaming mug in his hand. Tim reached out, fingers poking from beneath
his oversized cardigan, letting them slide over the mug as he cradled it, pulling it close to suck in
the warmth. He was always so cold now, that even in that moment, in the beginnings of summer,
early morning, he wanted to be wrapped up.

Jason settled in next to him, taking a sip of his own coffee. Tim slid closer, wisps of his peppered
hair falling from his ponytail. He ignored them in favor of sipping his coffee.

It was quiet, around them. The world seemed to be rising slowly, the house quiet inside. Sleeping
still in the shadows of the rising sun.

Tim liked it like this. Liked the quiet mornings where they could sit outside, sip their morning
coffee, just exist. Mornings where it was the two of them and the world outside, it could be
damned.

Jason reached out, slid an arm around his mate’s shoulders, and Tim smiled. He moved to lift his
legs up, get them over his lap- then winced, thought better of it and left them down, pressing his
own hip to Jason’s instead.

“Hip again?” Jason asked, and Tim hung his head.

“Maybe,” he mumbled. “Guess I’m not as nimble as I used to be.”

Jason laughed. His laugh hadn’t changed. Forty years and it hadn’t changed. It sounded like their
first nights together, sounded like when they were young and breathless and Tim was falling so
damn hard for the last man in the world he should have loved.

“What are you thinking about?” Jason asked it sweetly, ignoring the way his reading glasses were
sliding down his nose. Tim would ask why he bothered wearing them yet, but he knew at some
point soon Jason would be out here with the latest novel he’d picked up, lost in another world
completely. Or maybe he had been, while the coffee had brewed and Tim had slowly woken up on
the swing he’d spent countless mornings on. Mornings alone, or with Jason, or with their babies at
any age, young and giggling or those teenage years filled with tears and confusion and so much self
discovery.

“Your laugh,” Tim admitted, before he took another sip of his coffee. Perfect, as it always was. “It
hasn’t changed.”

Jason grinned. That hadn’t changed much either. “Oh?” He tightened his hold on Tim’s shoulders.
“Is that right babygirl?”

Tim still felt flltery, in his belly. Still felt that tingling affection creeping back to his spine, and
knew Jason felt it, through the bond. Jason hummed, this lower, pleased nose, and turned his head properly, nosed at Tim’s hair.

“Have I mentioned you’re still beautiful in the morning?” Tim giggled, free hand pushing at his husband’s chest, but Jason refused to move, stayed solid in his space. Tim laughed louder as he was forced to lean the opposite way, Jason slowly pushing him over.

“I’m going to spill my coffee!” Tim warned, and just like that Jason had its handle clutched in his hand, with his own. As he leaned he set them on the ground, but extended his arm too far. He winced, as his shoulder ached over it- and Tim was laughing harder. “Looks like I’m not the only one feeling old today,” he teased, and Jason grinned harder.

“Old, huh?” He got both his arms around Tim, jerked him into his chest, splayed them on his back as Tim laughed. “Don’t make me get up and throw you over my shoulder, parade you around.”

Oh god like he used to. How easy it had always been, for Jason to get Tim in his arms. To simply lift him up and carry him, from room to room. Tim had so many memories, being hoisted up in front of the kids when they were small, hearing their shrieking laughter over it. When they were older, when they’d complain their dads were embarrassing-

When no one was watching, and Jason was carrying Tim away into a world all their own.

“You’ll throw your back out,” Tim chided, and Jason snorted. He pressed his face down into Tim’s shoulder, and Tim stayed comfortably in his arms. Settled into the silence for a moment, before-

“What is?”

“This. Us. That we’re, you know… here. That we didn’t die before twenty-five.” Jason didn’t lift his head, gave a little mumble, and Tim knew he was listening. “We got married and had babies, Jason. Our babies have babies now. We… we survived.” Tim clutched Jason a little tighter, before his mate was straightening back up. Tim settled, under his chin, moved his hands to his chest. He played with his wedding band, watched as Jason lifted his own hand, glanced at it.

“I guess it is crazy,” he admitted. “What’s crazier is that you ever agreed to marry me.”

Tim smiled. “Baby, we had three kids by then. Where was I going? Besides, you’re in my head. That bond wasn’t going to disappear.” Tim snuggled closer, inhaled Jason’s scent. It was still heady, intoxicating, and yet so soothing that Tim felt like he melted right from his bones, every time he smelled it. “Not that I’d want to. Nowhere to go without you.”

Jason let his hand settle back down, in his lap. But Tim caught the way his thumb kept rubbing the underside of his ring. “You could have gone anywhere you wanted in this life.”

“Yeah. And I chose to be right here. With you. With our family, in our home.” Tim glanced over at the house, couldn’t believe they’d been here for so long. Just after the twins’ first birthday- and he wanted to die in this house, if he had it his way. He never wanted to leave. Too many memories, too much of his life stored up behind all those walls. “You chose to stay with me, don’t forget.”

“Like I would ever find a better place,” Jason reminded him. “You’re the best thing in the world, Tim. And I’ll never get sick of saying it.” Jason leaned down, kissed Tim’s hair. “You gave me everything.”

The everything was expansive, Tim knew. Gave him a chance, when he shouldn’t have. Gave him his love, when Jason should have terrified him. When the family had wanted Tim to run, he’d run
straight to Jason. Gave him their family, the kids they loved with their very last breaths. Gave them to Jason when it could have killed Tim. Gave him his future, gave him all these years-

“Thank you,” Jason whispered, “for eveyrthing you’ve every done.”

Tim turned his face up, and Jason ghosted the softest kiss over his lips, before he was lifting his hand, kissing his fingertips. Tim smiled to himself, feeling warm, giddy, before he pulled his fingers free, dragged them along Jason’s chin, pulling gently at his skin. Jason huffed, shoving his hand off.

“And thank you for reminding me you’re a brat. You got worse with age.” Tim grinned, turned-maybe a little too quick, because his hip popped painfully but he ignored it- got all his fingers on Jason’s face, nearly knocking his glasses off. “Leave them alone,” he warned, as Tim poked at the wrinkles around his eyes. “Or I’ll point out every wrinkle you’ve got.”

Tim laughed, falling back because it was a threat he knew Jason would follow up on. When he did, Jason got up- albeit slowly, and Tim wondered if his knee was acting up already- stooped down and picked up their coffee. He turned, handed Tim his mug again, who lifted it right to his mouth, nursing a healthy swallow.

“Compose yourself,” Jason said, even though he was smiling. “I’d better get into the kitchen. We’ll have a new wave of monsters within the hour.”

Tim raised his brows- and oh, that was right. Riley and Tommy were bringing the kids for the day. Which meant Tim would be sleeping very, very well that night. Chasing after kids was even more tiresome than he remembered, not that he would truly complain. It was good, to hear little voices in the house again, to hear them laughing. To see his baby as a baby again, when he saw Riley in their eyes.

It made his heart hurt, to think Riley, the twins, they’d grown up so fast. But it made him proud because of who they had become. Who he and Jason had raised them to be.

“And if I don’t have breakfast started when they get in that door,” Jason reminded him, heading for the sliding doors, “we won’t hear the end of it.”

Tim nodded, watched Jason disappear into the house. The complaining was a horrible attempt at a lie, he knew Jason would get up at four AM if it meant making his grandkids breakfast. They never had to ask. He just spoiled them like that- and Tim couldn’t blame him.

He curled back up, very carefully lifting his feet up onto the swing. He’d stay out here a bit longer. Nurse his coffee and enjoy the sounds of the world around him, before heading back inside. Before getting ready for the day to truly begin. Exactly how he never pictured it being, when he was young, before he knew life could turn out this way.

But so, so much better than he ever dreamed out.

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